

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

MARCH

15¢



PATRICIA
RYAN

SEE COLOR PICTURES OF

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE • THE BREAKFAST CLUB • KATE SMITH

LEADED The Story of a Girl Who Was Afraid to Love

She picked him right out of the Air—
thanks to the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Follow the Beauty Treatment of Charming Brides!



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.

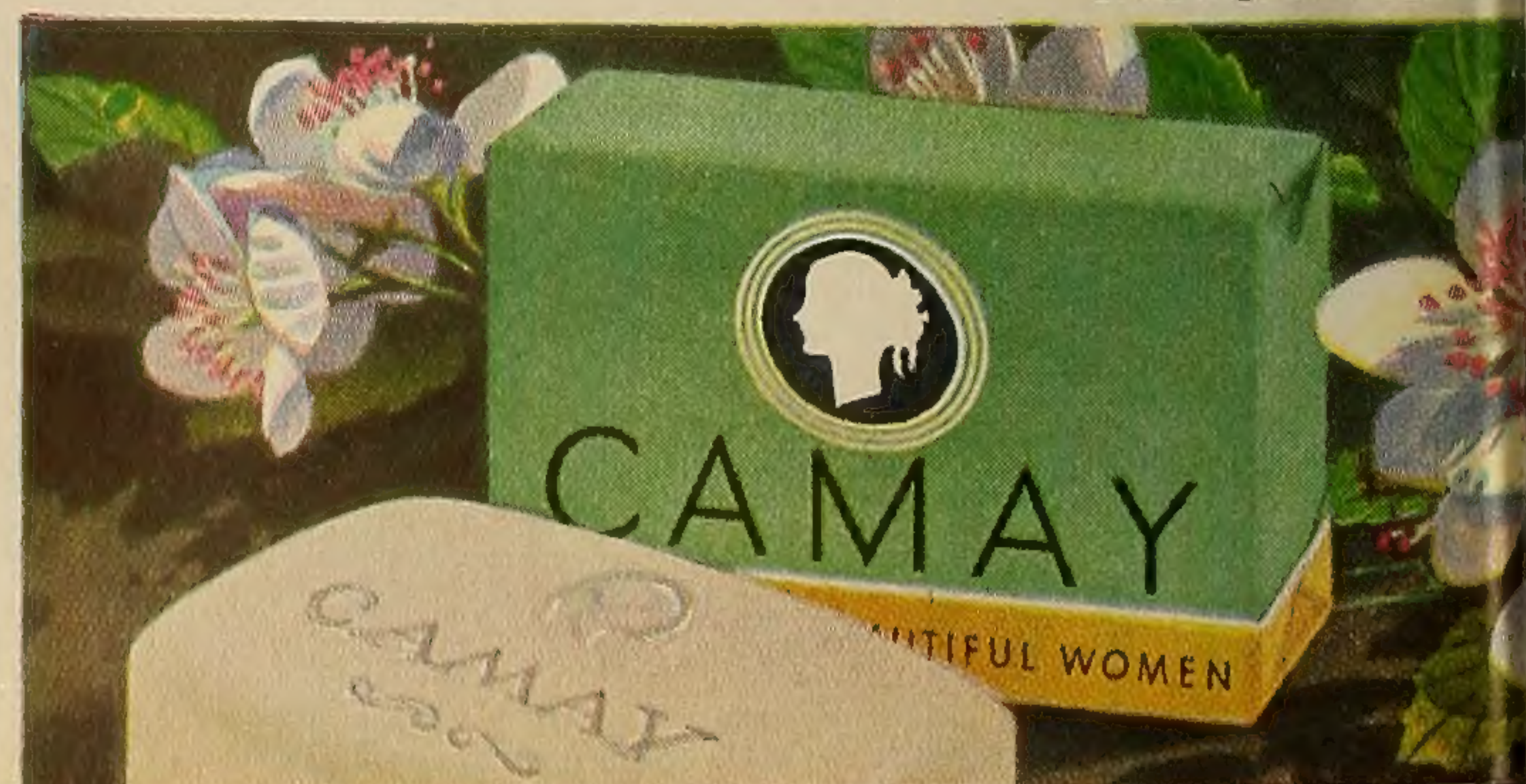


Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

WHY NOT WIN thrilling new beauty for yourself? You can, so easily—on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists say that you now—even without knowing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or you may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin.

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing with a fine mild soap*. And Camay is milder than dozens of other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mirror will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new loveliness!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Tonight—go on the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet!*

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

**A radiant smile
is a key to hearts!**



Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

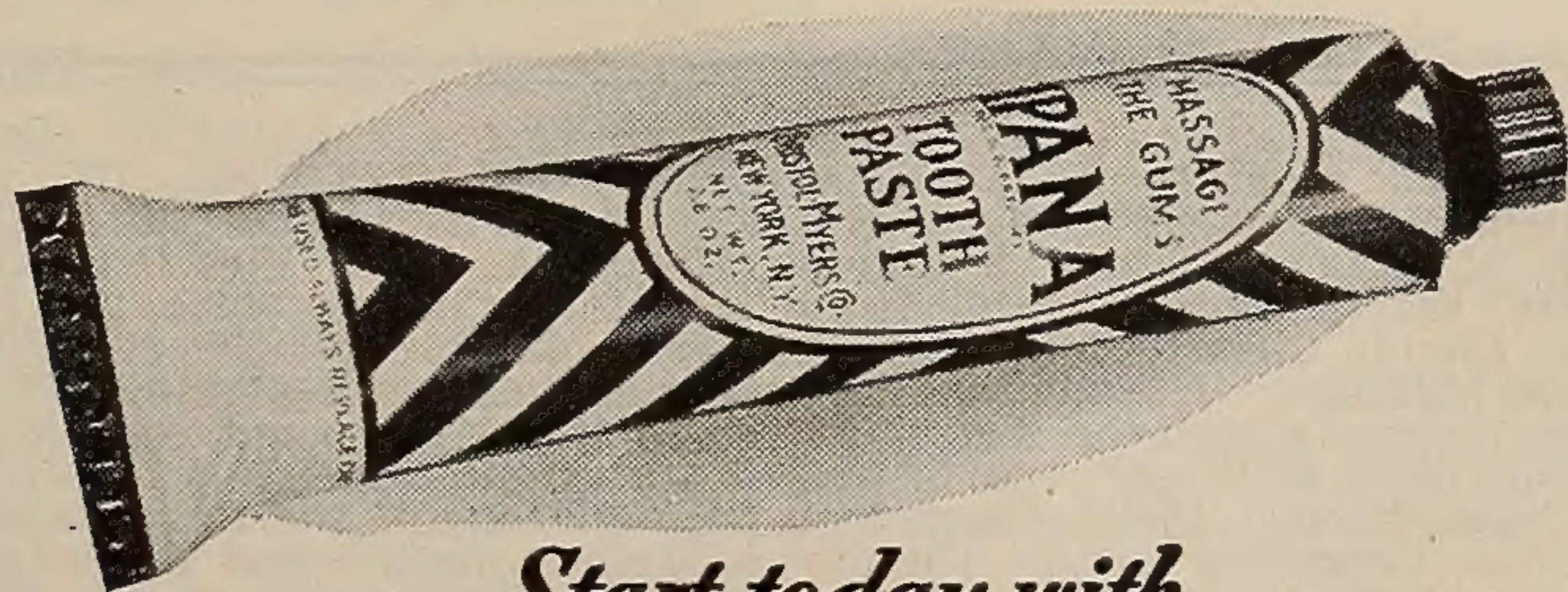
"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!

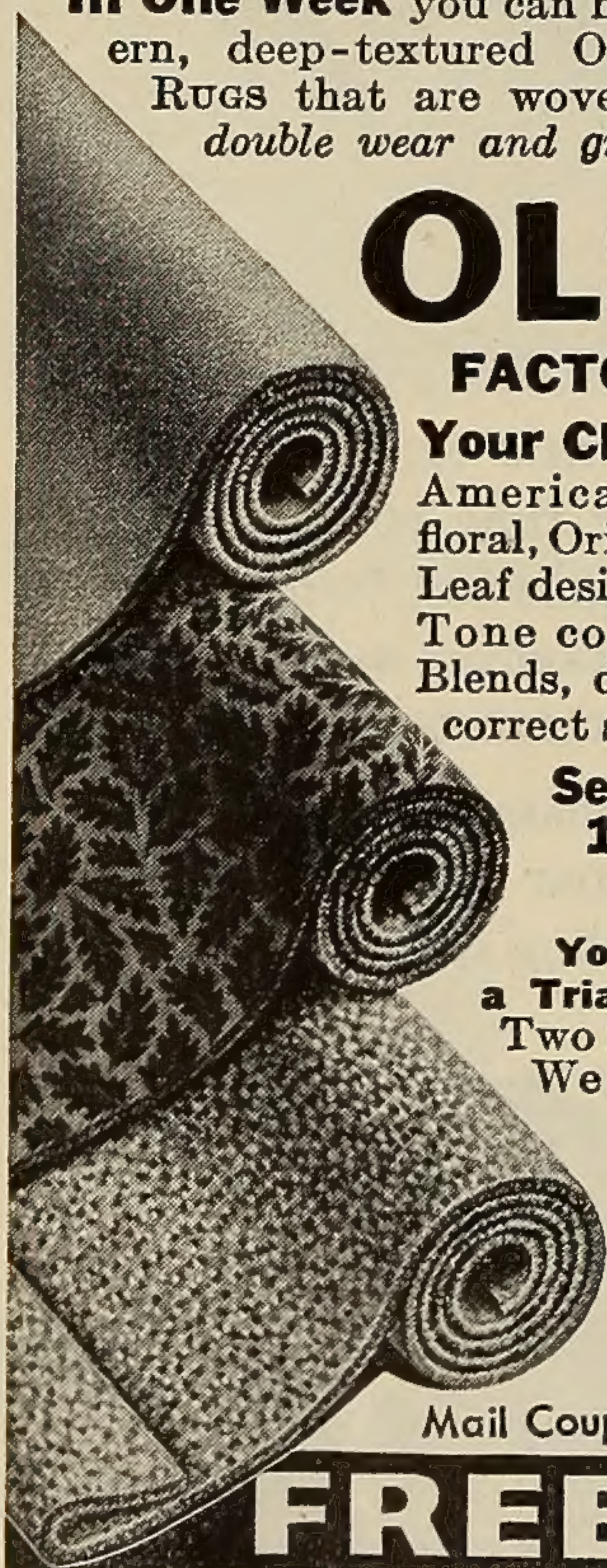
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March, 1943

Vol. 19, No. 5

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Pat Ryan, Dramatic Actress

Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

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Be Beauty-Wise

IF your eyebrows are contrary things—always going the wrong way—train them with bandoline or mustache wax.

* * *

If you have a bad mouth dramatize your eyes. And vice versa. In other words, seek to make your good feature the thing Mr. and Mrs. Public see when they look at you.

* * *

Try putting on your lip salve with a small paint brush. Outline your mouth. Then fill in the outline you have made with smooth, bright color.

* * *

If you tint or dye your hair do not seek to regain the color it had when you were younger. Remember time has changed the depth of your eyes and your skin tones, too, probably. Allow for these changes. Temper the brightness or depth of your hair coloring.

* * *

If your hair is thin brush it. And brush it! And brush it! Massage your scalp, too. Often enough it's poor circulation that causes hair to grow thin.

* * *

Lemon juice and Salts Tartar are good friends to blonde hair. Use one tablespoon of Salts Tartar and the juice of two lemons to a quart of very warm water. Apply as a rinse following your shampoo.

* * *

If your pep isn't what it used to be add a little salt and the yolk of an egg to your morning glass of orange juice. Beat these things together. And omit any other breakfast for a week.

* * *

Bags under the eyes are common to many people. Almost everyone has them at one time or another. To get rid of these bags—or at least to make them much less pronounced—put warm cloths over your eyes and massage your eyes gently, then put cold cloths over your eyes and massage your eyes gently. Use two cold cloths to one warm cloth.

* * *

You want to reduce? One day a week confine your diet to black coffee, half a head of lettuce without dressing or salt, three pints of skimmed milk, and four bananas. At other times have no traffic with pastries or ice cream or alcohol or candy. And eat bread and butter and potatoes sparingly.

* * *

Ingrown nails are painful and sometimes cause infections. If you have an ingrown nail get rid of it! After bathing your feet pack a little absorbent cotton under the nail where it presses into the flesh. Cut a tiny V in the center of the nail. You can use scissors or a razor blade for this. The nail will at once begin pulling together at the center to close the V. And while this is happening the cotton will keep the corner from cutting the flesh.

"Just to be polite— you'd think they'd ask me to lunch!"



Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown... or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't *really* snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"
Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls *also* use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for *past* perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come*!"



WE'RE TRYING A NEW PLACE FOR LUNCH TODAY, EDNA... YOU MUST COME TOO!

(TO HERSELF)
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A STRANGER NOW, SINCE MUM MADE ME ONE OF THE GANG!

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers



Ken and Carolyn, left, the cooking experts on "Yankee Kitchen," interview writer Louise Kent for their show. Fiddlin' Mack McGar, below, has been a feature of WSM's popular Grand Ole Opry for the past five years, and he also plays on two other NBC shows weekly from Nashville.

What's New from Coast to Coast



WE THINK the best story of the month is why Toscanini decided to finally break down and play a jazz rhapsody on a recent NBC Symphony program. At a dinner party, the famed Italian conductor was thumbing through a magazine edited in Switzerland when he discovered an item stating that Mussolini had banned all American jazz from the air. Toscanini turned to John F. Royal, an NBC vice president, and asked, "Is my program short waved all over the world?" Royal told him that it was. The next day, Toscanini sent Royal a copy of his next week's program. At the top of the list was George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Put Bob Hawk down as the most inveterate movie goer in radio. He sees approximately ten movies a week and has seen "The Major and the Minor" eight times. "It improves every time I see it," he grinned.

When Sammy Kaye wrote "Remember Pearl Harbor" he promised all the royalties from the song to Navy Relief. Recently, he turned over a check for \$1000, bringing the total to \$4000. This can only be topped by Ted Weems' recent action. After their last Fitch Bandwagon Show, Ted, and every member of the band, joined the Merchant Marine.

BOSTON—One of the old New England traditions is good food well served—many of those sumptuous dishes which make visitors smack

their lips have been handed down from colonial days. But modern kitchen advice to New England radio listeners comes through "The Yankee Kitchen," a new type of food program which brings with it two new radio personalities.

Station WNAC and the Yankee Network have brought Ken and Carolyn into New England kitchens—and both of them are experts in the realm of food and its preparation.

Ken started in the most humble of culinary circumstances—as a dish washer. But from there he rose rapidly through the ranks in a number of hotels and restaurants. He served in the posts of steward and chef, and then advanced to dining room manager. He has been manager of two exclusive Boston clubs and has held responsible positions in food departments from one end of the country to the other.

Recently Ken was honored with the presidency of the New England Club Managers association, and is an active member of the International Stewards and Caterers Association—all of which goes to prove that when Ken talks about cooking he knows what he's talking about.

Carolyn, too, has a background rich in knowledge of food and its preparation. She is a graduate of the University of Maine and a specialist in home economics with a great deal of work to her credit in food research and experimentation.

Ken and Carolyn are in complete agreement on this point: Yankee cooking, they say, is the best in the world, and they set out to prove it in "The Yankee Kitchen." The program deals for the most part with new and better recipes, but the best features of many tradition-tried recipes and new experiments in cooking as well, have a part in their show.

With war shortages playing havoc with many a housewife's kitchen skills, Ken and Carolyn have taken up the challenge in their program, with many tips on food economy as a result.

"The Yankee Kitchen" originates at WNAC and is carried on eleven stations of the Yankee Network, Monday through Friday from 2:15 until 2:45.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—One of the most versatile fiddlers on the air today is Mack McGar—Fiddlin' Mack to WSM's Grand Ole Opry fans.

Mack McGar spent his childhood on a farm in Christian County, Kentucky, going to school between plowing and harvesting. In 1926 he left the farm to make his living from the soil in another way—as a coal miner in Corbin, Kentucky. From there he began radio work on WFIW in Hopkinsville—encouraged to make a start in it by his fellow miners whom he entertained at their Saturday night dances. The next stops were WKBF and WGBT.

It was five years ago that Mack was "discovered" by the Solemn Old Judge, and he's been with WSM's

By DALE BANKS

WET FEET?
TIRED?
EXPOSED TO GERMS?
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD

AND SORE THROAT!

GARGLE WITH Listerine-Quick!

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

Combat Those Germs

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is . . . gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Fewer Colds In Tests

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

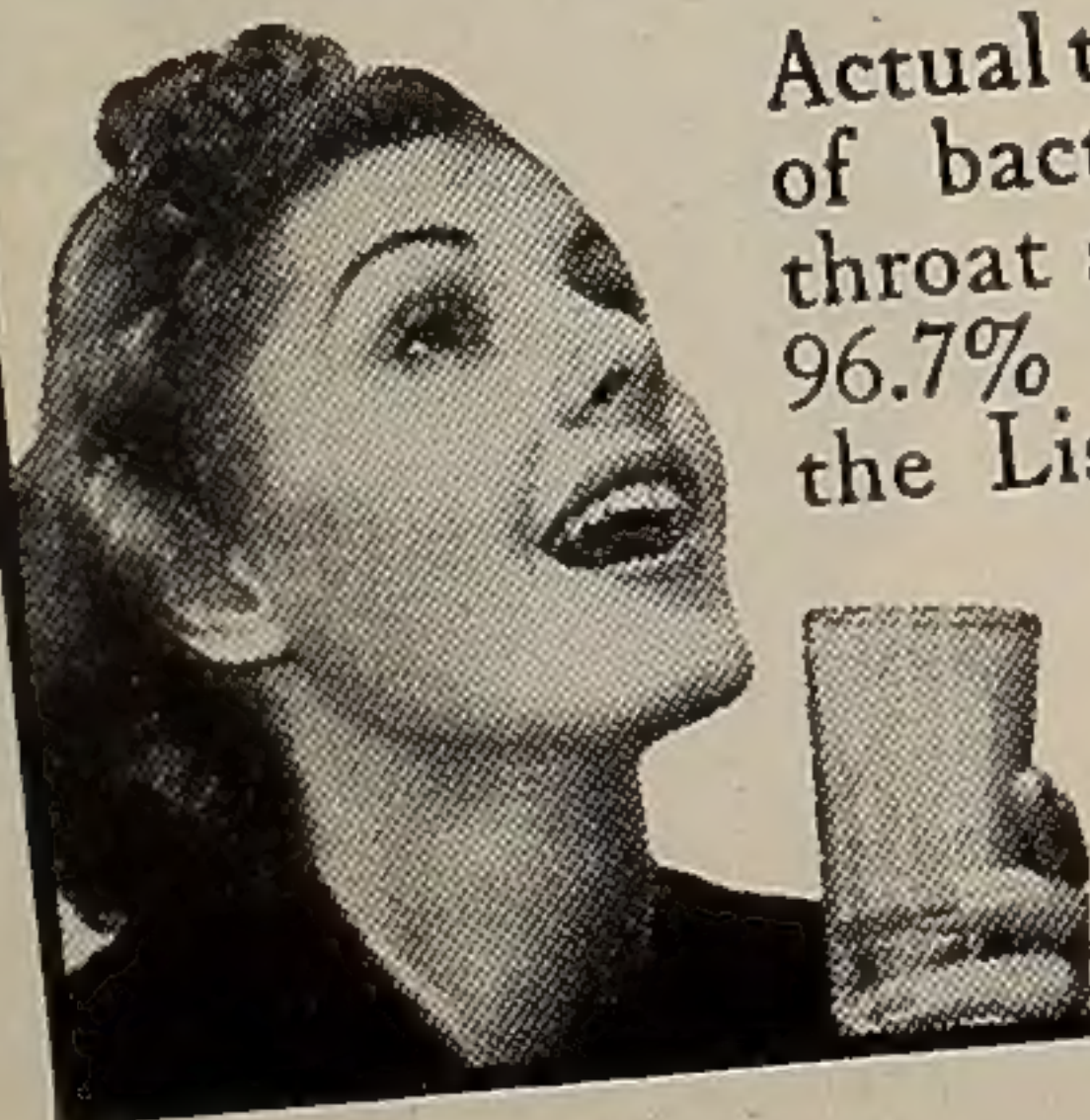


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

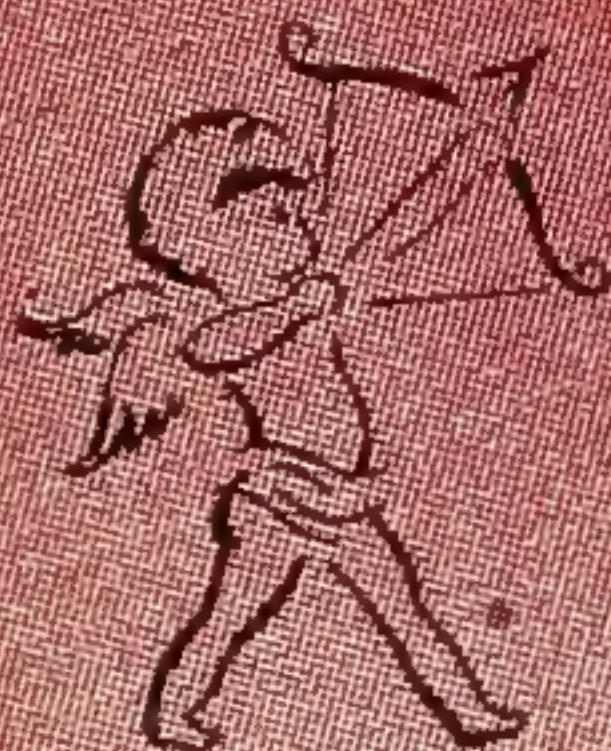
Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Iresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF
FINDING YOU!



THAT *Iresistible*
SOMETHING IS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear *Iresistible* Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE **IRRESISTIBLE** LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

Grand Ole Opry ever since. Mack possesses unique sense of tone quality and fingering which has brought comment from some of the country's best violinists. He is married and has two children.

Not only does Mack play with his Grand Ole Opry band on the Prince Albert NBC show, but he's also featured on two variety shows which WSM feeds to NBC. On these spots he's featured as a soloist, playing with the WSM 33-piece staff band.

* * *
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—They say that two's company, three's a crowd—and at Charlotte's station WBT they say that six is a very remarkable radio family! The Johnson Family, featured on WBT's Sunday Morning Farm Club, and the Dixie Network Jamboree, consists of an eleven-year-old bass singer, an alto of the same age, an expert accountant of fourteen, a pianist just a year younger, and a couple of grown folks who fell in love singing over the supper dishes.

The Johnson Family was destined for the entertainment business from the very first. They say that Pa fell in love with Ma one night when he came calling on her and found her washing dishes to the rhythm of her own songs. Pa joined in, liked the sound of their blended voices, and before the last cup was dried and put away he decided that he was in love and now was as good a time as any to propose!

Six years ago Pa Johnson gathered his talented family together in a trailer and set out from the Tennessee hill country in search of fame and fortune. The story of that trek is full of triumphs and disappointments, times when there was plenty of money and times when it took lots of songs and lots of smiles to get through days when there wasn't enough to eat. But, as the eleven-year-old twins express it, "We just stuck together—and things always came out right."

There was the time, for example, that the family, in a new trailer, set out for the Texas Centennial. When they arrived, the family budget was in a sad state—there was just about enough money left, as a matter of fact, to buy a huge baked ham and a hundred pounds of potatoes but Pa figured that this would keep them

going until money began to come in. But Pa hadn't counted on the weather when he counted on the good Fair dates they had booked. The first day it began to rain, and for three record-breaking weeks the rain came down in sheets. The trailer leaked, the potatoes rotted, and when, in desperation, Ma put the ham under the trailer to protect it from the deluge, a wandering dog discovered the hiding place and made short work of the meat.

But things like that are all behind them now. Pa and Ma Johnson think their family was made to order. The twins—Bobby and Jimmy—sing duets, and in group choruses Bobby sings the bass and Jimmy the alto parts. Smiling Betty is a golden voiced songstress and the accompanist for the group. Red, besides being the group's comedian (and doing a whale of a good job of it) is the family accountant, keeping a complete record of every engagement they've ever played, what expenses and receipts were, and so on.

Last December marked the second anniversary of the Johnson Family on the air at WBT. Ma, Pa, and their quartet of youngsters are definitely on the road to success.

* * *
Many of you have been writing in asking for the names of those whacky people who frequent Allen's Alley on Fred's CBS show. Here they are: Charlie Cantor plays Socrates Mulligan; Minerva Pious plays Mrs. Nussbaum and Johnny Brown plays John Doe.

* * *
Radio and The Armed Forces: When you read this, Kay Kyser may be a buck private. . . . Frank Parker is doing his rehearsing at Manhattan Beach these days. He's in the Merchant Marine. . . . Betty Wragge is proudly telling everybody about her brother, Eddie, a former radio actor, who is now a Lieutenant in the Signal Corps. . . . Gale Gordon checked out of his part as Mayor La Trivia on the Fibber McGee and Molly program to join the Coast Guard, so Fibber, being a right guy, hired his wife for a part on the show. . . . Don Tyrol, who was announcing NBC's Coast Guard On Parade, got so excited about the Coast Guard that he

WBT's versatile one-family show, the Johnsons. Left to right, the twins and Red, Ma, Betty, and Pa, the proud head of the troupe.



quit NBC a few weeks ago and joined up. Don is just nineteen.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: When director George Zachary was auditioning girls for the part of Nikki Porter on the Ellery Queen show, he definitely did not want Marion Shockley. In fact, he wanted Shirley Booth for the part. But, three other network officials outvoted George and Marian got the part. Marian set out to win George's respect and not only did that, but caused him to fall in love with her and they were married. Now that George has left the Ellery Queen show for a job as program director for the OWI, the story leaks out. While they were working together on the Queen show, they didn't want it known.

When a radio announcer shoots off his big toe, that is news. It might even be gruesome news, but Lou Crosby, Lum and Abner's spieler, who did the shooting while cleaning a shot gun, is quite cheerful about it. "It was a mistake," he grins, and is back at the mike, bandages, cane and all.

Gary Moore, star of the Everything Goes show, walked into rehearsal and proudly announced that he was going to be a father for the second time. He thought he had an exclusive, but four members of Irving Miller's band stood up and went through the same routine. One of them even went so far as to bet Gary that his wife would have twins.

WAR YARN: Last year, when Bob La Boure left station KGU in Hawaii, all was peaceful. Bob went to San Francisco on vacation, but the day he arrived, Pearl Harbor was bombed and, in his hotel room, Bob heard the owner of the station describing how the Japs had tried to bomb it. He tried to get back to Hawaii, but the military authorities said no. Bob is now a production director at NBC.

Dinah Shore, now a honey blonde, is stepping out with handsome George Montgomery who is Hedy LaMarr's ex. What happened to that nice, but not very famous, soldier Dinah was so hepped about? Dinah also made her debut as a dramatic actress on a recent Arch Oboler show, but her name was not announced and it was kept quite a secret. Reason? The part was very small.

OVERHEARD: When Madeleine Carroll, appearing as a guest star on We The People gave a big congratulatory kiss to 22-year-old Walter Root, he said, "Torpedoes won't mean a thing now!" Root got the kiss because he was the ten-thousandth trainee to go through the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn.

NBC's Howard Petrie was the 1942 winner of the H. P. Davis Memorial Award for the best announcer in the United States and Canada. That didn't tickle him nearly as much as the fine reviews he received when he made his recent debut as a concert singer at Town Hall.

MARINE WIFE: One of the nicer persons in radio is Gladys Swarthout, star of the Family Hour. Her husband, Frank Chapman, is now a Captain in the Marines and is stationed

Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

● Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform ... they want it ... they deserve it.

● At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

● But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

● So ... we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others ... there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all...

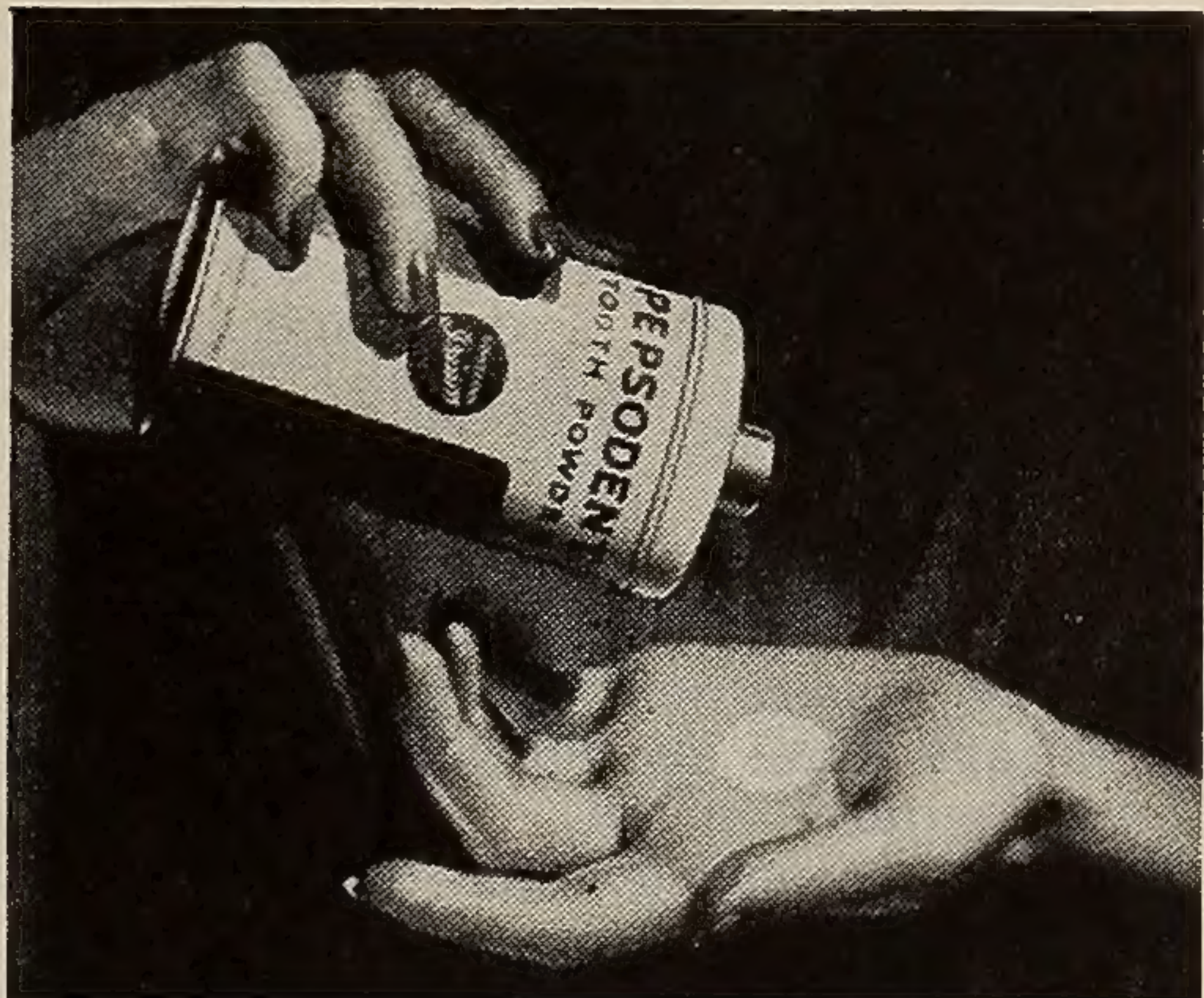
dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



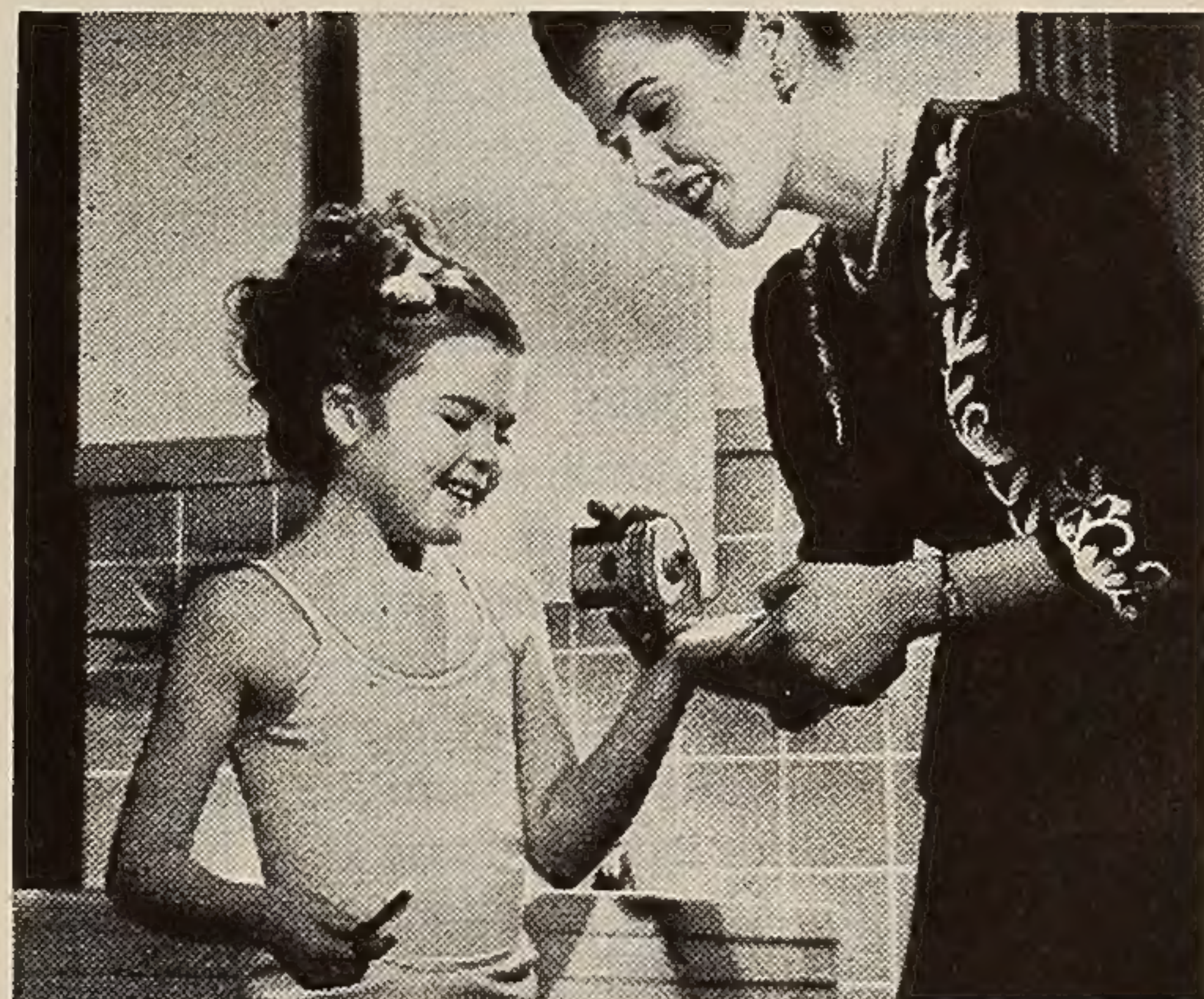
1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



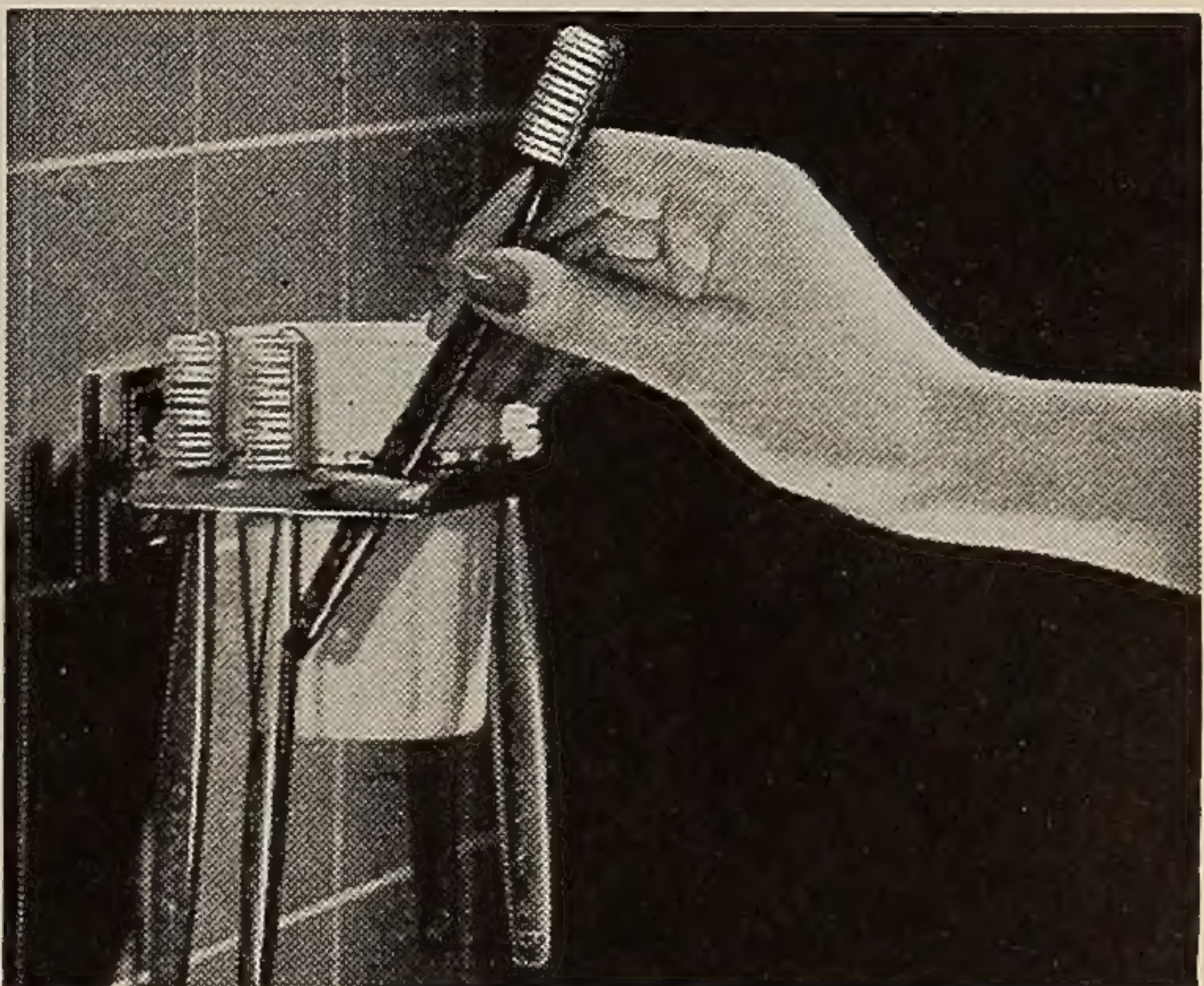
2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand — enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. Do not sprinkle it on the brush — this is wasteful.



4. SHOW children how to dab — not rub — moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

Look Your *Loveliest* with **GLAMOROUS HAIR**



Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair.

Lovely Linda Darnell is one of many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is a medicinal application recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience we offer this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

GLOVER'S
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and Excessive **FALLING HAIR**



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Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and
GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles,
and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

at Quantico, Virginia. Before joining up, Chapman was a concert singer and Miss Swarthout's manager. "He did all the hard work," Gladys said, "I just sang. Now, I find myself faced with making all the decisions which he used to make. But," she smiles, "I'll get along all right and, I feel, the Marines need him much more than I do."

BOY ENSIGN: Radio's twelve-year-old Ronnie Liss, star of Bright Horizon, has just been appointed Honorary Ensign Aircraftman by the United States Navy. He got the appointment for turning out quite a number of model planes which the Navy and the Army uses in pre-flight classes. Last year, American boys and girls turned out 142,616 of these model planes, but Ronnie tells us to pass the word along that many more are needed. The quota for this year, in fact, is 500,000. Every boy or girl who makes a model that is accepted gets the rank of Cadet Aircraftman and, if you make enough of them, you can become an Admiral Aircraftman.

Gil Lamb, who plays Homer Clinker on the Vallee show, has a pre-broadcast routine which always gets a laugh. He comes out and tells the audience he wants them to meet a boy who is just getting started in radio and begs them to give the kid a good round of applause. Then he pulls the curtains and out steps Rudy Vallee. Incidentally, have you heard that song Joan Davis wrote with Dick Mack, producer of the show? It's called "One Day Nearer To Victory?" Listen for it. You'll like.

GOOD FOR THEM: Dick Powell has sold his sail boat and his home and will confine himself to city life for the duration. Powell, Blondell and their two kids live just one half gallon of gas away from NBC's Hollywood Radio City, a distance he says he will hike with pleasure. And Rex Stout, the CBS Lie Detector, gave up his country place when the war began, a retreat he really loved. Add to this the warwork of NBC's singer, Beverly Mahr, who spends almost all her spare time doing Red Cross work. Her husband, Carl, who is a music arranger in radio, spends his nights

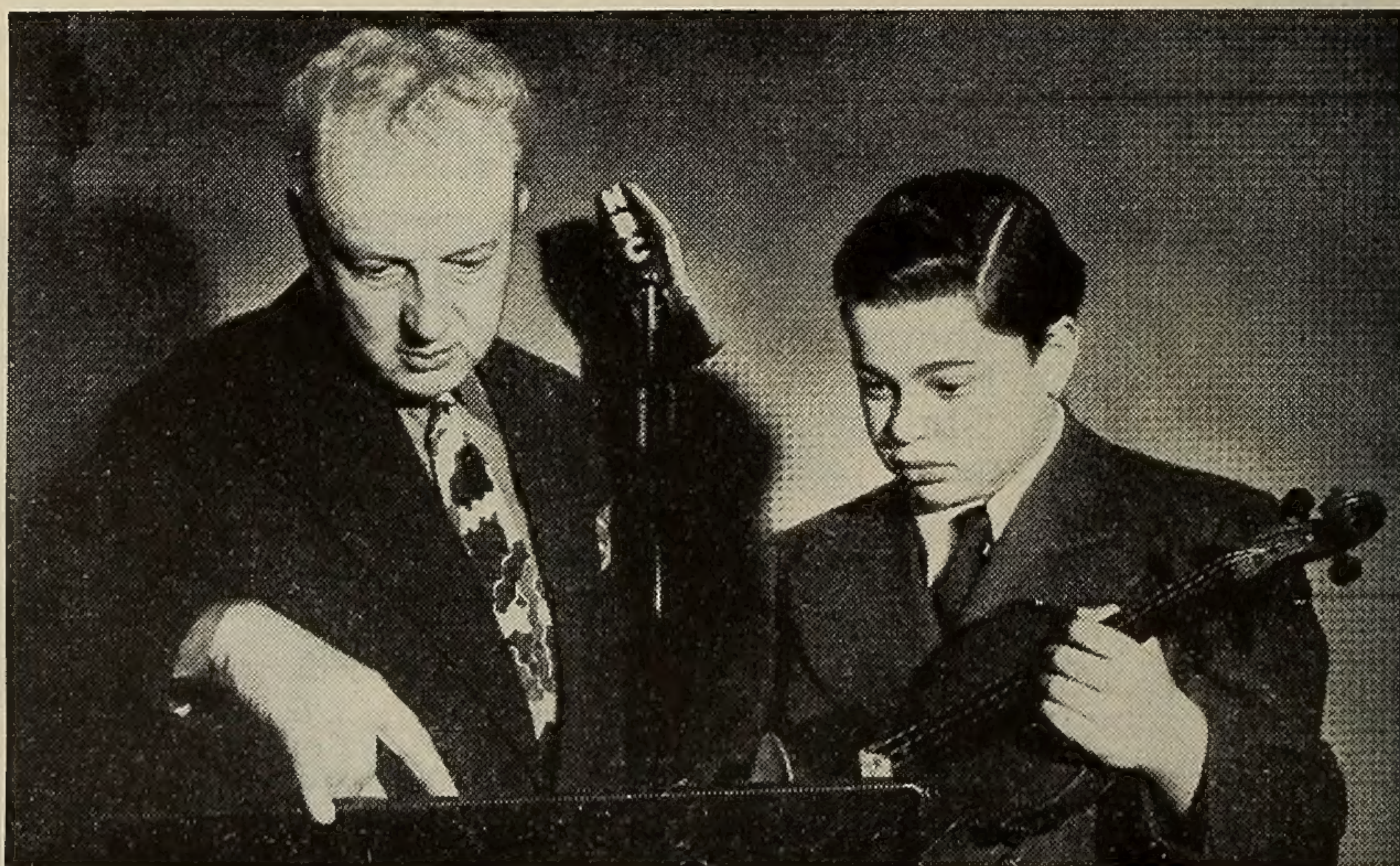
in an aircraft factory. Jack Benny and Bob Hope are still touring the Army camps.

Genius of the month is 12-year-old Kenneth Gordon, who turned in that brilliant violin solo on Leopold Stokowski's recent NBC Symphony program. Kenneth is a Brooklyn kid, was studying with an unknown teacher, when his grandad went to Mishel Pastro, concert master of the Philharmonic and begged Pastro to hear the boy. Pastro did and was amazed. Kenneth is now under the concert master's wing and is also studying piano. When Toscanini heard that the boy's favorite composer was Bach, he demanded to hear him. Bach is Toscanini's weakness. But what is so startling to everybody in radio is that the young genius is a dead ringer for Orson Welles. When he was told this, Kenneth smiled, and said, "Orson Welles? What instrument does he play?"

John J. Anthony went to Cafe Society, a New York night spot, to see and hear Zero Mostel's version of Mr. Anthony. Mostel's skit features a "Mr. Agony" and John J. didn't seem so pleased about the thing. Zero, star of last year's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, will soon be on the networks again in a new show written by Sigmund Miller and Jack Sher called The Zero Hour.

Bob Shaw used to be a publicity man, one of the praise throwers at NBC, of which there are many. He resigned to write a radio show called Front Page Farrell, which is one of the better day time scripts. The reason Bob's show is such a hit is that he takes up to the minute news and turns it into drama. No small help on the show is director Bill Sweets, who was formerly with the United Press and a correspondent in Washington.

If you heard a dog howling while Diana Courtney was singing on a recent Three R's show, you heard right. The dog belonged to a blind girl who works in a New Jersey defense plant. The girl was a guest on the show and when her seeing eye dog began to harmonize with Diana no-



Young Kenneth Gordon has earned high praise for his brilliant violin solo played for Stokowski's NBC Symphony.

body seemed to mind, least of all Miss Courtney.

The only woman music "Annotator"—that's CBS's word for her—on the air is Kay Hale. Kay made an 18,000 mile flight around South America in 1940 making transcriptions. The records were sent all the way back to Cleveland to be played and made such a hit that she was signed to do the stint on the Cleveland Symphony Hour.

DEADLINE FLASHES . . . Hedda Hopper will not take over the spot that Walter Winchell has vacated, so the Parker Family stays put. . . . Raymond Edward Johnson, star of Inner Sanctum, has been handed the lead in Sidney Kingsley's new play "The Patriots" and will enact the role of Thomas Jefferson. . . . Norman Abbott, nephew of Bud, has joined the Merchant Marine and Costello wants you to know that his brother, Pat, has dittoed with the Navy. . . . Orson Welles just bought a horse and buggy and actually uses it. . . . Jimmy Durante may bring back his two old vaudeville partners for a radio routine known as Durante, Clayton and Jackson—as it was known in Vaudeville for 25 years. . . . Jimmy Melton's dream has come true. He finally made the Metropolitan Opera and the reviews were not bad. . . . Sammy Kaye has written a book which has the same title as his program, Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade, and the book contains excerpts from those poems and sayings he gives out with every Sat. . . . Lanny Ross had a transcription made when he sang, "There's An F. D. R. In Freedom," and President Roosevelt now has that record. . . . Jack Pearl has hired three more script writers, bringing the total to four! . . . Cal Tinney's Mutual show has been renewed for a year. When Fulton Lewis Jr. asked his radio audience to send in old keys for the salvage drive he got 50,000 in one week. . . . Larry Le Sueur, CBS commentator, who spent a year and a day in Russia has just finished a book about it, but can't think of a title. What's the matter with "A Year And A Day"? . . . Due to a contract mix-up, Harry James, who was brought to Hollywood to work in "Best Foot Forward," gets a month's salary for not doing anything. . . .



NBC's Campana Serenade combines the voice of Dick Powell and the smooth rhythms of Marty Malneck.

"Other Wives...hear my story"



HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



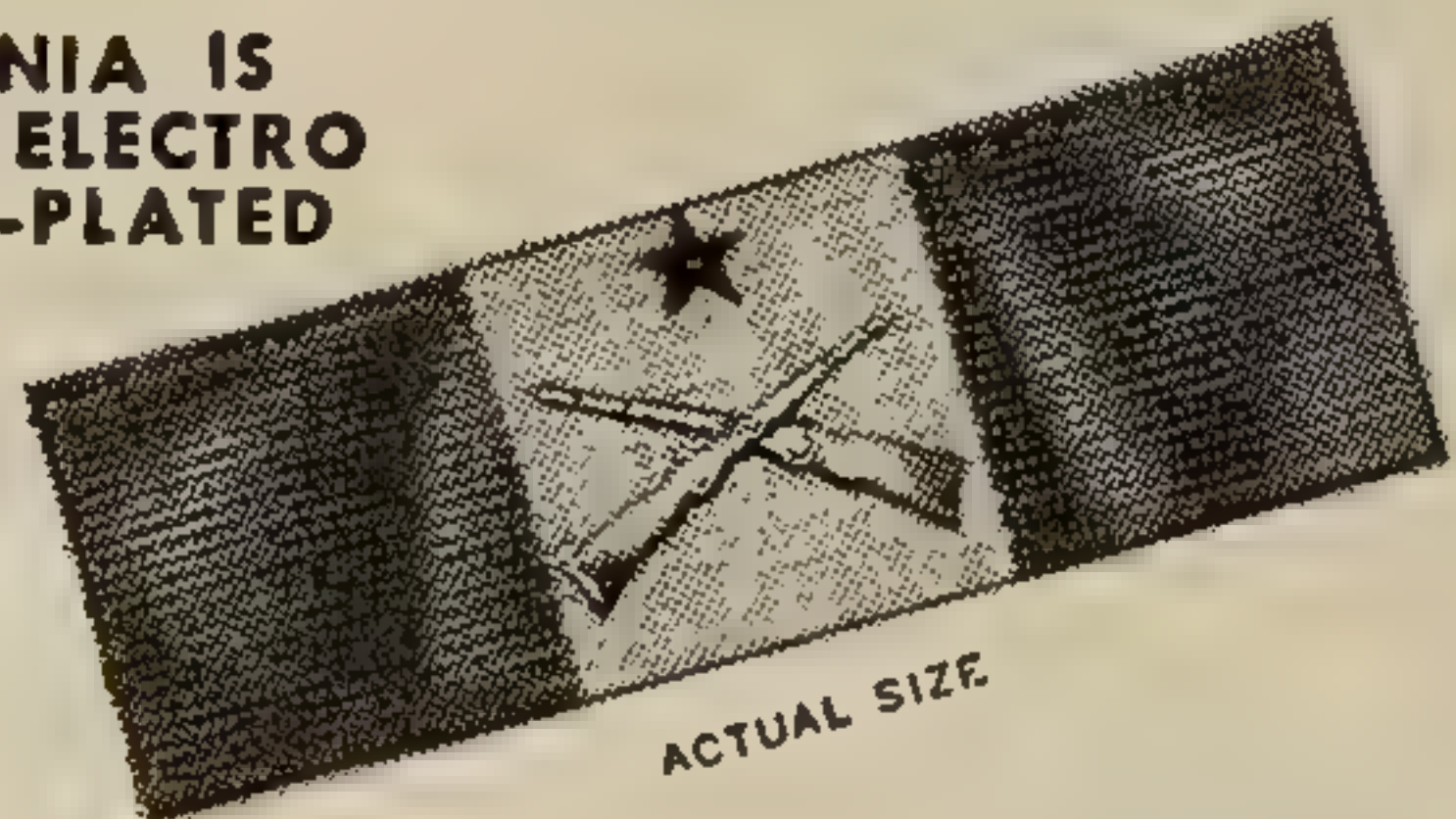
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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M.-343. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Show HIM
You Truly Care!

Wear THIS WAR-SERVICE PIN

INSIGNIA IS
24 K. ELECTRO
GOLD-PLATED



- Blue Star Indicates son or relative in the Service, while Insignia shows soldier's or sailor's particular branch of service such as Aviation, Marine, etc.
- Red, white and blue Ribbon finest quality rayon
- Colorfast: Can be washed with hot or cold water, any soap
- Colors blend with any dress
- Safety-catch back

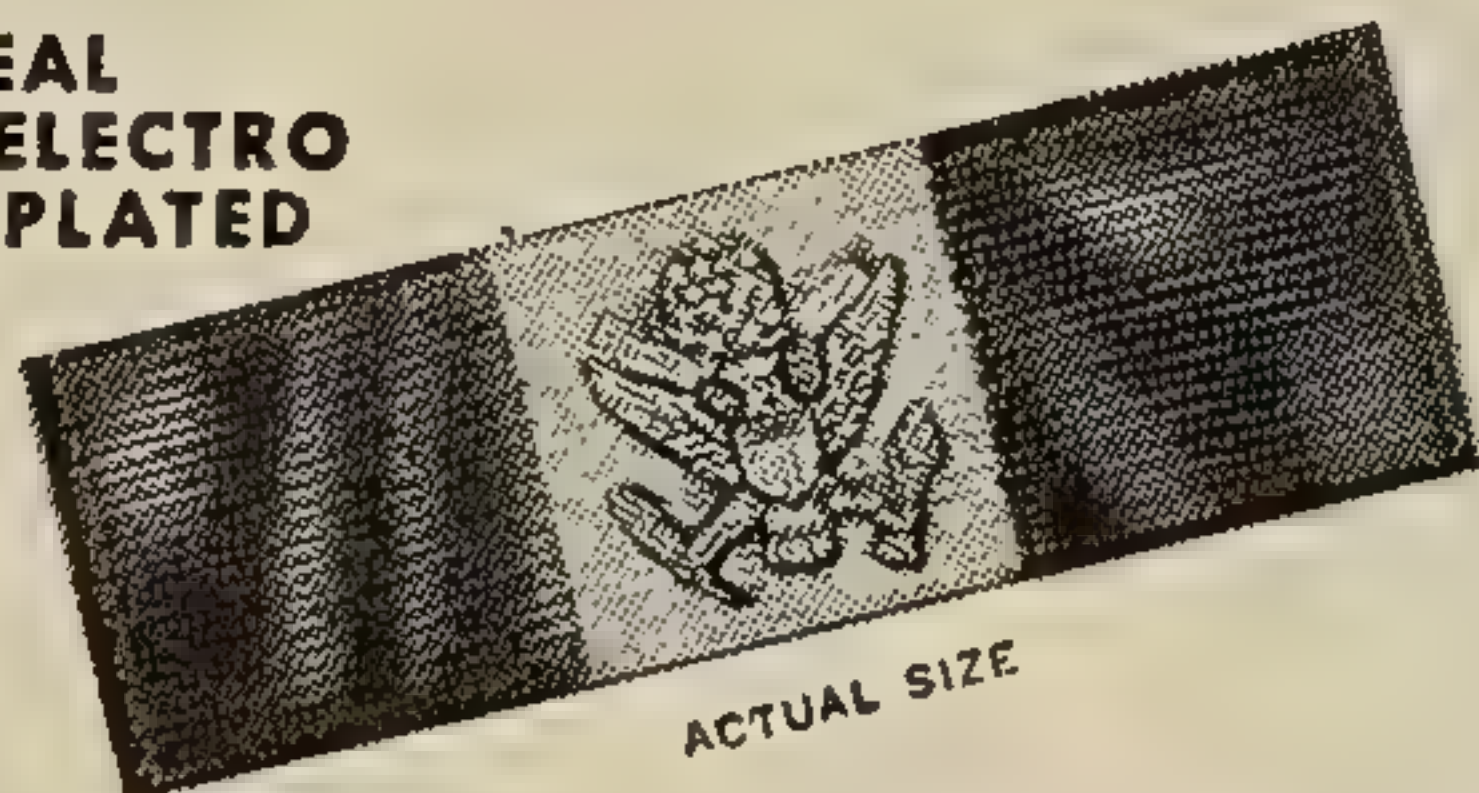
He's fighting for you—so why not show you really care? If you have a dear one in the Service—honor him by proudly wearing this Civilian War-Service Pin.

IMPORTANT: State specific branch of service.

If you have no loved one in the Service—
as an American, wear this

PATRIOTIC BAR PIN

U. S. SEAL
24 K. ELECTRO
GOLD-PLATED



Either pin, 50¢ postpaid (Plus 5¢ Federal Jewelry Tax)

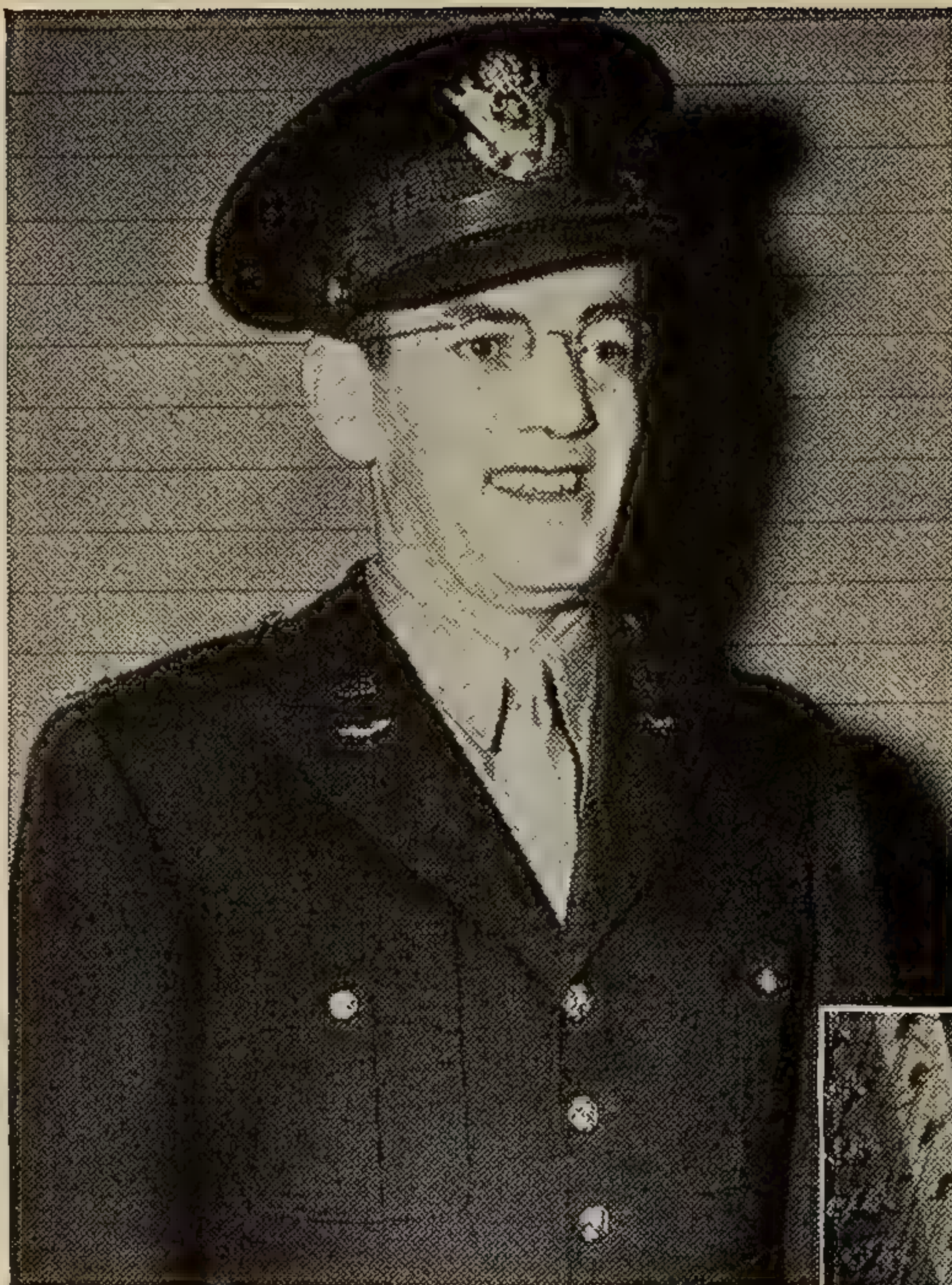
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"COME 'V' DAY"

I'm planning to buy the silver-plate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



Copyright 1943, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Glenn Miller—he's now Captain Miller—a short time ago completed his Army Air Corps training.

Joe Marsala, heard with his orchestra on Mutual and NBC, features Adele Gerard, called the only swing harpist in the U.S.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



THE \$67,000 salary ceiling is just another headache for the dance band industry, which has already been seriously affected by the musicians' union recording ban, and the wholesale enlistments of orchestra leaders and their men. Many of the big league batoneers still available for work on the air and in movies, theaters, and ballrooms, will cut down their appearances because of the new government edict.

At press time the recording ban was still in effect with no new plans for settlement offered.

Sonny Dunham's young band gets that big break when it plays in the Hotel New Yorker for three months. Johnny Long follows the Dunham outfit there in the Spring.

Ted Lewis recently celebrated his thirtieth year in the band business, an enviable record. Lewis is still a top-flight attraction.

TO THE COLORS:

Dick Stabile has enlisted in the Coast Guard and has turned band and baton over to wife Gracie Barrie. The band has recently clicked after several false starts.

Ted Weems and his entire band, fourteen men, have joined the Merchant Marine. Weems got a chief petty officer rating. He has a wife and seven-year-old son.

Frank Parker, well-known radio tenor, has enlisted in the Merchant Marine and Meredith Willson has become an Army Captain.

Captain Glenn Miller is now stationed with the U. S. Army Air Corps at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Dick Jurgens has disbanded his thirteen-year-old outfit and joined the Army. Most of his musicians are also enlisting.

Lieutenant Eddy Duchin is reported to have asked his Navy superiors for active duty instead of "morale" work.

Don Bestor, an old favorite, is now house conductor of the radio station WHN, New York, orchestra.

Casa Loma will soon introduce a new quartet of girl singers to replace the LeBrun Sisters.

Abe Lyman, rejected by the Army because of high blood pressure, has reorganized his band and starts an engagement in New York's Hotel Lincoln this month.

Several "pirate" recordings have been made despite the union ban but the union's agents are hot on the trail of the rule-breakers.

Lionel Hampton is experimenting with an innovation. His idea is to play the vibraharp without mallets, using instead small lead balls attached to the fingers. This is definitely not recommended to novices.

Les Brown has added a new unit to his orchestra, called The Town Criers, a west coast singing group consisting of four brothers and a sister.

Woody Herman's band broke four all-time attendance records when they recently played the New York Paramount theater. Of course the screen attraction, "Road to Morocco" with Crosby and Hope, didn't hurt.

Sammy Kaye has contributed \$4,000 to the Navy Relief Society, royalties accumulated from his song, "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Army flyers at a New Mexico base have tagged one of their Flying Fortresses, "Miss Dinah" in honor of Dinah Shore.

Morton Gould, young composer-conductor, whose new Columbia album has won the critics' plaudits, has been named musical director of a leading New York advertising agency. He'll supervise the agency's musical air shows.

Jack Pearl has gone off the costly "Cresta Blanca Carnival" show on Mutual after a 13-week series of disappointments with young musical director Morton Gould inheriting the star role for the wine company. Under the new format, prominent name singers will make guest appearances, giving music a victory over comedy.

Al Donahue has reorganized his orchestra in Hollywood, returning to the podium after a series of operations.

Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's vocalist, probably the best known dance band singer, is reported leaving Dorsey's band. When she leaves, she will be replaced by Kitty Kallen, formerly heard with Jack Teagarden. Helen wants to be near New York to be with her fiancé who is posted there with the Army Air Force. However, she will do solo radio and theater work in that vicinity.

The various popular record programs, featured on almost every radio station in the country, are meeting the dearth of new recordings by reviving old favorites. The revivals have met with plaudits from listeners.

Top record seller for the year was Bing Crosby's warbling of "White Christmas." Sales are expected to exceed the 2,000,000 mark.

One of the nation's top-flight dance spots, the lofty Rainbow Room in Radio City, has closed for the duration.

Artur Rodzinski, who won fame conducting the Cleveland Symphony has been signed as director of the New York Philharmonic.

Sammy Kaye replaces Nelson Eddy on that CBS cigaret show.

The small cocktail units have benefited from the dance band shortage. Many hotels and night clubs unable to hire big orchestras, are using the pint-sized outfits.

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

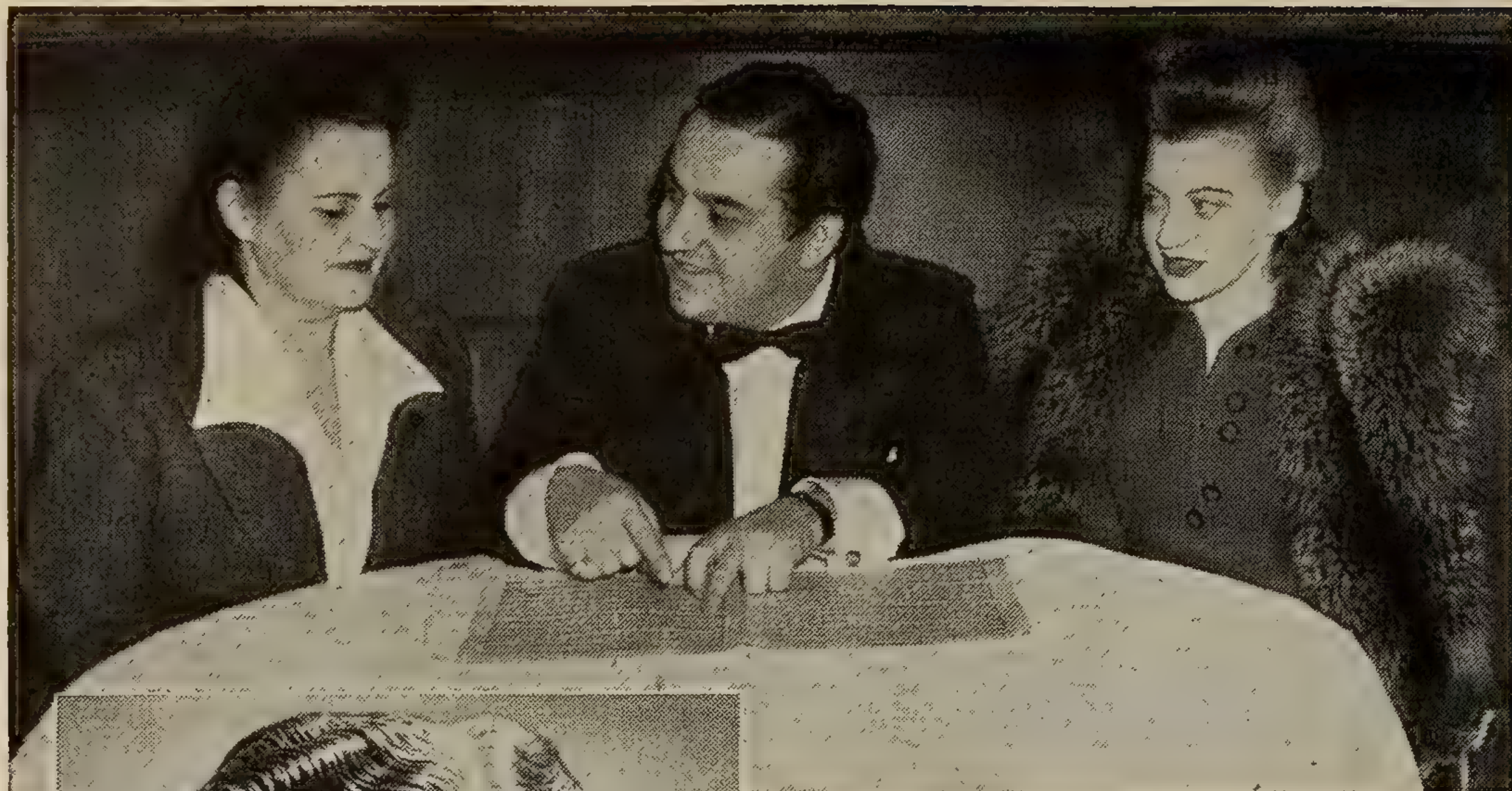
Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢. Also generous sizes at 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.



It was showmanship, not musicianship, that put Blue Barron among the top band leaders. He is shown above with his mother, left, and his sister Clarice, who serves as secretary and bookkeeper for him.

As if to illustrate, Barron pointed to the crowded dance floor of New York's Hotel Edison, where his band is currently playing, and added:

"Right now the trend is toward sentimental tunes. The war did that."

Blue Barron's right name is Harry Freedlin. He was born twenty-nine years ago in Cleveland, the only son of a hard-working milk dealer. His parents were ambitious for their boy and saved what they could so that Harry could have a formal education.

"Our boy," they told friends of the family, "will be a doctor."

Unfortunately the parents couldn't convince Harry that their plan was a practical one.

"I could have told them it wouldn't work," Blue explains. "Ever since I was a kid I hated the sight of blood. Now that's some handicap for a doctor."

The boy was willing to try to overcome this allergy and even enrolled for a pre-medical course at Ohio University. After a few sessions in the chemistry laboratories, he became deathly ill and threw in the stethoscope.

After this decision, Harry found a much more pleasant and profitable endeavor. He became the campus booking agent for dance bands that played the various hops and parties. His ability to out-talk, out-bargain, and out-smart the professional band managers, gave him confidence. He quit school and opened a small booking office in Cleveland.

But when the big band booking agencies started to monopolize the field, Harry and the small string of bands he represented, felt the squeeze like a Nazi pincer movement.

"I almost decided to go into the produce business," Blue recalls, "but the boys in one of the bands I handled had another idea. They wanted me to lead their outfit."

After a few all-night sessions, Harry finally agreed, hunted for a tricky band-de-plume and came up with Blue Barron. The only one who still calls him Harry is his mother.

THE first few months found the new Blue Barron band on a bumpy road

of barnstorming and only the managerial feats of the leader saved it from extinction.

"I had never led a band before so naturally there were plenty of panics," he says.

Finally the young outfit won an engagement in a Cleveland restaurant that had an NBC wire. Blue knew that the wire could make or break his band so he concentrated on every broadcast so that these precious programs would be of professional calibre. The efforts produced results. One night a long distance phone call came from New York. Maria Kramer, owner of two New York hotels, the Edison and the Lincoln, and one of the first to see merit in the bands of Harry James, Jan Savitt, and Jerry Wald, was on the wire.

"Would you like to bring your band to New York?" she asked Barron.

Barron's answer might have startled his new-found benefactor but it almost caused a revolution among his musicians.

"Gosh, Mrs. Kramer," he replied cautiously, "I sure would. But would you mind waiting for a few months? We can't make it right now. We have other commitments."

When he hung up, the men ganged around him ominously.

"What kind of a line is that?" one musician demanded.

"Listen, boys," Barron appealed, "we're not ready for it. Not yet. If we go there now we're sure to flop. If Mrs. Kramer wants us now, she'll want us a few months later."

Barron's theory proved to be correct. The next few weeks were spent in endless rehearsals but when they did come east, they had the precision and policy necessary for discriminating New York audiences.

The band opened in the Hotel Edison in January, 1938, and they have been coming back there ever since. Blue is playing in that hotel right now and can be heard over both Mutual and CBS.

The band also has a Sunday radio show on the Blue network, presented in cooperation with the War Manpower Commission. When records can be made, Barron records for Victor.

MOST dance fans are forever arguing over the respective merits of Blue Barron, Sammy Kaye, and Kay Kyser. All three have similar styles, each one uses singing titles. I asked Blue who originated this musical trick.

"Give full credit to Kay Kyser," he admits.

Blue handles his own managerial affairs, although the band is booked nationally by Music Corporation of America. His sister Clarice serves as secretary and bookkeeper and the technical musical duties are handled by arranger Ivan Lane. The 13-man band features two vocalists, Clyde Burke, who used to sing with competitor Sammy Kaye, and Jimmy Brown.

Blue is a brown-eyed, short and heavy-set bachelor who has his heart set on a Memphis debutante. He lives in a New York apartment hotel with his mother, father, and sister. He takes care of them. Although his parents are proud of his accomplishments in the musical field, Blue's mother says:

"I'm glad my Harry's happy and successful. But I still would like to see him a doctor."

Xavier Cugat leaves the Waldorf-Astoria this month for a sixteen-week theater tour winding up in Hollywood for work on his new film, "Stage Door Canteen."

* * *

Vaughn Monroe quits the Commodore Hotel in New York this month to start out on a lengthy road tour.

MUSIC IS HIS BUSINESS

ALTHOUGH Blue Barron can read only a few notes of music and seldom takes his violin out of its case, his shrewd showmanship and business acumen has made "Music of Yesterday and Today Styled the Blue Barron Way," a familiar radio network signature for distinctive dance music.

Under normal circumstances, one would hesitate to put the blue chips down on a bandleader who candidly admits "I'm no great musician." But how the chunky, curly-haired Ohioan inherited both a baton and a band and made them pay dividends, is a success story that doesn't happen every day along Tin Pan Alley and probably won't happen again.

Barron knew from experience gained over a six year span that a budding bandsman doesn't have to be an ex-child prodigy or a new day Bix Biederbecke to make the grade. Many an accomplished musician has flopped as a big league bandleader. Barron's own unit has passed many an orchestra piloted by an instrumental virtuoso. Barron had the formula. The others didn't.

"I know the pulse of the people," states Barron, "and I know what they want when they want it."

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Engraved in Gold—Absolutely FREE!**



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Men:—Here, without a doubt, is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For a high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your LODGE Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia, and Name, you would expect to pay up to \$4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only \$1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three-color Emergency Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has four pockets each

protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your choice of Emblems and Initials, are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember if you send your order promptly, we will include absolutely FREE, a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free Gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today, without fail so you won't be disappointed.

Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,
Dept. 131, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago,**

If you want a LODGE, or Army, Navy, or Marine Insignia, state name here

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and Lodge Emblem engraved in 23k gold. Include absolutely free, an Emergency Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number or Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name (Please print clearly)

Address

City..... State.....

Social Security Number..... Army Draft Number.....

☐ Please ship the above C. O. D. for \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges.

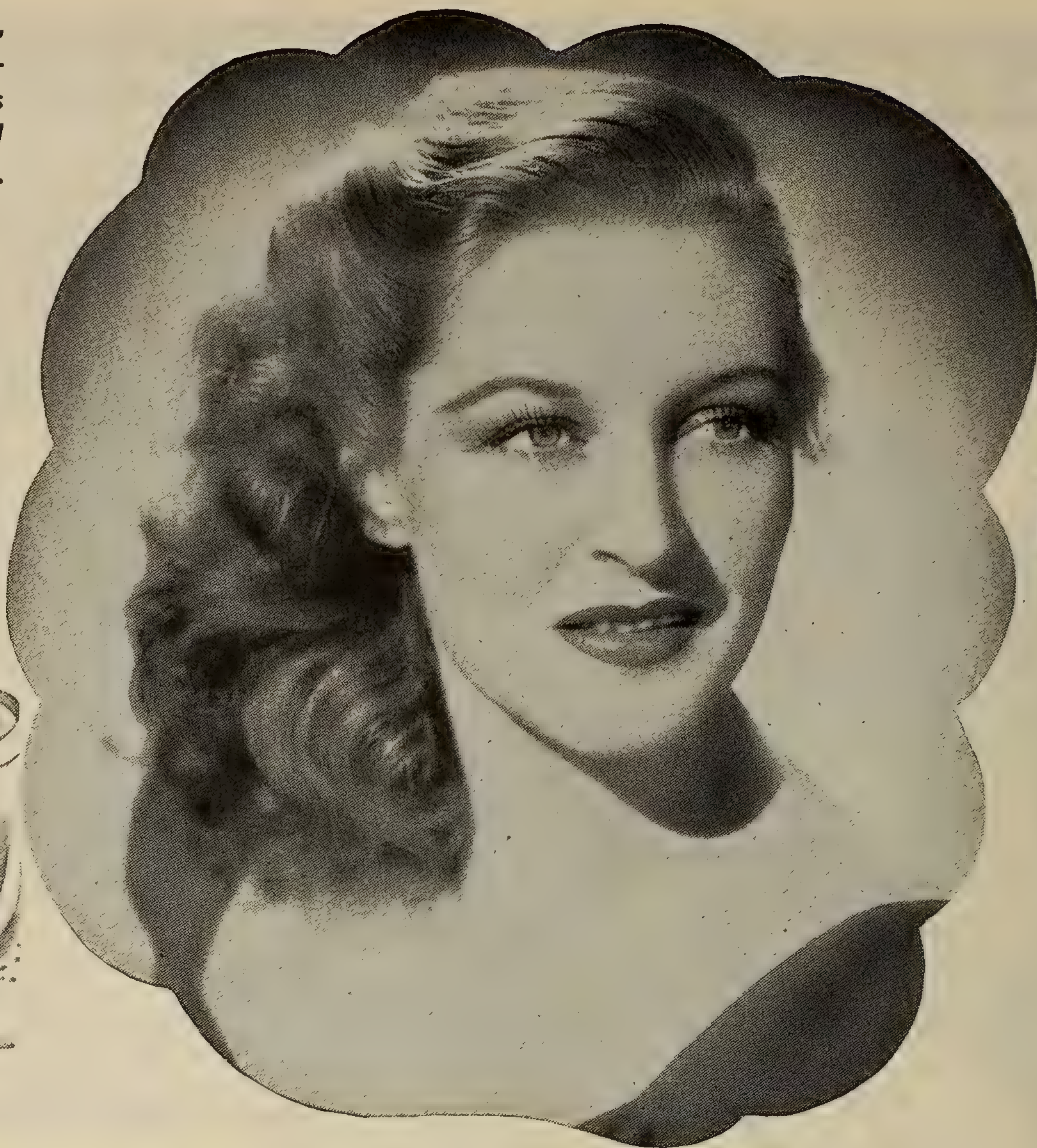
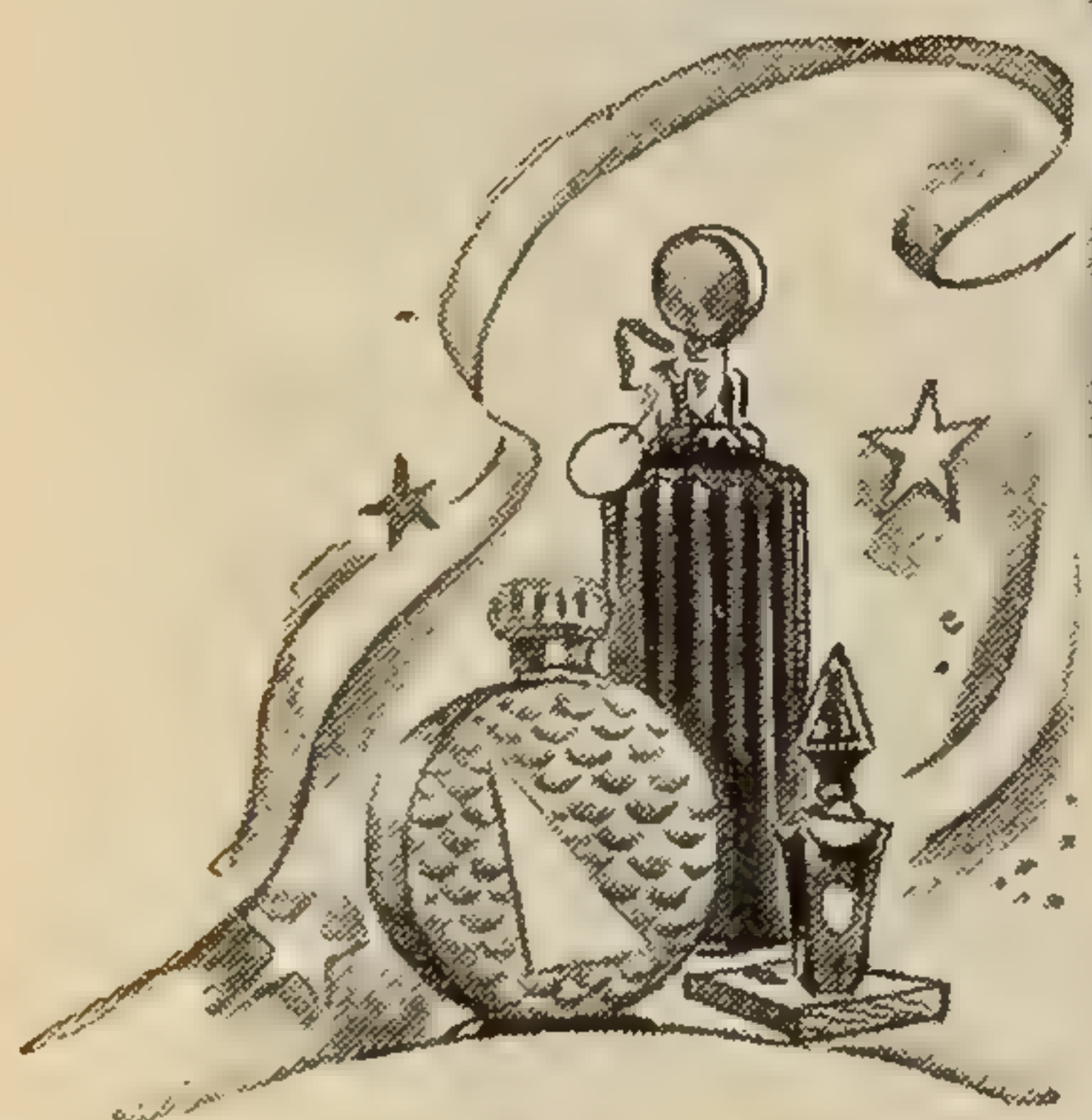


This beautiful three-color emergency Identification Plate carries your full name, address and social security or draft number exactly the way you want it.



Also FREE—If you order at once we send you this beautiful Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, hand engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.

Josephine Houston,
Blue Network sing-
ing star recommends
a daily home facial
for a radiant skin.



Face Insurance

By Roberta Ormiston

ONE of the most beautifully luxurious experiences in a woman's daily life is a facial.

But that's not the half of it. A facial also erases those little tired lines which become wrinkles if they occur often enough without anything being done to tone up the tired tissues which induce them.

You can, of course, go to a deluxe salon where smooth-fingered, smooth-voiced operators will use perfumed unguents and ointments upon you. And very pleasant this is, too. We haven't one word to say against it. However, if you can't afford this—and more can't than can—you may have a facial at home which will be just as satisfactory from any practical point of view.

Wrap a towel around your head and make sure no wisp of hair escapes from it.

Remove all make-up and dirt with cleansing cream.

Then remove every bit of cleansing cream.

With a cotton swab apply mineral oil generously at the corners of your mouth and nose, under your chin, across your forehead, between your eyebrows, and all around your eyes.

Nourishing cream comes next. Smear little dots of it all over your

face and proceed with your massage in this manner:

Start your massaging fingers above the eyebrows and move them up to your hair line.

Start at the inner part of your eye and gently massage your eyelids. When your finger reaches the outer corner of your eye bring it back underneath the eye to the nose again.

Do all this one dozen times.

Cheeks and chins require different treatment. They should be pinched lightly. Over and over again.

The underpart of your chin, on the other hand, requires kneading. Place your knuckles against the under part of your chin and knead upward and outward.

Then pinch the back and the sides of your neck. Use big light pinches, not the sharp little kind that can hurt or bruise.

Remove the cream and apply a skin tonic—to close your pores and tone

up your skin generally.

Ten minutes will be ample time for this massage. And it will make you look and feel ten years younger.

Sometimes, when you've really had one of those days, it's epsom salts you need. Externally. Rest first, if only for five minutes. Lie flat on your back. Really let yourself go.

Clean your skin. Use two applications of cleansing cream to make doubly sure you're spick-and-span clean.

Fill a bowl with about a pint of water that's of a temperature between warm and hot. Fill another bowl with about a pint of cold water and cracked ice. Put two rounded tablespoons of epsom salts into the bowl of cold water, and two rounded tablespoons of epsom salts into the bowl of warm water. Let the salts dissolve.

Dip a cloth in the warm epsom salts water and hold it to your face for a minute. Repeat this *five* times. Dip another cloth in the icy epsom salts water and hold it to your face for a minute. Repeat this a *dozen* times. Pat your face dry. And look into your mirror to see the magic you have managed with your own hands.

Take out face insurance today, by having facials regularly at home.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



*"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if you want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't

tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!



*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

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Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

She wanted her Nurse's Aide diploma more than she ever wanted a radio role—that's Pat Ryan, the cover girl!



Double in white

UNTIL the day she was awarded her diploma as a Nurse's Aide, nobody at the Misericordia Hospital in Manhattan knew that Patricia Ryan was a radio star. But, on that day, while she was standing in line waiting to be "capped," a probationer suddenly hurried over to her and exclaimed, "Why, you're Patricia Ryan! I know. I saw a picture of you in RADIO MIRROR!" Patricia admitted it, which almost broke up the ceremonies, what with girls crowding around her, asking for autographs and questioning her about radio.

All that time nobody had recognized her, because Patricia is the sort of girl who gets things done quietly. She hadn't wanted anyone to know who she was, for fear it might have some effect on the way they judged her work at the hospital. And she wanted that degree as a Nurse's Aide, more than she wanted a role in radio.

Patricia is just twenty years old. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred fourteen pounds, with shining, blonde hair, gray-blue eyes and a sweet, Irish smile—but, pictures speak louder than words, so look at our cover again. In the picture, you see her just as she is in real life and the way she will look to our boys in England, where she may be sent soon to put her training into practice.

If Patricia goes to England, it won't be the first time she's been there, although her feet have never touched English soil. Pat's father was an American doughboy in the last war. While overseas, he met and married an English girl. Their first daughter, Patricia, was born in London, just six weeks before their boat sailed for America.

Most of Patricia's life has been spent in Manhattan and she's been on the

air since she was six years old. At four, so her mother will tell you, she could read and write. At the age of seven, she had a fling at vaudeville and was arrested twice for being too young to work for a living. The first time she was arrested, the six other children on the vaudeville bill were taken to jail, but a detective took Patricia to his home. She was so cute he wanted his wife to see her.

PAT, as everyone in radio calls her, got her first taste of the radio business when she was introduced to the CBS network at the age of nine as a member of the cast of Nila Mack's Let's Pretend program, and she has been a part of that show ever since. When she was eleven she wrote a fairy tale for Let's Pretend—not only wrote it, but cast it, directed the performance, and played a part in the show herself as well. You still hear her on Nila Mack's program, playing the part of the Princess.

Since that time Pat has been on shows too numerous to mention, a few of which are Manhattan at Midnight, The Parker Family, Henry Aldrich, Just Plain Bill, as Claudia in Claudia and David, and as Myra, a volunteer nurse in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne. It was the last show that made her want to become a Nurse's Aide. "Playing a nurse on the radio every day," she smiles, "made me realize how important they are and I just had to become one."

Until the war, most of Pat's life was centered around St. Michael's Church, where she sang in the choir, and in the gym, where she was a star basketball player, a forward on the church girls' team. She regretfully gave that up a year ago, though, because her radio and war work filled every moment of the time. Pat has never sung on the air, in spite of her choir work—although she even won a choir pin for her singing when she was sixteen.

Now she spends her mornings at the hospital—7:15 until noon three days a week—her afternoons on the air, and her evenings with soldiers at the Stage Door Canteen. In her spare time she lectures for the American Theater Wing. She writes three letters a day to soldiers, another three to the mothers of soldiers she meets at the Canteen—and a very special daily letter to a Private overseas. She also entertains for service men, and particularly likes to give parties for British seamen.

Patricia has two sisters, Peggy, who is married, and a younger sister, Janice, who, according to Pat, is a genius. Janice has just been graduated from High School at the age of fourteen. "And," Pat grins, "Janice has been engaged since she was twelve. Her boy friend is in the Merchant Marine, now."

Pat claims nothing very exciting has happened to her in radio, except that once she was knocked out by a microphone when she was twelve. An announcer was adjusting a mike just over her head and it came loose and beamed her. They brought Pat back into this world just two minutes before the program went on the air and she played her part. "Although," she says, "I had a slight headache."

In spite of her radio success, Pat is very anxious to go to England as a nurse and because she'd like to see her grandfather and her uncles and aunts, and several cousins who are now in the R. A. F.

"You bet I know my groceries!"

...if any customer complains about not getting her favorite flavor of Karo Syrup, you know what I tell her?

I say, first: "Don't you know that the Army and Navy are buying tons of Karo Syrup?"

Then I say: "Every housewife in the land is buying more Karo than ever before—'cuz Karo is the kind of food that gives energy to hard-working Americans."

Last, but not least, I tell her this: "The makers of Karo won't let down on quality just to step up quantity. No Ma'am—not with millions of us babies, our mothers and our doctors too, depending on Karo for our feeding formulas."

As a clincher—I suggest: "If you can't get one flavor of Karo (the shortage is only temporary)—just try another flavor. They're all delicious—all nutritious—all rich in Dextrose...food-energy sugar."

See what I mean?

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If I Dared

Why did she force him away from her, frantically beating against him with clenched fists, when all she wanted was to be in the shelter of his arms?

IT IS six years ago now, but I remember that night in every clear, terrible detail. I think I always will.

I was fifteen. Fifteen is such an awkward, shy, frightened age at best, and for me it was made even worse because I was seven years younger than my brother Tom and because Father had died a bare year before. I had thought I couldn't go on living after I lost Father. He and Matilda, our housekeeper, were the only mothers I had ever known and while I had them both I never felt the lack of another.

Father was always kind and wonderful toward both Tom and me, although I think he understood me the better and loved Tom the more. I was like him while Tom, I was always told, was like Mother—gay and full of life, with snapping black eyes matching his hair, strong of body and will, meeting every new experience with wide-open, welcoming arms. Father and I lived more inside ourselves. Now that I'm older, I know he too must have had secret fears and doubts that he kept buried near his heart. I only hope that his did not fester there.

But with all his gentle sympathy, Father made one mistake. It must have been his love for Tom that tricked him into it, or perhaps he did not really believe that the possibility he was preparing for would ever come to pass. At any rate, when his will (Continued on page 70)



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Norton Russell from an original radio drama, "Linda's Beau," heard on the True Story Theater over Mutual.

A "True Story Theater" Drama

I love you too much

That first evening Barbara knew she had found her love. Later she learned she must stop these thoughts before Kit guessed them—he belonged to somebody else

EVERYONE always took it for granted that I was Paul Craven's girl, ever since we'd started school together, years ago. Well, I was Paul's girl—if you mean that Paul was the man I went around with. But if you mean that I loved him—it just wasn't so.

He thought that I did love him, I suppose. Just took it for granted. And I'd never been able to say, in so many words, that I didn't. Weakly, I'd always hoped that my actions would speak for me, save me from hurting him with words. I'd always hoped that when the right man came along that Paul would know it, just as I would, and that I shouldn't have to tell him.

Paul had been wonderful to me, sharing his home and even his parents with me after my father and mother died. They—Paul's parents—had wanted me to come and live with them, assuming that it would only be a few years until I was a regular member of the household, anyway. But I couldn't do that, no matter how grateful I was. I knew, somehow, that there'd be a day when I'd regret having allowed myself to pile up a debt that I might feel obligated to pay no matter how much it went against my heart. So my Yankee independence had forced me to find an apartment of my own, even though my stenographer's salary was just barely enough to make ends meet.

Paul had been angry at what he called my stubbornness then, and he was angry now. Angry because I insisted on giving up four nights a week to working at the canteen for merchant seamen—the "heroes without uniforms"—recently opened in our New England coastal city. "After all," he told me crossly, "I'm serving my country, too—or will be in a few more weeks. Doesn't that entitle me to some of your time?"

I couldn't say, bluntly, in answer, "It would, Paul, if I were in love with you—but I'm not." I had no way of knowing then how a woman should feel toward the man she loves, but something, intuition, maybe, told me that Paul wasn't the one.

I had never felt toward Paul the way I felt toward Kit Ericson almost the moment I saw him. We needed no introduction at all. I looked across the noisy confusion of the canteen's recreation room, one evening, and saw his blond head shining in the light, and in the same instant he looked up and his blue eyes met mine. He rose and started walking toward me, threading his way among the crowded tables with the sure-footed ease he had learned on lurching decks. When he reached the counter where I was dispensing coffee and sandwiches, though, he didn't speak. He just looked at me.

I couldn't look away. For a

minute I couldn't even speak, though I had learned a list of opening remarks guaranteed to set a shy boy at ease. I just looked up and saw the way his wide mouth quirked at the corners before he smiled, and I thought how nice and white his teeth were, before I stopped myself. This was no way for a hostess to be thinking; it was practically improper. I asked, a little breathlessly, "What will you have?"

He said, "Nothing. But maybe I could help you some, back there."

I let him, and he was different from the others, who usually were so high-spirited and useless they had to be ordered back to the other



A vintage color illustration depicting a scene from a story. In the foreground, a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit and tie, is shown in profile, smiling. Behind him stand a woman and a young man. The woman is wearing a red dress with a white floral pattern and a pearl necklace. The young man is wearing a light-colored, patterned jacket over a white shirt and a red tie. They are in a room with wallpaper featuring a palm tree pattern. A text box in the upper right corner contains the following text:

She was a pretty girl. I tried to smile at Kit's wife as he said, "Lacey, this is Barbara Nickerson."

side of the counter. His hands were big but they moved with a deftness that was like magic. It was fun, even exciting, to be working there with him. "Where'd you learn to be so good at this?" I asked him.

"I shipped out as mess boy twice before I got my union card," he said. That was all, but his voice had an easy, rhythmic drawl, different from New England speech, and it enchanted me.

"Where from?" I had to keep him talking.

"Galveston." He used no extra words.

"What kind of boat?"

"Tanker."

I couldn't keep from questioning him. "Is that where you live—Galveston, I mean?"

"Near there. Inland a ways."

Oh, it was music, the way he said those simple matter-of-fact things. I wanted him to tell me everything—all about his family, where he went to school, his friends—oh, especially his friends, and especially his girl friends!

But I didn't find out. That should have made me wonder, and worry, too, later on, but I wouldn't let it. He was the quiet kind, the kind that does things and doesn't talk about it. Still waters run deep, I told myself, afterward, night

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1942

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1942

“What kind of boat?”
“Tanker.”

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I told myself, afterward, night

1942

"Tanker." I told myself, afterward, night

1042

But I didn't find out. That should have made me wonder, and worry, too, later on, but I wouldn't let it. He was the quiet kind, the kind that does things and doesn't talk about it. Still waters run deep, I told myself, afterward, night

My Life

IT isn't easy to put the past down on paper, to write the record of a broken dream. Yet I want to tell it, because now I see the girl that I was as if she were someone else, because now I know it wasn't the struggle of Judy Crane against a cold, unlistening world, but of Judy Crane against herself.

The dream began, I guess, on that sunlit autumn afternoon when Don Winters told me about the orchestra job. Listening, breath-held, to him, I was sure that the turning point of my life had come. I saw adventure ahead of me. I saw fame beckon. I caught a heart-warming glimpse of a life no longer bounded by the limits of my home town of Seabright, but stretching to the horizons of the world.

Don flashed his bright-white smile at me, and handed me my dream on a silver platter. "Remember the fellow who was at the studio last week when you came for your lesson? The one who listened to you sing? Well, I didn't want to say anything about it until it was more definite, but he's a scout for Bob Halsey's band. I knew they needed a new singer—and, Judy, I made up my mind that you'd be the one if I could possibly swing it."

My heart began to thump, and eagerness thickened my tongue. "You—you mean—oh, Don, you mean you've arranged for an audition for me? With Bob Halsey?"

His dark head nodded emphatically, and his smile widened to match the one which was lighting my face. "I think it's all set, Judy. The band will be passing through Seabright tomorrow, and you'll sing for Halsey himself. But that's just a formality—Bob takes the advice of that scout of his, and the scout thought you were terrific."

Impulsively, I took his hand in both of mine. "Don, you don't know what this means to me. I don't know how I can ever find a way to thank you—not just for this, but for the pains you've taken, for all you've taught me—"

"Honey, it's a pleasure!" he said, and I knew he meant it. Some people in Seabright don't like Don, but he's one of my favorite people. I suppose a lot of people

think that being a singing teacher isn't just the job for an able-bodied man, but he's a wonderful teacher. He'd taken my voice, sweet but faltering and unsure, and given it power and richness. I owed him more than I could put into words.

"You don't know what this means to me," I repeated.

He grinned again, that sure, cocky grin of his that made some of the old fellows who hung out at Hanson's store say that Don Winters was "too big for his britches."

"Oh, don't I? Sure I do—better than you do, Judy. It means singing with a fair band now. And that's just the first step. There'll be better bands, with better names, and after a while, top-notch bands with top-notch names. You'll make it, Judy, because you've got all you need—a voice, an ability to put your voice across, and a mighty pretty face to dress it up!"

No wonder my head was in the clouds as I left Don's studio that afternoon. I felt as if fame were a tangible thing, something warm and glistening that I could reach out and touch if I chose. It was only when at last I thought of Aunt Myra that the world lost a little of its rosy glow, that a little prick of pain found its way through the armor of my pleasure.

Aunt Myra, you see, has been kinder to me than anyone else in the world. I was still in grammar school when my parents died, and I had lived with her since I was ten. I had grown up under the guidance of her firm but gentle hands, had watched her gray eyes grow older, more tired, her duties at the Marine Hospital become a heavier burden but a greater pleasure to her.

"Someday, Judy, you'll be a nurse, too," she'd always told me. "You'll go to nursing school at the hospital, and then, after you're graduated—"

That was her dream, I knew. And it had been mine, too, until a brighter, gayer dream replaced it. It had seemed right that I should follow in her steps. I had really wanted to become a nurse. The thought of giving my life to the service of others had seemed beautiful and worth while. But now I knew it was impossible. I had discovered a new

to Live

She would be famous! But she paid for it with bitter loneliness when anger blazed between them, when the man she loved cried, "We'd better call it off!"



future—a future that would make Judy Crane a famous name—and suddenly nursing seemed a drab way of living indeed.

I had to tell Aunt Myra about the audition, about the job which was almost sure to follow on its heels, but I didn't know how. And then I remembered that I'd see Bill tonight—Bill Benson, United States Coast Guard—for his ship had come into port this morning. My steps slowed a bit. Telling Bill about my new-found future wasn't going to be the easiest thing in the world, either. But surely I could make him understand it. He was young, and he loved me—he knew the stuff that dreams are made of, for he had dreams of his own, dreams that had to be postponed while he did his part in the war. Yes, I was sure I could make Bill see how necessary it is to make your dreams come true, how important singing was to me. And when I had convinced him, perhaps he, with that practical mind of his, could help me to devise a way to tell Aunt Myra which would soften the blow.

IT'S strange how chance takes a hand in your life I thought, as I turned in the gate. It was just by chance that Don Winters had attended my high school graduation last June. I'd sung a solo that night, and afterward, when Bill and the rest were congratulating me, Don Winters had sauntered up. He bowed a little as a friend introduced him—no one had ever bowed to me before—and he said, in that slow drawl of his that makes you wait impatiently for the next word, "You know, if you wanted to give that voice of yours a chance you could really get somewhere with it."

Very professionally, then, he began to discuss my singing, and how it should be developed, and I felt very professional myself. I liked the pleasant things he said, and I liked the twinkle, half amusement, half admiration, in his eye. But that was a busy night—there was

music and dancing waiting for Bill and me, and we hurried away, and I forgot about Don Winters until next day. But I did remember him then, and I went to talk to him. It was after that talk—and after the nearest thing to a fight that Bill and I had ever come to—that I decided to put off entering nursing school for a few months and to use some of the small inheritance I had from my mother for singing lessons.

BILL, as I say, hadn't liked the idea much. We were taking our favorite walk the day I told him—around the edge of the little lake in Seabright's one park. "Your nursing's the important thing, Judy," he said, that evening. "And it's more important now than ever—now that we're in the war. Singing—well, it doesn't look like much beside saving lives, when you get right down to it, does it Judy?"

"But I don't mean to sing my life away," I told him, trying with lightness to erase the frown that darkened his face. "I just want to spend the summer at it—like, like a vacation. And in the fall I'll get down to my nursing."

"There isn't any time left in the world to waste," Bill said. I'd never seen him so serious before—never so angry with me. We'd grown up together, Bill and I, and we'd never come near to an argument since the childish days of hair-pulling and snowball throwing. But now there was a new look in his eyes, a steady, strong look, which made me feel somehow insignificant and frivolous.

"Let's go home," he said, after a moment's silence, and he began to walk away. But I didn't want to leave it like that. I put my hand on his arm to stay him. "Don't be angry with me, Bill," I pleaded.

He turned back then, and laughed his old, cheery laugh. "All right, Judy," he said, "I guess you're entitled to sing your head off for a couple of months if you want to. We won't say any more about it, eh?"

And so I had started to take lessons with Don Winters. And Bill—Bill enlisted in the Coast Guard, and then I was very glad of those singing lessons, for they took up my time, gave me an active interest to fill the gap that Bill's going away made in my life. Because, by that time, we'd admitted that we were in love. We'd sort of grown up to it, all these years, but we'd never said the words until just before Bill left for training. Just how or why the friendship of so many years ripened into something so much more wonderful, I can't say. You can't explain love. Love just is. It's something that comes to you without

your knowing it, something which makes the world suddenly brighter one day, makes common words turn into music, makes your whole heart a song.

But one reason I loved Bill so much was because he was such an understanding person. And that was why, the day Don Winters told me about the orchestra job, I was sure I could make Bill understand, sure I could make him see it my way. Oh, he'd disapproved when he thought I was going to waste time on singing lessons, but when he learned that the time hadn't been wasted, that someone wanted my voice—!

Aunt Myra wasn't home, and I was glad of that. A very discerning person, my Aunt Myra—she'd have known at once that something was afoot. I busied myself with making myself as pretty as possible for Bill—I hadn't seen him for weeks—and didn't let myself think about what might be Aunt Myra's reaction to my news. I brushed my hair until it was as bright as the copper candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and arranged it softly away from my face, the way Bill likes it best. Then I slipped over my head the dress I'd bought because it made my eyes a deeper blue, and put on, for sentiment's sake, the little blue mosaic bracelet that had been Bill's first gift to me. All my happiness shone through me like the sun behind a stained glass window.

THAT'S the way it always was when Bill came—I was happy to the bursting point, and then, when the bell finally rang, I was happier still, although I'd thought it impossible a moment before. I hardly seemed to touch the stairs, flying down to open the door for him, to find myself caught up in his arms and whirled around and kissed as soundly and satisfactorily as any girl could ask. Then he put me on my feet, and we looked at each other for a moment without speaking, satisfying the hunger our hearts had known in the weeks apart. Bill seemed somehow taller, now that he wore a uniform, each time I saw him, and his face was dark with the rough kiss of the wind, his brown eyes bright with eagerness, his hands out in front of him a little as if waiting for some sort of signal to touch me again.

I heard my own laughter, short and sharp and breathless, and then he took me in his arms again, gently, tenderly this time, and I found myself strangely fearing and welcoming his kiss, as a woman sometimes fears and welcomes spring. It was that new little fear which made me realize that (Continued on page 91)

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Will Oursler from the original radio play "My Life to Live," by Cameron Hawley, first heard on the Armstrong Theater of Today, Saturday at noon over CBS.



Vaughn Monroe's life is much richer than ever he dreamed possible for a man who blew a trumpet, because his childhood sweetheart said "I do"

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THERE was bedlam in the school gym. The girls' basket-ball team, practicing for an inter-class game, refused to leave the floor. The boys, waiting their turn, vied with one another inventing young insults.

"G'wan and powder your noses and comb your hair," they shouted.

Some of the girls made little self-conscious attempts to fix their hair. But one among them, intent upon a difficult throw for a basket, gave no sign she even knew they were there.

When she threw the ball into the basket, making an almost impossible toss, the boys were admiring in spite of themselves. "She's good," they agreed. "Who is she anyhow?"

"Baughman's her name," Vaughn Monroe, a Junior, told them. "Marian Baughman. She's a mess!"

"What do you expect?" a senior asked. "Any girl who can make a throw like that is bound to have funny looking hair and a dirty perspiring face. And you could bet your last buck she'd wear horn-rimmed glasses."

Marian caught the ball on a bounce and started for the door.

"Come on," she called to her teammates, still a little triumphant. "The boys probably need to practice more than we do anyhow."

Vaughn led his team out on the floor. He was practically new to the school and the community, but he was definitely Big Time. He excelled in sports. He looked like pictures of the Greek gods although he would have socked anybody who said so. He could blow a trumpet like nobody's business. He played at country club parties in the local band, and had no time for girls.

The girls, however, had plenty of time for him. They went out of their way to introduce him to feminine charms. He wasn't dull. By the time he was voted senior class president he had as quick an eye for a well turned ankle or soft looks as the next fellow. He was as individual in his taste, too. He really



Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Monroe at home with Baby Candy.

WHEN YOUR HEART REMEMBERS

had to look around for a girl to take to a class party. Looking around, assiduously, he discovered Marian Baughman, "that mess." Marian, however, was different, too. During the summer a West Point cadet had been very polite and attentive to her in his effort to attract her older sister. He had caused her heart to flutter in the oddest manner. Whereupon, without quite knowing why, she had let her hair grow and thrown away her glasses.

Vaughn wasn't remotely romantic about Marian. He wasn't remotely romantic about anything but his trumpet. But Marian was very romantic. And when a girl is romantic a man likes her better and better, until he's romantic, too.

For weeks he looked forward to the senior prom when, as president of the class, he would lead the grand march—Marian beside him.

Then he discovered he had to go to Harrisburg on the day of the prom, to compete for the state musical championship. If he won—and the school music teacher didn't think there was the least doubt he

would—he would have to stay over another day to play at a luncheon for the august judges.

"Don't you worry about me winning," he told Marian. "I'll get back in time to lead the grand march with you if it's the last thing I ever do." He grinned. "There should be a law against girls like you, do you know it?"

His arms went around her in a strong circle. "But you'd like me to get back to dance at the prom with you, too, wouldn't you?" He made it a plea.

"Yes," she whispered.

Vaughn and the music teacher went to Harrisburg in her car.

"Vaughn," she protested as they raced homewards, "take it easy in these Pennsylvania mountains. Please! I don't understand you to-day. I was certain you'd win the championship for us. And you would have, too, if you had played as well as I've heard you play—a hundred times."

Vaughn grinned in the dark. No use to explain to her it was a race for life, a (Continued on page 56)

I'll

There was no need to
say, "I love you,
I'll always love you."



Always hear your voice

How could she forget those countless nights she waited at home, pacing the floor, with anguished heart, knowing that again Phil had broken his promise?

IT was dusk when we left the jail.

I was glad. The darkness was a shield against the curious stares of loiterers around the steps, and it shut me off from the two men beside me. I couldn't bear the prying eyes of strangers, and my heart was too heavy for sympathy. All I wanted was to be alone—with my sorrow and humiliation, with my broken hope.

We got into the car, and Dr. Patton squeezed his massive bulk beneath the wheel. "Try not to take it too hard," he said. "This will probably do the boy a lot of good—make him realize what he's doing."

"I hope so," Phil's father said heavily, beside me. "I hope so."

I didn't answer. So this is the way it feels, I thought. This is the way it feels to commit your husband to the State Hospital for habitual drunkenness. This is the way shame feels, and the disgrace of people knowing, and the end of youthful dreams.

It had all been cold and business-like back there at the jail as Father and I, backed up by Dr. Patton, presented our petition to the board that one Philip Humphries should be committed for an indefinite period to the Inebriates' Ward of the State Institution. Phrases like "confirmed alcoholic" and "menace to society" had sounded like so many words, in the boardroom—impersonal and anonymous. They hadn't meant Phil at all. Not the boy who could be, at times, the sweetest, gayest person in the world. Not my husband.

But now it was done, and I knew that tomorrow Phil would be taken up to Haskell as a charge of the state, and I shuddered.

Oh, it was easy enough to understand it all with my mind. It was my heart that was sick and unhappy. Dr. Patton had done his best to explain Phil's trouble in terms of

cause and effect. Carefully, he'd told me I mustn't think of Phil as a criminal. I must realize that he was sick. I must realize that he didn't drink because he liked the taste of whiskey, but because life seemed too much for him, and he wanted to escape responsibility.

Cause and effect, cause and effect. They are such cold, abstract things when you apply them to someone who is part of your life.

When I first knew Phil he had already started drinking. Just a little, and just for fun—that's what I thought then. I was sure that when we had been married a while, all that would stop. I was so sure that I paid no attention to other people's advice—for even his own parents didn't want us to marry. They knew him, I guess, better than I. They knew—and understood the implications of what they knew—that he was their only child, born when they were both past their youth, delicate when he was a boy and so unable to take part in the rough-and-tumble of childish games. In those days of unhappiness, of being an outcast, he had acquired a sense of inadequacy that later found its surcease in liquor . . . So Dr. Patton had told me, in words that fell hard and cold and somehow meaningless into my mind.

"You mustn't think Phil is being sent up there as a punishment, Connie," the doctor had said. "Not just because he was drunk and disorderly. That isn't it at all. I hope—I believe," he said stoutly, "they can cure him—with your help. You've got to use your courage and your heart to help him. You've got to write to him up there, and go

to see him when they let you, and make him feel you've got all the faith in the world in him. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Dr. Patton," I had said. "I can do that."

But behind the firm certainty of the words I was frightened and unsure. He looked at me sharply.

"Look here. Are you still in love with him?"

"Why—why, of course. He's my husband."

"Good. That's all I wanted to know."

If it were only as simple as that, I thought miserably as Dr. Patton drove through the familiar streets, with me in the seat beside him and Phil's father in back.

He let us out in front of the weatherbeaten old house where I had lived since my marriage, and we walked together up the narrow sidewalk to where Mom Humphries waited to hear that Phil had been committed. She'd known of the decision, of course, but I suppose up until the very last moment she'd hoped—as I had—that it wouldn't be necessary. One glance at our faces as we came in told her that she had hoped in vain.

It was a silent meal we had that night—a time of avoiding each other's gaze, of putting commonplace thoughts into brief sentences. We were all afraid that emotion might break us. As soon as I could I said good night and went up to my room. Phil's and my room—the one we'd had since we were married.

I didn't turn on the light. I stood by the window and looked out over the old magnolia tree in the yard. I watched a plane flying low, coming in to land on the new training field a few miles away. The red and green lights twinkled in the cloudless sky, and suddenly I thought, "How wonderful it would be up there with nothing but just sky and stars and mystery." And



Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Helen Irwin Dowdey from a problem presented before radio's human relations program, A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, heard Friday, 9:30 P.M., EWT, on WHN, New York.

I was filled with the strangest yearning I'd ever had—but for what I didn't know.

Phil and I had been married eighteen months before, when he was twenty-three and I was eighteen. And, as the doctor had reminded me, everybody had been against that marriage. My aunt, with whom I'd lived since my parents' death, had loved and cared for me, but she'd been too busy with her own large brood of youngsters to have much time for real understanding. She'd just said no, you can't marry Phil Humphries, he drinks, and that was an end to that. Phil's mother and father had been more sympathetic. "Wait," they'd said. "Wait till he settles down a little. You're so young yet." And Dr. Patton had said, "The boy's unstable. Give him a chance to grow up, and yourself a chance to really know your own heart."

BUT Phil was headstrong and terribly in love, and I—well, he was my first real beau. The first one who'd meant more than dances, and having sodas at the drugstore, and dates on Saturday nights. He was dark and compact and good-looking, one of the most attractive boys in Hornsby. I knew he "drank," but with the strict upbringing of our small Southern town, that was something intriguingly romantic. Something daring and a little wicked. He promised to give it up if I married him. I'd reform him, I thought. I'd be the Good Influence in his life that would make of him the success I knew he could be.

So one moonlit summer night we drove the twenty miles to the county seat and got married. Just like that. The Humphries' made the best of it and offered us a home with them until we were settled in one of our own. But that day never came.

Phil had had several jobs, good ones. But he never kept them long. Always the pattern was the same:

Always the boss singled him out to pick on, or somebody was out to "do" him, or another fellow would be promoted over his head. Phil would either quit, or get in an argument and be fired. I comforted myself with the thought that he was young yet and hadn't really found himself.

One night, after we'd been married three months, Phil didn't come home from work. He didn't come the next day. Nor the next night. We were frantic. When the police finally found him it was in a grimy roadside tavern a few miles out of town, sodden with cheap whiskey, penniless, and unable to remember anything that had happened since he had had an argument with his boss and stopped to buy a bottle on his way home.

"I don't know what got into me," he said, over and over. "But I'll never do it again, so help me—if you'll just forgive me, honey." There was such agony of remorse in his face, I believed him. We all did.

He kept that promise—for six weeks. And in that time I dared believe that drunken spree had been a single, isolated incident. I dared to dream again of our own home and babies and our fine life together.

For Phil was smart and he had a great deal of boyish charm, and I knew he would amount to something once he settled down. He got a new job, selling cars at a local agency, and he was good at it. Then the government froze all cars and Phil was let go. To him, that was a personal grievance.

That time, when he got drunk, he crashed the family automobile into a lamp post on Main Street. He wasn't hurt, but he paid a stiff fine, received a public reprimand in court, and had his driver's license taken away.

"I've learned my lesson. I'll never touch the stuff again," he vowed solemnly to me. "I promised when you married me I'd stop drinking and I will! Why—I might have killed somebody!"

He honestly believed every word he said, and—again—I tried to. He kept that vow until Pearl Harbor. When he tried to enlist the day after the tragic Sunday, they turned him down. We both knew why. In our little town everyone knew Phil drank—and they don't want drunkards in the Army.

"4-F!" he said bitterly when he came home. "What chance has a 4-F guy got in the world today!"



He was slouched in a chair.
"Phil!" I cried out in horror.
"What are you doing?"



I tried to tell him there were other ways to serve his country besides carrying a gun, but it was no use. That was, somehow, the beginning of the end. After that—but how can I tell about the bouts that came with ever-increasing frequency then, the periods of abject remorse and reform in between?

How can I describe the countless nights three of us waited at home, pacing the floor, with anguished hearts? Waiting . . . until Phil should come stumbling in. Waiting . . . for the telephone call that some day must inevitably come, telling of accident, disgrace, or death. Waiting . . . while hopelessness stole over us like a pall that never lifted.

When that hopelessness grew too great to be borne, when every resource we knew had been exhausted, then we had to take the final, hard step that Dr. Patton had suggested. Father and Mom were sturdy, independent people, but they had no money for cures in expensive private sanatoriums. Today we had sent Phil away, with his own reluctantly

given consent—to be a charity patient in the inebriates' ward of the State Hospital at Haskell. . . .

I turned away from the window. What was it Dr. Patton had said so suddenly this evening? *Do you still love him?* It wasn't a fair question, I thought bitterly. How can you love a shadow, someone who has ceased being *himself*? Young and romantic, I loved what Phil had been; I could love what he might be. But how could you love a ghost?

I would do what the doctor said. I'd give him faith and encouragement; I'd hope with all my heart that this would cure him and turn him into the man with whom I could join my life and my dreams.

Lying there in the darkness, I faced tomorrow. And overhead, in the lighter darkness, another plane droned.

Dr. Patton had said we must all try to live as normally and happily as possible while Phil was away. We decided, when people asked, we would say he had taken a temporary job up-state. It wouldn't be true, but there had been enough talk about him already and we wanted to spare him the further burden of everyone's knowing where he had been when he came home again.

SO when Mary-Lou Savery called to invite me to a party at her house one evening, I accepted. "I'm so glad you're coming," she said. "I'm having some of the flying cadets from the training field. They are the swellest fellows, Connie. Most of them are from the North and they have the *cutest* Yankee accents!"

Mary-Lou was a good friend. She tactfully gave me a chance to say I'd have to come alone as Phil was away for a while, and asked no questions. If I could populate the world myself, I thought, I'd have nobody in it but people like her and Father and Mom and Dr. Patton.

At Mary-Lou's, I realized how much I'd missed fun like this. The last parties I'd been to with Phil had been overshadowed by my fear of what would happen if he got hold of something to drink. And, for a long time, I hadn't been to any. It was fun to meet the flyers, and talk to old friends, and dance to the radio.

I was standing by the punch bowl, laughing with one of the cadets, when it happened. In the general rush of introductions I hadn't caught his name, but in the free-and-easy hospitality of our little town names didn't matter. If a boy was courteous and decent and wore the uniform of his country, that was enough for us.

I saw Cora McIntyre coming toward us and I winced. Cora is definitely *not* one of the people I'd populate my ideal world with. She was gossipy and mean and once, a long time ago, she had set her cap for Phil Humphries. Now she greeted me with her acidly sweet smile.

"Wherever are you hiding Phil?" she said in her loud, clear voice. "I haven't seen him around in ages."

"Oh, he's up at Haskell," I said as lightly as I could in face of the danger signals flying. "He's working there for a while—"

"What in the world can he be doing in Haskell? I didn't think there was (Continued on page 64)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Abie's Irish Rose

Here they are—those delightful, battling Levys and Murphys—just as you hear them every Saturday night at 8:00 EWT over NBC, sponsored by Drene Shampoo



ROSEMARY—"Abie's Irish Rose"—is finding life a lot more complicated now than ever before, since the arrival of the twins. A girl who has always been used to luxuries, she had discovered that doing her own housework as well as taking care of feedings and schedules for two babies is almost more than one woman can manage. "I could do nicely with another pair of hands and a few more hours each day," Rosemary says wearily.

(Played by Mercedes McCambridge)

ABIE LEVY is rushing things a bit with those fire engines, but who could blame a father when he has a pair of good reasons for being proud? As a matter of fact, the twins have proved a blessing—even serving to make grandfathers Levy and Murphy forget their long-standing feud once in a while, and to patch up the quarrel between Abie and his father. "If they grow up as beautiful as my Rosemary I'll be perfectly happy," says Abie. (Played by Richard Coogan)





PATRICK JOSEPH MURPHY, left, with a map of Ireland written all over his face and a temper to match, was disgusted with the whole business, to put it mildly, when his daughter ran away from their home in California and came East to marry Abie Levy. And when he had met his daughter's new father-in-law his blood pressure shot up and has been mounting ever since. However, no man could resist twin grandchildren, and no grandfather could be more doting than he. "They favor the Murphys," he tells Sol Levy, who of course doesn't agree with him. (Played by Walter Kinsella)

SOL LEVY (right), Abie's father, owns the biggest department store in the Bronx, and sometimes he considers it the biggest headache in the Bronx as well. Casey, his secretary, often has to bear the brunt of his tantrums, although Sol is really very fond of her. His worst headache though is not the store, but Pat Murphy with whom he carries on a running battle. The only thing they agree on is that the twins are the world's best children. (Played by Alan Reed)



MRS. COHEN — “Mamale” to her husband—has taken a very motherly interest in Abie for many years, and naturally takes as grandmotherly an interest in his little son and daughter. It was the Cohens who helped smoothe the way for Abie when he brought Rosemary to meet his father, and the Cohens again who saw the young people through the somewhat harrying experience of being married three times—once by a Methodist minister, a second time by a rabbi, and again by a priest. Though Mrs. Cohen likes to have her way, her sharp tongue hides a heart of gold.
(Played by Anne Appel)



MR. COHEN (left)—
“Papale” to his wife, is Sol Levy’s lawyer. He may be an impressive figure at the bar, but he has to take a back seat when it comes to “Mamale” and her very definite ideas of how things should be done. He has a very soft spot in his heart for Abie, and now, of course, for the twins and Rosemary. Mrs. Cohen doesn’t miss a thing, but her husband is satisfied to let well enough alone.
(Played by Menasha Skulnik)

You Must

WE sat there until the last possible minute, close together, not speaking, pretending those few moments were forever, and that there was no such thing in the world as parting for lovers.

Jerry took a deep breath. "Well, darling," he said finally, "this is it. I've got to go now."

There was a roaring in my ears, as if the war had suddenly hurled itself into the crowded confines of our taxi and were bursting about our heads. And I clung to Jerry frantically, suddenly realizing fully, for the first time, what this meant. I'd told myself that I wouldn't cry, that I wouldn't make it any harder for Jerry, but I did cry. I couldn't help it. This was the end of my world, my new and wonderful world, which had been mine so short a time.

Jerry's mouth was close to my ear, buried against my hair. "Eileen—dearest! It's all right—you mustn't cry. I'll be back. It isn't as if it were for good."

I tried to smile, a smile that was dead before it was born. "I—I'm sorry. Jerry, I didn't mean to—"

His arm caught me closer. "I'll tell you something," he whispered. "I'd have been very disappointed if you hadn't cried a little." He took my face between his hands, staring hard at me, as if he would force his mind to bear my image with him.

"Good-by, darling. Always remember I love you." He kissed me quickly, tenderly. The door of the cab slammed sharply behind him. He was gone. I didn't want to look after him. I wanted to remember his face close to mine, not his back disappearing through a door whose closing was cutting our lives too soon apart. I couldn't stand the shut-in feeling the cab gave me, and I jumped out after a moment and started walking.

I wasn't going anywhere—there wasn't anywhere to go. I wished poignantly for someone to talk to, someone who would understand and help me over these first wretched hours. There wasn't anyone. I'd met some of Jerry's friends, of course, since we'd been married, but we had kept pretty much to ourselves, hoarding the precious little time left for us to be together before Jerry would be drafted, as we had both known he would be, eventually. It was a shock to realize that in the whole city



A "Manhattan at Midnight" Drama

Believe

"My faith in you is the most precious thing I have," her husband had said. Did this give him the right to accuse her of living a lie?



there was only one person I knew well. And I couldn't go to Sam Waller—not after what Jerry and I had done to him.

Sam Waller was the manager of the night club where I used to sing before I married Jerry. The Crossroads Cafe wasn't what you'd call an exclusive place, but it was fairly respectable as night clubs go, and Sam Waller was easy going and a pleasant man to work for.

I'd come out from back home to sing for Sam Waller because jobs were scarce—and the salary Sam offered was good. I intended to stay just a month, but I stayed for six, and then I left only because of Jerry.

If anyone had told me, when I left home, that I wouldn't be back, I'd have laughed at them. Oh, it wasn't that I was conscious of the glamour of being a singer—that's overrated, anyway—or ambitious for fame, or anything like that. But singing was my job. It was the only thing I knew how to do, and I did it well. Besides, the pay was good—better than any I'd get working in an office. And, after five years of it, I'd got to a point where I could be fairly sure of a steady income and regular engagements. So, as I say, I was just going to stay at the Crossroads Cafe for a little while—just to fill in. You see, I didn't know then that there was anyone like Jerry anywhere in the world.

I suppose falling in love is always a sort of a shock to a girl—oh, we women dream and dream, but when the dreams materialize it's always surprising. Love had no place whatever in my schemes. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the notion that someday I'd be married, but that was all. I was even too busy to daydream about it much, and besides, there wasn't any person upon whom I could fasten my dreams. But all that changed . . .

The first time I met Jerry, he made me furious. He came into the Crossroads Cafe with a group of men, noisy and boisterous. They interrupted one of my numbers with their heavy laughter until I was thoroughly angry with the whole lot of them. And then I noticed Jerry—he, of the whole group, had the grace to look a bit uncomfortable at the scene. He was the only one who wasn't contributing his share to the noise and confusion. I remember that I wondered what he was doing there at all. Somehow, skin with that wind-kissed color,

"We'll have a party, celebrate my home-coming," he said.

broad shoulders, rusty-colored hair which looked as if it took hourly combing to keep it under control at all, the kind of person who makes you think of sunlight and high places—well, he was just out of place in a night club, that was all.

It was funny, my wondering that about him, because the very first thing Jerry ever said to me was, "What are you doing in a place like this?" That was after Sam Waller had called me from my dressing room to join the party, and Jerry had asked me to dance with him.

"Why, I work here," I told him. It didn't occur to me that there were people who would consider my saying that I worked in a night club any more extraordinary than if I'd said I ran a switchboard or was a stenographer.

"That's what I mean," he went on. "How does a girl like you come to be working in a place like this?"

I FELT on the defensive—for myself, and for Sam Waller and all the others like him who run decent, respectable night clubs. "If you don't like it," I asked him a bit sharply, "why did you come here?"

He grinned down at me. "We're giving Johnny Manners over there a send-off," he answered. "He's going into the Army tomorrow. He likes night clubs, and we're giving him the kind of party he likes."

"You don't like night clubs, I take it?" There was an edge to my voice.

"No," he said, briefly and finally.

One of the other men of the party cut in, and after that I moved from one to another of them, dancing. But all the while I was conscious of Jerry, his eyes following me about. Suddenly I decided that I disliked him intensely—smug, impertinent man! His party left soon, and I was glad to see them go.

It wasn't until later, when I was getting ready for bed, that I realized that what he had said was a compliment, in a way. And then, because I was tired, and because I probably wouldn't see him again anyway, I stopped thinking about him altogether, and went to sleep.

But I did see him again. He came to the club the very next night, alone, and he sent a little note to my dressing room. It was just a repetition of the same question, that note—"I'd really like to know what you're doing here." So I brushed my hair with more vigor than was absolutely necessary and slapped my nose with a powder puff. I was going to tell him just exactly what I thought of him.

But the little speech I rehearsed

on my way to his table was never spoken. I just didn't have time, for Jerry said, "Do you have to stay here?" and in answer to my rather doubtful, "No-o," I found myself being swept out of the club and into his car. We drove toward the outskirts of the city, and by the time I'd caught my breath I couldn't tell him what I thought of him—because I'd begun not to think that way of him at all!

Weeks went by—weeks which were somehow fuller and brighter because I could be almost sure that Jerry would turn up sometime during each evening. Without my realizing it, Jerry had become a part of my life. Sometimes we drove out into the country between shows, or we'd go rowing on the lake near his home, or, when it was cool or raining, we'd sit and talk for hours before the fireplace in the big old Burns house which was all there was left of his family's once large fortune.

And little by little I knew that I was in love with him, and that my whole world had changed values. But it wasn't until Jerry

kissed me that first time that I dared to hope he felt the same way I did. We were in the car then, stopped on the summit of a hill. The top was down. The wind played softly over us.

"You're so beautiful, Eileen," Jerry whispered. "Your hair, with the wind in it . . . your lovely little face . . ." And he kissed me, very gently, very sweetly. I knew that no one had ever really kissed me before, and that, if I could help it, no one else would ever kiss me again.

Jerry and I might not have decided to get married so soon if it hadn't been for Sam Waller. A couple of times Sam hinted to me that he wished I wouldn't leave the club between shows, and that, when I was there I wouldn't devote every moment of my time to Jerry. He was very sweet about it—really. I think he was worrying more on my account than on his own. One evening he followed me to the table where Jerry was waiting, and as I sat down he slipped his arm across my shoulder, in that unconsciously possessive way of his which meant



"With this ring I thee wed"—our language has no lovelier words.



precisely nothing except that he liked me.

"Mr. Burns," he said, "don't you think you're taking up an awful lot of Eileen's time?"

Jerry looked up quickly, and his eyes were strange. I thought foolishly of lighted windows when the shades are suddenly pulled down. But his voice was smooth and—well, almost gentle.

"You mean you don't like it?"

Sam wasn't used to dealing with a man like Jerry, and that ease of his rubbed Sam the wrong way. "All right," he said, shortly. "I don't like it."

"It seems to me," Jerry told him, his voice still deceptively level, "that it's up to Eileen to decide what she'll do with her time."

Sam shook his head. "Not entirely. She had a contract with me. And besides—well, I wouldn't like to see Eileen get hurt. I'm pretty fond of her, you know." His protective arm about my shoulders tightened in a little squeeze.

Anger flamed in Jerry's eyes, and a little tongue of fear shot through me to answer it. His chair screeched on the floor as Jerry pushed it back and got to his feet.

"Take your hands off her." Still his voice was controlled, but there was a kind of deadliness behind it now. And then Jerry reached out a hand, took me firmly by the wrist, and made for the door—and I, perforce, had to follow him. But I would have followed him anyway. Sam was my friend, but Jerry—Jerry was my destiny.

Jerry shot his car out of the parking lot, headed for the country.

"I'll lose my job," I said, presently, when I could feel that his anger had cooled a little.

"That doesn't matter. You're not going to work any more, anyway. If I can help it, you'll never set foot inside another place like that. You're going to marry me the first thing tomorrow morning."

I SUPPOSE I should have been sorry about Sam that night. We'd treated him shabbily. But there wasn't any room in my thoughts for anything but Jerry, and tomorrow.

And when tomorrow came, Judge Parker, who had been Jerry's father's best friend years ago, married us in his chambers. It wasn't the sort of wedding most girls dream about. There wasn't a church or a veil, or an organ to play Mendelssohn. There was just the little office, and the kindly old Judge with his solemn voice and his twinkling eyes, and rows of law-books, and a picture of George Washington looking down approv-

ingly upon us from the wall. But when Jerry slipped the slim gold circlet on my finger, when I heard his voice, with a little husk of emotion making it deeper, saying, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow,"—well, what more could any woman ask of heaven?

I DON'T suppose I'll ever be as happy again as I was those four months between the time we were married and that day when I parted from Jerry in the taxicab, when he was inducted. It was a new sort of life for me—secure, regular, steady. I'd been working since I was eighteen, singing with bands, traveling around, living out of my suitcase more often than not. I loved feeling settled, with roots, in a home that was mine. Most of all, I loved Jerry with the fullness of my heart.

Perhaps we were always conscious, both of us, of the threat to our security, and that had something to do with the gripping intensity of our love. We were together now, we would soon be parted—and although we never put it into words, the feeling was always there. We lived for the present, from day to day, doing the simple things that made us happy because we could do them together, seeing few people, caring only about each other.

But now all that was over. Jerry was gone, and I was alone once more. All the memories of those happy months crowded into my mind and my heart after I left Jerry that day, as I stumbled along the streets, not caring where I was, not knowing where I was going. I don't know how long I walked, but it began to grow dark and I knew that I must go home sometime—it might as well be now. Now I might as well face the empty house, the rooms in which Jerry's laughter still echoed, making the silence somehow more still.

There were things to do, thank heaven, for tomorrow I was going to be a working girl once more. Jerry had arranged that with Mr. Perry, who owned the city's biggest department store. I had to work—with Jerry gone to war his income stopped, of course, and there was the house to keep up. "Please don't worry," I told him. "I can earn my own keep—I've done it before."

But I'd never done anything like this before. The job was selling behind the perfume counter—and I hated it from the very first. The heavy scent of the perfumes made me sick. Never before had I had to get up in the morning in time to punch a time clock. Never had I

had to stand, smiling, all day long, telling myself grimly that the customer is always right. Just the same, because Jerry wanted me to do it, because he would rather have me doing this than the singing I knew so well, I determined to do my very best to make a go of it.

Perhaps it was a good thing, after all, that the job was so new and so distasteful. It was hard work, and it kept my mind occupied during the day. Better still, it left me so tired at night that I usually fell asleep as soon as I slid my aching feet between the cool sheets. But sometimes, even so, I lay awake for a little while, feeling very small and lost in the big double bed which Jerry and I had shared.

You can get used to anything, I suppose. It just takes time—and the time that it takes is dreadful. At least, it was for me. I never really did get accustomed to the loneliness, the terrible longing for Jerry, the yearning for a return to the sweet security I had so cherished. No, I never did get used to it—it would be better to say that I became numb, like a tooth that has stopped jumping and settled down to a dull, steady ache. For long hours of the day I would almost forget that the pain was there—and then the sight of someone in uniform, the sound of a man's care-free laughter, would bring it all back sharply once more.

And so I existed in a sort of vacuum for the first six weeks that Jerry was away, smiling automatically at customers until the muscles at the sides of my mouth ached and twitched. But it wasn't real.

Then Jerry got his first week-end pass, and I began to live again. But that day at the store was

worse than all the others—the thought that Jerry was at home, waiting for me, and I was prisoner behind the perfume counter until 5:30, drove me wild, hoping and hoping for the ringing of the closing bell, until at last it sounded.

I stepped outside, looking about for a taxi—nothing was going to keep me away from Jerry one moment longer than absolutely necessary tonight—when a hand reached out for mine.

And there he was—Jerry, laughing at my surprise, looking strangely different in his uniform, with his face leaner and more tanned, his eyes bluer in contrast.

Beginning right there, in front of the store, that whole weekend was delightful madness. I was swiftly in Jerry's arms, laughing and crying all at once, and Jerry was kissing me, neither of us caring a bit about the people who turned to stare. As far as we were concerned, there just weren't any other people in the whole world.

It was wonderful, but it was so short, that weekend. So little time to say all the things to be said, to do all the things to be done. So little time to feel secure once more in the shelter of Jerry's arms. We gave those two days over to happiness. I heard from Jerry only the pleasant things about life in the army, and he heard from me only the ordinary little incidents which went to make up my life—none of the anxious loneliness, none of the fears, none of the weariness my job brought me. I couldn't bear to tell him things like that.

But it was too soon over, and I stood beside him at the station, waiting for a train to take him away from me. The last thing he said, as he put his arms around me once more, was, "Honey, honey—it's so good to have a wife like you! Some of the fellows spend all their time worrying about what their wives are doing, how they're spending their time, if they're going out with other men. But whenever I think of you—and that's just about all the time—I don't have to think anything but happy thoughts. I guess that's the most precious gift a woman can give her husband to take away with him—a firm faith in her, in knowing that wherever he goes, however long he stays away, he can trust her completely."

"I'm glad," I began, but I had to kiss him goodbye for the rest of the answer, for the train was coming in.

I was alone again, and my life settled down into monotonous routine. Up in the morning, off to the store, and everlastingly smile, smile, smile (*Continued on page 58*)



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Madeline Thompson from an original radio drama, "No Small Change," by George Axelrod, heard on Manhattan at Midnight, Wednesday nights at 8:30 EWT, over the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine.



LOU COSTELLO (right) usually gets the laughs but this time Bud Abbott is managing to get that apple—a close-up of the comedy team that has become a national craze. Recent graduates from burlesque, Abbott and Costello got their first big break when they were chosen to appear on the Kate Smith Hour—now they're famous in radio, movies, and every army, navy and marine camp in the country. Bud was born William Abbott, in Asbury Park, New Jersey. His background was a Ringling Brothers circus tent. Lou started life as Louis Francis Cristello in Paterson, N. J. Both married chorus girls of shows in which they were appearing; both have beautiful Hollywood homes complete with swimming pools. On the air, you hear them on Thursday nights at 7:30, EWT, over the NBC network.

BE NOT DISENCOURAGED

Lyric by
LEO CORDAY

Music by
JOE BISHOP

Spiritual

Moderato

BE NOT DIS-EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — My ad - vice to you. —

chant

BE NOT DIS-EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — Good things are in view. — We will change con - di -

chant

— tions sis - ter, — I be - lieve that's true — We will change con - di - tions sis - ter, —

clap hands

So that they suit you. — Let your light so shine! Let your light so

shine! Let your light so shine! 'Cause to - mor - row's al - ways fine. —

Copyright 1942 by Charling Music Corporation



Play it and then hear Woody Herman feature this catchy jump tune on his
 "What's Your War Job?" show heard Wednesdays on the Blue Network



chant

Man was made for trou - ble, Yes sir, — Trou - ble makes the man. — Man was made for trou -

Tag

— ble, Yes sir, — Do the best you can. — Let your light so shine! Let your

light so shine! Let your light so shine! 'Cause to - mor-row's al-ways fine. —

Sin - ners love the de - vil but he — ain't no - bod - y's friend, —
 BE NOT DIS - EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — My ad - vice to you, —

chant

Sin - ners love the de - vil but he — gits 'em in de end. —
 BE NOT DIS - EN - COUR - AGED bro - ther, — Good things are in view. —

1 2

The Breakfast Club

Presenting the stars of radio's early morning variety show that starts your day off with a laugh and a song six times a week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network



Jack Baker, dark-eyed tenor of the show, cooks for relaxation.



Nancy Martin, singer, hails from New Martinsville, West Virginia, and loves pretty shoes.



Marion Mann, singer, was born in Columbus, Ohio, has olive skin, brown hair, gray eyes, and is happily married.

THIS is the program that wakes up America, and the man responsible for its popularity these past nine years is Don McNeill, whose full page portrait you see at the right. The Breakfast Club, sponsored by Cream of Wheat and Swift's Premium Bacon and Hams, is run like a railroad time table—subject to change without notice. With no script to hold him, Don cuts into the music with whatever pops into his mind. He dictates "horse race" music to people who have to rush to catch trains. He philosophizes a bit and reads a poem each day. His cheeriness is simply amazing. But there's a reason for this—Don's home life is a happy one, but oh, how he hates to get up in the morning! It takes two alarm clocks, Mrs. McNeill, his two sons, Tommy and Donny, and "Radio Contract," their dog, to get him out of bed.

DON McNEILL



Tell me you're mine

Jackie's whole world crumbled about her. She tried to believe that this terrible thing that had happened to her was only something she'd dreamed in the night

THE STORY

I WAS a very small part of the busy, exciting city that was Washington in the months just before Pearl Harbor, but for the first time in my humdrum life I had the intoxicating sensation of really living. For within one day I had met two men—one romantic and famous, the other naive and oddly appealing. And both of them told me they loved me.

Dean Hunter was one — the famous Dean Hunter whose voice and personality are such an important part of radio and movies. Tom Trumble was the other — an ordinary private in Uncle Sam's Army, whose untrained but sincere style of singing had attracted the attention of my boss, Lieutenant Colonel Wilson. It was Col. Wilson's job to produce the weekly broadcast called *Hiya, Soldier* for the entertainment of the boys in training camps all over the country, and as fate would have it, Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble came to Washington to be on the same program.

I was one of Col. Wilson's assistants, which was why I met both Dean and Tom. Dean laid violent siege to my heart almost from the very first, and of course I couldn't help responding, he was so handsome, so sure of himself, so charming. Tom was different — more humble and a little pitiful. I couldn't take him very seriously.

On the broadcast, Tom made a

terrible blunder. The excitement of being on a nationwide program affected him so much that he broke down in the middle of his song, and the broadcast was saved only by Dean's quick action in stepping to the microphone and finishing for him. It was typical of the two men that Tom's honest emotion caused a catastrophe, and Dean's cool poise saved the situation.

But I forgot Tom and his mistake after the broadcast, for Dean whisked me away on a thrilling midnight ride—a ride which ended in our marriage that very night.

It was the kind of adventure every girl dreams of, something straight out of a story book. Reality didn't return until the next day, when we went back to Washington. Dean asked me to keep the marriage a secret for a while, and I agreed. At Col. Wilson's office Tom Trumble was waiting for me, to say good-bye before he caught his train back to camp. There was only an hour left before the train was due to leave, but in that hour he told me he loved me. I wanted to tell him it was hopeless, but he wouldn't let me.

And so he went away, not knowing I was married to Dean. I walked back to the hotel where Dean was staying. There a terrible disappointment waited for me. Dean had gone to New York, leaving only a note saying he'd been suddenly called away, and that he'd miss me and be seeing me soon.

SOMETHING very unexpected has happened."

Partly, I was hurt—partly angry. And fear was there, too. My husband of a day—oh, less than a day—had hurried out of Washington and back to New York. And he had left me with no explanation but the little note which said something unexpected had happened.

Oh, I knew then how great a streak of cruelty Dean Hunter must have. Cruelty—or thoughtlessness. And, as my anger died away, leaving a strange feeling of emptiness





I opened the door—and there he stood, grinning. I was too amazed to speak. At last I managed, "Why Tom Trumble!"

behind it, I tried to assure myself that it was thoughtlessness, and nothing more. Nothing more than being in a hurry, than having a great deal on his mind, than—than what? It wouldn't do. There was more to it than that. Perhaps—well, perhaps the "something unexpected" was named Diana Stuart. And then that was something more to worry about, to frighten me—who was Diana Stuart and how much did she really mean to my husband?

I just don't believe it when I hear

women say that they aren't jealous. If you're not a little jealous, you just don't really care, I think. And jealousy was a nasty little devil with a little pitchfork—pricking annoyingly at my mind and hurting my heart. But there wasn't anything I could do about it for the moment. I could only go through the motions of being a busy little Washington secretary, of working very hard today and trying to lose myself in my work.

Of course, Dean's neat, frightening little note had asked me to write

him where he could reach me. Write him? Well, what on earth do you say, I asked myself, to the man who has shared his love with you and then gone away?

And I must somehow keep from crying. If I cried, traces of the tears would show, and give my secret away. And what good does it do to cry, anyway, I kept asking myself fiercely. I put my chin up, tried to shake away the fear which sat so heavily on my shoulders.

First of all, I decided, I needed a friend to (Continued on page 85)

KATE SMITH SPEAKS

To the women of America: This time it's different! We're in it too! We must keep our lives in order, so that our men can come marching home to a happy, secure future

THIS time it's different.

Before, when men went off to war there was little the women they left behind them could do but keep the home fires burning, roll bandages at the Red Cross and wait. Wait until their hearts almost cracked with the weight of their fears and their loneliness. Wait until their patience and spirit grew weary and then wait some more.

Today we're in it too. The days aren't long enough for all we have to crowd into them. There's no night we don't go to our bed tired, momentarily, to a point of exhaustion. But, comparatively speaking, this time it's easy. Because, since we don't have time to think, our imagination cannot needlessly torture us. Because we know that every day we live and work at our appointed tasks—whatever they may be—we contribute some small portion to the victory to which our hearts, bodies, and minds are dedicated.

Those of us who live in the country have gardens. When we have picked the tomatoes and the beans and all the other vegetables from our vines and when we have pulled the turnips and the potatoes and the beets out of the earth we must get out our big preserving kettles. The conservation of food is, as always, vital to the war effort. Everything we grow and preserve means that much more food and, by the same token, that much more energy, for our armed forces who still travel on their stomachs. It also means that much more food and energy for those, like ourselves, who fight behind the lines.

Many of us who live near a war industry are essential to the assembly lines where rivets and welding machines and bolts and a hundred other materials and labors, miraculously, merge into ships and planes, jeeps and tanks, anti-aircraft

guns and rifles, and the hundred other things which in the brave, skilled hands of our men will merge, just as miraculously, into victory and peace.

Our hands must make bandages too. And we must bake our share of cookies and crullers for those big jars in the USO clubrooms which empty so quickly. We must dance with the boys stationed in our city or our town, because dancing to a good hot band is one of the things they love most. We must be up early with hot coffee and cigarettes any time the troops come through. We must donate blood when the Red Cross issues a call because the plasma they make from blood has the power to save lives and may, for all we know, save the life we love most of all. We must get letters off to *him*, wherever he is, regularly. They must be cheerful letters too, filled with all the dear, intimate things he wants to know when he's far away and homesick, even if he doesn't admit this to himself. We must, in other words, contribute to morale. For out of morale, too, victories are won.

The more fortunate among us have children. Their half-formed, strange fears of "air-raids" and "bad men" and defeat and slavery must be allayed tactfully, lightly, constantly. The spirit of home in which their minds are growing and forming must be a good spirit. The food which builds their bodies must be good food to keep them straight and strong. They must have a little more affection from us to make up for the affection of those who are absent. Pediatricians insist, you know, that affection is as important to a child's well-being as sleep and food.

We have our homes. With incomes curtailed in some cases and war bonds or stamps pinching the budget in all cases it takes extra thought

and time to manage bright curtains, a lamp shade for a bedroom, a slip cover for the sofa, replacements for the dishes that crack and chip. There's never any telling when he'll come home on furlough. He must not go off again with any less bright an image of that little bit of American life which belongs to him.

We have ourselves. We must keep informed so our minds won't grow lazy and untutored and dull. We must arrange a few minutes every night with our mirror and tissues and cold cream jars and hair-brush. We must squeeze time out in the morning for tubs and make-up kits. We must have shampoos to keep our hair healthy and bright. We must have manicures. It wouldn't be fair to have him come home and find a dreary woman had replaced the fair image he had, so long and longingly, carried in his heart.

There isn't time for all we have to do. But somehow we make time. And the days flow behind us, one after another. And with every effort we make, with every job we finish we come a little nearer to the happy day when they'll all come marching home and there no longer will be any dimout of lights at night and all over the world the torch of freedom once more will burn brightly.

This time it's different. This time we're in it too. Thank God!

Kate Smith and Ted Collins broadcast America's favorite daytime program from the living room of her own home. "Kate Smith Speaks" is heard Monday through Friday on CBS at noon. Now that you've read Kate's inspiring message, turn the page for her wartime menu hints.



THE PROOF

of the Pudding-



A variety of puddings solves for the busy wartime housewife the problem of what to have for dessert. Easy and delicious are these recipes for gelatin whip and gingerale fruit cocktail.

MEALS at any hour of the day or night—that's just one of the problems faced by the wartime housewife who must plan interesting and nutritious menus for members of the family whose jobs or training courses play havoc with the regular mealtime schedule. Many homemakers get around this difficulty by dividing a dessert recipe, using the larger portion for the meal at which most of the family is present and making up the remainder in individual portions for the late comers or for those who carry their lunch. One of the best solutions to the problem is a gelatin dessert which may be made hours before it is needed and will be delicious until the last bite is consumed. Another good suggestion is a pudding which may be served either hot or cold. All the recipes this month carry out these ideas, and even though an irregular meal schedule may not be one of your problems, I'm sure your family will enjoy these treats.

Puddings in which milk is an important ingredient have a double value these days. When milk is plentiful they provide an excellent means of adding more of its health-building qualities to the menu, and when it is scarce they are equally valuable in extending the supply.

Chocolate Bread Pudding

- 1 pt. milk
- 1 sq. chocolate
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 4 tbs. sugar
- 4 tbs. melted butter or margarine
- 1 egg (beaten)
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Heat milk. Melt chocolate in 1/2 cup warm milk and add bread crumbs to remaining milk. When chocolate has melted, combine the two milk mix-

tures and allow to cool. Add other ingredients in order given, turn into baking dish (or custard cups), place in shallow pan containing warm water and bake in moderate oven, about 45 minutes for cups, one hour for large container. Serve hot or cold.

Rice Nut Pudding

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 cups milk
- 1 egg (beaten)
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats

Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into greased baking dish (or custard cups) and set in shallow pan containing warm water. Bake in moderate oven, 25 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Mincemeat Cornstarch Pudding

- 1 qt. milk
- 1 egg
- 5 tbs. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tbs. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup mincemeat

Heat 3 cups milk in double boiler. Beat egg, add cornstarch, sugar and salt, then add remaining milk and beat smooth. Pour about half the hot

milk into the milk and egg mixture, mix thoroughly and pour into double boiler containing the rest of the hot milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter, vanilla and mincemeat and turn into pudding dish or sherbet glasses rinsed in cold water. Chill before serving.

Although the variations and combinations you can achieve with gelatin desserts are almost endless, the basic recipe is the easiest and quickest one I know.

Basic Gelatin Recipe

- 1 package gelatin (any flavor)
- 2 cups hot water

Pour hot water over gelatin, stir until completely dissolved and turn into mold or pan. Let stand in refrigerator until firm before serving.

Gelatin Whip

Prepare gelatin in usual way and chill until it is thick and syrupy. Place bowl containing gelatin in pan of ice or cold water, and with a rotary egg beater whip until gelatin is as thick and fluffy as whipped cream. Pile into sherbet glasses, allow to chill and serve with a fruit garnish. Any flavor gelatin may be used for whip and suggested garnishes are cherries, grapes, small berries, orange segments and pomegranate seeds.

Gelatin Fruit Cocktail

Cut molded lime gelatin into cubes, place in serving glasses, add melon balls and fill glasses with chilled ginger ale. Serve at once.



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday show at 8:00 P. M., EWT, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	EASTERN WAR TIME	
		8:00	CBS: News
		8:00	Blue: News
		8:00	NBC: News and Organ Recital
		8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	9:00	Blue: World News
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
	8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
	8:30	9:30	NBC: Words and Music
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Fantasy in Melody
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
	10:00	11:00	Blue: Glen Gray Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: Vera Brodsky, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Quincy Howe, News
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Hospitality Time
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Robert St. John
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Songs America Loves
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: Sammy Kaye
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: John Charles Thomas
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: John Vandercook
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: National Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Britain to America
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Commandos
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Hello Americans
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Charlie McCarthy
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Report to the Nation
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Unlimited Horizons



COLORATURA FROM COLORADO . . .

A Metropolitan Opera Star is usually not the sort of person you'd be inclined to slap on the back and treat palsy-walsy. Josephine Antoine is the exception. Around radio, this star of the "Met" and the "Contented Hour" likes to be considered one of the mob. Her friends call her Josie and she's less temperamental than most of the bit players who act on daytime script shows.

One of the hardest things to understand about Josephine is the fact that she's still single. Unmarried girls, who are as beautiful as Josie, with her glowing blonde hair and deep, violet eyes, are somewhat of a rarity these days. Josephine will tell you that she's been too busy to get married and this may be so, because, as a member of the Metropolitan Opera, the Chicago Opera and the San Francisco Opera, she's kept moving around a good bit. Add to this her radio shows and her concert tours and you begin to feel sorry for that future husband, who might have to stay at home and wait for her.

Most of the "high notes," which is what people in show business call girls who sing in Opera, got their training in Europe. But Josephine studied music in Colorado, which is very American. She is a native of Boulder—the place that gave that big dam its name—and she studied at the University of Colorado. That school gave her a degree as Master of Fine Arts in Music, the only degree of that kind the school ever granted.

Josephine hasn't forgotten her home State and, each year, her concert tour itinerary includes at least one city in Colorado. She always stops over in Boulder, where she never has to be coaxed to sing a few songs for her old friends. "It's like a family reunion," she says. "And I'm grateful for all the encouragement these friends in Colorado gave me when I first began to sing."

Josephine has a passion for hats and shoes and men in uniform. Last year, the Illinois Militia gave a ball in her honor, crowned her Queen and presented her with a gold M.P. whistle, which she wears on the lapels of her suits and which she loves to blow suddenly in the corridors of NBC, causing no end of excitement. Her favorite sports are swimming and ice skating. Often, she will come out of a swimming pool, put on winter duds and head for the nearest indoor rink.

In order not to frighten off any prospective suitors, it is only fair to mention that Josie has her quieter moments, too. She likes to sew and read, usually sitting on a hassock and wearing a negligee of her favorite color, which is blue.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:45	9:45	CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Open House
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Sing Along
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Wanda Landowski
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Men of the Sea
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Children and the War
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Radio Reader
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Are You A Genius?
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue: Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue: Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue: Alias John Freedom

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Victory Hour
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Three R's
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Living Art
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Radio Reader
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Mary Small, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: Stars From The Blue
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lights Out
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Al Jolson
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: American in Russia
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Talks
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voice



SINGING WAS TOO TOUGH . . .

Del Sharbutt owns that friendly, deep voice you hear introducing "Amos 'n' Andy." It is almost disloyal to poke fun at a voice that has made him about the highest paid announcer on the air, but Del says, "I talk like I'm standing under a rain barrel, but people seem to like that sort of sound, so put me down as lucky."

Besides a sense of humor, Del has a beautiful wife, two fine kids, a battered set of golf clubs, a bungalow on California's Toluca Lake, some fruit trees and a Hammond organ, which he shipped all the way from his New York apartment. How he acquired all these things is the story you want to know.

It begins in a place called Cleburne, Texas, where he was born just 31 years ago. His father was a minister and Del's first job was that of janitor in his father's church—at \$4 a week. He was happy as a janitor, but his father wanted him to study Law, so he attended Texas Christian University. There, he earned his way through school by playing and singing with a dance band. Later, he joined the staff of station WBAP, in Fort Worth.

Del was a one man radio station, singing, acting and announcing at \$25 per week. After several years of working stations all over the Southwest, he ended up at \$19 a week. Not satisfied with this progress in reverse, he went to Chicago and, after starving for two weeks, took a job singing in a Presbyterian Church. There he met a man who steered him into his first break as an announcer on Chicago's station, WJJD.

Del stuck at that for a year and a half, then came to New York. He arrived without a single contact and, three days later, beat out 50 competitors for an important job at CBS. Three years later, he began to free lance his talents to such top notch programs as Ray Noble, Bob Hope, Song Shop, Hobby Lobby, Myrt and Marge, Ask it Basket, Lanny Ross and now, Amos 'n' Andy.

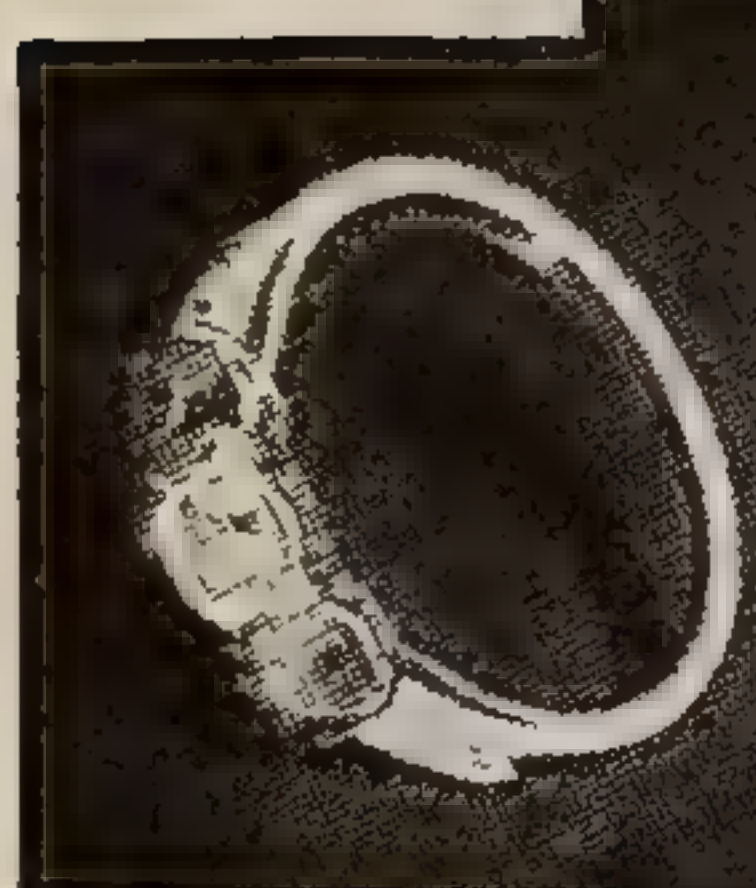
Del's wife is Meri-Bell, once famous as a radio singer, who retired after they were married. They were introduced by her accompanist, Hal Huffer, and Del invited them both up to his apartment, where they listened to hot records (Del's favorite pastime) and Meri-Bell sang for him. They didn't see each other again for a year, because Meri-Bell went on a vaudeville tour. When she returned, she called Del to say, "Hello," and he invited her to dinner. They had dinner together every night for two months straight. Then, she went on tour again. Her first stop was Plymouth, Massachusetts. Del saw pictures in the papers of snow drifts eight feet high in Plymouth, so he called her and said, "Honey, why don't you stop freezing to death and come back here and marry me?" She did. Now there is a Meri-Dell, aged four, and Richard, who is two and a half.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Time
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Musical Appetizer
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Songs of the Centuries
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Country Journal
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Radio Reader
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevaried
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Nelson Eddy
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Bob Burns
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:15	8:15	9:15 MBS: Jack Pearl
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Mayor of Our Town
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Man Behind the Gun

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-*lovely* Pond's complexion.



COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

THURSDAY

Eastern War Time		
P.W.T.	C.W.T.	
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Three R's
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Radio Reader
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Leon Henderson
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: The Army-Navy Game
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: To be Announced
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Reflections
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Coffee Time
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Talks
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS...

When you walk into a radio studio and see a crowd of actors laughing, then look for Ann Thomas. She's usually telling a story about herself and how life mistreats her. She wrinkles her freckled nose, tousles her red hair, squints her jade eyes and, in a voice that sounds as if she had just swallowed ground glass, she tells her woes.

Before you ever heard Ann Thomas as "Miss Thomas" on the "Easy Aces," or as "Casey, the secretary" on "Abie's Irish Rose," or on any of her other numerous radio shows, she had appeared in some thirty-five plays on Broadway. All of the plays were flops, but the critics raved about Ann.

That didn't please her. "You can't eat good notices," she says. "So I decided to get a little of that money they hand out in radio." She didn't know anything about how to get into radio, so she went up to NBC and walked around the halls, looking for places they might be holding auditions. This didn't work, so she began wandering around in advertising agencies.

At one agency, Ann cornered a man hurrying out of an office and said, "Hey, you! Where are they holding auditions for the 'Perfect Crime' dramas? I," she informed him, "am the criminal type." The man happened to be Max Marcin, the director of the show, and he happened to be on his way to audition actresses for a part. He hired Ann on the spot and called off the auditions.

Ann was born in Newport, Rhode Island, but the family moved to the Bronx when she was very young. Her mother wanted her to become a dancer and enrolled her in the Metropolitan Ballet School, and the famous Professional Children's School. "I wore out my toes for nine years taking ballet lessons," Ann sighs, "and I never earned a nickel dancing."

She did get a part in a David Belasco play, when she was seven. At that time, just across the river in New Jersey, the motion picture industry was getting under way. Ann followed a troupe of Bronx Boy Scouts, who were Jersey bound on a camping trip, and ended up before the cameras. She worked in early Milton Sills films and one of her actress playmates was Madge Evans.

Right after Max Marcin hired her, Goodman Ace saw her in a Broadway show. He sent for her to play a bit, fell in love with her whiskey voice and whacky manner and she's been on the show ever since, playing herself, Miss Thomas. She started out playing a bit in the "Joe and Mabel" show and ended up with the lead. That often happens.

Ann is crazy about radio. When she landed her first job in a "strip" show, which is slang for a daytime radio serial, she rushed home to her mother and yelled, "Hey, Mom! I'm in a strip!" Her mother thought she had joined a burlesque show and was quite shocked.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time		
P.W.T.	C.W.T.	
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:15	9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene and Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Sophisticators
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Three R's
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Exploring Space
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Radio Reader
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
6:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
7:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Dinah Shore
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Those Good Old Days
	7:30	8:30 NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: People Are Funny
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News



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SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		8:00	CBS: News of the World
		8:00	Blue: News
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:15	CBS: Music of Today
		8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-shopping
		8:30	NBC: Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
		8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley
		8:45	Blue: News
		8:45	NBC: News
		9:00	CBS: Press News
		9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
		9:15	CBS: Caucasian Melodies
		9:30	CBS: Garden Gate
		9:00	CBS: Youth on Parade
		9:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00	NBC: Orchestra
		9:30	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
		9:30	Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
		9:30	NBC: Nellie Revell
		9:45	NBC: String Serenade
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Servicemen's Hop
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: The Creightons Are Coming
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: God's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Pan-American Holiday
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Washington Luncheon
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: David Cheskin's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: People's War
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: News
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Frank Black's Matinee
11:05	1:05	2:05	CBS: Of Men and Books
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Spirit of '43
1:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: To be Announced
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Golden Melodies
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Hello from Hawaii
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: News
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Charles Dant's Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Matinees at Meadowbrook
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Report from Washington
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Music of America
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: Charles Dant Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: News, Upton Close
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Message of Israel
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Paul Lavalie Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Over Here
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Crumit and Sanderson
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Over Here
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Eric Severeid
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Danny Thomas
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Soldiers With Wings
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC: Dick Powell
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: John Gunther, News
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Ted Steele Variety
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Queen Farrell
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News

When Your Heart Remembers

Continued from page 27

race to be in time to lead a grand march with the girl he loved.

He reached the prom at eleven thirty and, Marian beside him, led the grand march which had been postponed for him.

"Did you think I never was coming?" he asked Marian.

Her answer was a confident smile as she slipped her arm into his.

MARIAN went to a girls' school that autumn, about thirty miles away. Vaughn, ambitious for the concert stage, played on with the band and began to study voice. When Marian came home week-ends they had less to say to each other. They no longer were going with the same people, doing the same things. Besides, Marian had gathered ideas about the way a man should dress and the way a man should act which Vaughn didn't share.

At times the more furiously they quarrelled the more tempestuously they flung themselves into each others' arms afterwards. Sometimes it was the other way. Slowly things changed.

Marian waited until a week before her school prom before she asked Vaughn to go with her. She thought this might be the time to break away from him completely, make a supreme effort to belong to herself once more and be free. It didn't help any that he had accepted an invitation from another girl when she finally invited him. It didn't help any that she and this girl weren't friends. All evening she and Vaughn didn't have a dance or a word together. Nevertheless each was conscious of the other every instant.

The next morning he called her. "How did you feel last night?" he wanted to know.

"Lost," she said, "and frightened."

"You know what's happening, of course," he said. "We're losing each other. I don't want that to happen myself. If you don't either—well, we'd better do something about it."

She didn't answer. "The band's booked at Cleveland for a while," he said. "I'm waiting at the train now."

"I'll get to Cleveland for the week-end somehow," she promised.

She went to Cleveland almost every week-end while he was there.

Now she had put her snobbery behind her. Now whatever Vaughn did was right. When Vaughn finished playing Saturday nights they went to a little Cleveland cafe that stayed open until three or four o'clock in the morning. There, in a little booth, they lost themselves in each others' eyes and vowed their love.

Then Vaughn went on tour with the band. For nine months they didn't see each other. Occasionally he would scribble a note on the back of a menu card. He hated letter writing. But irrespective of how long she waited for word from him or how unsatisfactory it was when it came she never doubted his love or feared he would fall in love with someone else. She knew there never had been any other girl in his life. Up to that time she was right. It was different when he played at Seiler's Ten Acres, outside of Boston.

Marian arrived at the Cape one August evening. A friend told her:

"By the way, Marian, there's a rich girl here in town who's pretty keen

about your trumpet player."

Marian laughed. "Girls always make fools of themselves over Vaughn," she said.

Vaughn saw Marian instantly she came in, and waved. However, he didn't hand his stick over to one of his men and come quick and smiling to her, as he once would have done.

When, at last, he came over to her she knew something was wrong. He said he was glad to see her. But he didn't look or sound very glad. He laughed, abstractedly. He arranged a foursome when the band quit but all the time they were together his manner froze unsaid all the dear things she wanted to say to him.

Marian knew Vaughn feared the uncertainty of a musician's life. More than once when he had held her close and kissed her and wished he never had to let her go, he had said it wouldn't be fair for him to marry her, that he had no stability to his life, that he never knew where he was going to be or what he was going to have. And it was always useless for her to protest. He simply told her she didn't know what insecurity meant.

She didn't see Vaughn for several months after that.

Two days before Christmas, however, she reached the small apartment she shared in the city with a friend to find Vaughn waiting—grinning, arms outstretched.

"You should be done up in red cellophane and silver tinsel," she told him, suddenly warm and excited. "You're a wonderful Christmas present."

He was the old Vaughn and he brought the old feeling back with a rush, but she was wary now.

"Vaughn," she said, "what about that other girl—please, darling . . ."

"You know about her . . ." he said. "I never loved her, Marian. I tried to—but I couldn't with you in the world."

She flung herself into his arms with a little cry. "I know how it is!" she told him. "Because you had her I tried to love someone else too. But that's something you can't make yourself do—when your heart remembers."

They had ten glorious days. Then he left for Miami, Florida.

She was content enough until one January evening when her brother and his girl came to visit at her flat. The things their eyes said to each other accentuated her loneliness.

"Why don't you call Vaughn long distance?" her brother suggested.

Marian needed little urging. She put through the call.

"Nothing's wrong," she assured Vaughn when she finally got him. "I—I just was lonely."

"It's horrible to be lonely," he said. "I know. I'm lonely all the time. For you, darling! Suppose you grab the next train and come down here and we get married."

"Oh, Vaughn," she said, "darling!" It was April, two days after the hotel in Miami closed, that Vaughn stood at the altar of the big church and Marian's eyes smiled at him through her veil.

They've lived happily forever after, recently with a very little girl named Candy, short for Candace. And during the past year or two they have known a richer, fuller security than Vaughn dreamed possible for a guy who blew a trumpet in a band.

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.



Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

You Must Believe

Continued from page 40

at the customers! Then home again in the evening to a sketchy supper, and fall into bed, tired and lonely, with nothing about tomorrow to make you want to wake up. It wasn't quite living, and the only times I really came alive were when Jerry's letters arrived, or once in a while, in a sane moment, when I'd remember that all over the country there were girls just like me, alone and lonely and trying to make the best of it.

Even so, everything would probably have been all right if I'd been a better salesgirl. It just simply didn't seem to be in me to persuade people to buy things they didn't want, or more of something they wanted than they had intended to buy in the first place. We got a salary, but it wasn't a very big one, and above that we were given commissions on sales above a stated amount each week. Some of the girls did pretty well, but I couldn't manage to make more than a bare living.

One evening, struggling with the household accounts, I realized with a swift rush of apprehension that there was a pile of bills on the desk, a tax instalment notice topping it, a note from the plumber I'd called in, saying that some pipe in the basement would have to be replaced, and a little form politely reminding me that the days of grace on my insurance premium were almost up. Added together, they would take every cent of my salary and all but the last hundred dollars in our bank account.

I thought frantically of looking for some other kind of job—some work that paid better. But I realized how foolish that was. What else could I do that would command even as much money as I was making now? I wasn't trained for anything—anything but singing.

THAT night I lay awake for hours trying mentally to make ends meet which were too far apart ever to come together. I'd have to make more money, somehow, that was certain. I couldn't tell Jerry that I was failing at the job he'd left for me to do. It was important that I keep our home for us, for that wonderful time in the future when we could be together again. And I mustn't run crying with my troubles to him, either. What had he said about a wife a man could have faith in? Well, this was a part of that, too. He should be able to have faith in my ability to get along. He should be free of any worry about me. And I'd make it that way, I

vowed into the dark shadows of the big old bedroom.

If only Jerry didn't feel the way he did about night clubs! I wished over and over that I could make him see that there was no more harm in working in one than there was in working in a department store. It's all in the attitude of one's mind, I told myself, but I'd never been able to make him see it that way. If only I could make him realize how much easier it was for me to be doing something I could do, knew how to do—something which paid well and at which I felt secure.

Somehow, during the night, it was as if my mind had been made up for me, for I woke with the resolution to do something about it and do it today. In a way, it wasn't so much making up my mind as giving in, really. There just wasn't anything else I could do. Not that it was going to be easy...

That afternoon I said I had a headache and left the store early. I hadn't seen Sam Waller since the night before Jerry and I had been married—the night of the argument. I wasn't quite sure how to approach him now, how he'd feel toward me, and I walked around the block twice before I could get up my courage to go into the Crossroads Cafe.

BUT the moment Sam Waller's eyes lighted on me I knew it was all right. "Eileen!" he cried, and caught my elbow to swing me around. "Let me look at you!" He was smiling, and his eyes were bright with pleasure. "How are you, anyway?"

"I'm fine, Sam. I—I wanted to see you."

"Good," he said. "Come along into the office." He turned and led the way, and then he stopped short to throw one questioning word over his shoulder. "Trouble?"

I nodded. "Sort of, Sam."

He went on, opening the office door, sitting down at the old desk in the corner, waving me into the chair beside it. "Nothing wrong with your looks, anyway, Eileen—still as beautiful as ever. Well, you've come to the old trouble shooter. Let's hear about it."

"Sam," I began, and then I stopped, finding it hard, in the face of what had happened, to put my request into words.

His brown eyes grew serious. "Burns said you were married to him, Eileen, when he came to pick up your things. He wasn't lying?"

I laughed. This at least was one

thing I could laugh at. "No, of course not, Sam—Jerry wasn't lying. We're married. No, it isn't that at all."

"And happy?" he asked.

I nodded emphatically. "And happy—very, very happy." The memory of that happiness swept over me, leaving me a little breathless.

"Then what's wrong? Don't be afraid to tell me."

It was hard to begin, but when I'd got the first words out the rest came with a rush. "Sam, I—Sam, he's in the Army, and I need a job." Then I told him all about it—the house, the bills, the perfume counter, everything.

WHEN I was through he was grinning, but his eyes held the old, kindly warmth. "You don't think you'd have to beg me for a job, did you? Bless you, honey—when do you want to start?"

The relief at having it settled at last left me weak. "Sam, you're wonderful!" was all I could manage.

He shook his head, and his eyes twinkled merrily. "No—just practical. You're darned good for business, you know. And besides, somebody has to keep an eye on you. Nope, not wonderful—call it selfish, eh?"

It was almost like the time I'd got my first job with Sam, going back to the Crossroads Cafe. I was as nervous and excited as if I were going to sing in public for the first time. And it felt so good to be singing again! There was the beat of the rhythm behind me, there was my voice, filling the place. There was the applause, as warming as wine.

I decided at once that I wouldn't tell Jerry until he got home. It would be better that way—better to sit close beside him, to tell him all of the troubles and then to add the solution to them. That way, he wouldn't have a moment's worry while he was in camp, not a moment to wonder if I were the kind of wife in whom a soldier can have faith. For I was sure that once I could talk to him I could make him see. It was a different matter now. Before, he had been able to take me away from the night club, to take care of me. Now the night club was once again a refuge. Surely, surely, he'd prefer to have me working there, happy, pleased with my work, able to earn enough to keep our heads above water, to preserve the things with which we wanted to furnish our future, than to have me struggling and failing in Perry's Department Store. It was only right, it was only logical, I told myself.

For the first time since Jerry had gone I began to come alive, to feel like a normal human being once again. Oh, I still missed him terribly, of course, but not in the same dull nagging way. And I was happy while I was working, at least, which I certainly never had been behind that perfume counter. Soon time stopped dragging at me and began to slip through my fingers once more. The weeks hurried by, and I had long ago stopped worrying about how Jerry would take my working at the Crossroads Cafe again. I was sure, now, that when he saw how happy I was, how I'd been able to tide us over our difficulties, he would understand that I had done the right thing.

And then Jerry wrote that he would

Continued on page 61



Say Hello To-

RAYMOND PAIGE—maestro of the CBS Stage Door Canteen program on Thursday nights. He's probably the happiest bandleader you've ever known, since every bandleader dreams of directing a versatile, flexible orchestra, capable of playing any kind of music—and Ray is almost the only one who has realized his dream. Ray began his career in Wausau, Wisconsin, with a fiddle he bought from a peddler for three and a half dollars. Later, he played the violin in movie theater orchestras in Los Angeles, and became a director on the day the regular director didn't show up. It was the turning point in his career, and started him on the way to becoming a big-time radio conductor. He's a bit chubby, forty-two years old, and very happily married.



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soon have a ten-day furlough. With the letter from him tucked into my purse like a talisman against loneliness, I walked happily along the streets that day, planning all the things we would do to fill those precious ten days full to bursting with happiness. It was raining, but my own personal sun was shining, and my winged feet were so far off the ground that they didn't even notice the slush. On a crowded corner, someone brushed against me and knocked the purse from under my arm, bringing me swiftly down to earth. Everything in it scattered through the rain-wet snow. In a moment two or three people were helping to collect my dripping change purse and compact and comb, and that bundle of Jerry's letters I always carried with me.

As soon as I got to the dressing room at the Crossroads I dumped all the things from my bag onto the table. I wanted to clean up the mess, to check and see that all my belongings had been returned to me. And then I found it.

A DIRTY, wet envelope—a heavy one. And it wasn't mine. I'd never seen it before. Hastily I opened it—and out tumbled more money than I'd ever seen at one time before in my life.

There were twenty dollar bills—crisp, crackly new ones. Five hundred dollars. I simply sat and stared at the heap.

Of course, it must have been lying on the street, I decided at last, when those people helped me to pick up my things. Probably someone had thought it was mine and handed it to me along with the bundle of Jerry's letters. I put out a tentative hand to touch the bills, to smooth them out, and my mind played with the idea of how nice it would be to have that much money all at once. But of course someone would advertise for it, and then I'd return it. People just didn't leave five hundred dollars lying around in the streets without making any effort to recover it.

I reached over and picked up one of the Crossroads Cafe envelopes lying on my dressing table and slipped the bills into it, crumpling up the slush-wet one they had come in. And later that night when I went home, I slipped the envelope full of money under some of Jerry's shirts for safe-keeping until the owner should turn up.

Next morning, while I looked carefully through the newspapers, I had all sorts of fantastic ideas. I simply couldn't get my mind out of my head. Suppose it wasn't claimed? How long should I wait before depositing it in the bank under my own name? Was it my duty to turn it over to the police even if a claimant never showed up? Suppose it was stolen money and the loser couldn't risk advertising for it?

There was nothing about the money in the papers that day, nor the next, nor the next. Then we began rehearsals for a new floor show at the club, and Jerry wrote that his furlough would be very soon, and those two things kept me so busy working and thinking that I almost forgot about having the money at all.

And then that day came—that day which I remember best of all the days of my life, so sharply are all the details of it, all the misery and fear and

heartbreak, etched on my mind.

It was early afternoon and I was sitting at the desk, making an idle pretense of writing letters, but actually gazing off into space, dreaming of the day—any day now—when Jerry would come home, putting the polish of perfection on the plans I had made for that fortnight ahead of us.

The bell rang and I went to answer it, opening the door just a crack, for the wind was howling. And then I flung the door wide, and I heard my own voice making an ecstatic little sound with no words to it. For he stood, grinning broadly, on the doorstep.

"Oh, Jerry," I cried, flinging myself into his arms. And "Jerry, Jerry, Jerry," I repeated, as if the repetition of his name would make this wonderful dream real. "Darling, why didn't you let me know?"

He pushed me inside, kicked the door behind him with a foot, for his arms were full. "Don't you like surprises, honey?"

"Oh, I love surprises," I told him. "I love them when they're as nice as this one!"

Jerry whirled me about the hall and kissed me and our laughter rang foolishly and sweetly, for love had come home to the old house. Presently he sat down in his mother's old rocker, which still stood near the fireplace, and pulled me down into his lap, kissing me hungrily. "Gosh, honey dear, it's so good, so good to be back home with you. I can tell you—" and then he stopped, and the warmth in him fell away a little. He sat up straight.

"What's the matter, Eileen?" he asked.

"Matter? Nothing's the matter—nothing has been so right as it is right now for ages. Why?"

"Why? You're home. You're not working."

WELL, it had to come, and in a way I was glad it had come now, so that I could get it over with, so that the shadow of having to tell Jerry about working at the Crossroads Cafe wouldn't hang over me to darken the brightness of the days ahead.

I got up from his lap and sat on the little footstool at his feet, my elbows crossed on his knees, my face looking up into his. "I—I'm not working at the store now, Jerry," I said. "I

haven't been for quite a while." I caught his hands and held them tight, willing him to understand. And then I told him all about the bills and not being able to make ends meet, and worrying so terribly.

Pain fought with anger in his eyes. "Did you have to do it that way?" he asked, defeat in his voice. "Did you have to go back to that place?" He pulled his hands away from mine and buried his face in them. "You don't know how I hate that, Eileen—making a—a show of yourself, for half-drunken men to look at. You know it yourself—you've seen them sitting there, their eyes eating you up. You know what ideas they get about a girl in your position."

I found courage to be firm. "I had to, Jerry," I repeated. "It was the only thing I knew to do."

He dropped his hands again, caught and held my eyes. "And Waller—he was glad to get you back, wasn't he?"

OH, Jerry!" I cried. "Yes, of course Sam was glad to have me back. He's been fine—kind to me. And that's all. That's all he's ever been."

"Then why didn't you tell me before?" His voice was harsh. "Why didn't you write and tell me what you were doing, if you weren't ashamed of it?"

I put my hands up to his shoulders, holding him tightly so that he had to look at me. "Jerry, you have to listen to me, darling. I love you. You've got to believe that. Perhaps I should have written you, but I was afraid that you'd misunderstand—just as you are doing now. And that way I wouldn't have been there to talk to you, as I'm here with you now, to make you see how wrong you are. You've got to think of my side of it, too, Jerry. You don't know how awful it is to have to do something you hate, and then not get paid enough for it anyway, and see everything going to ruin that you've built your dreams on."

"It's not just for me, Jerry. It's for you, too—so you'll have something to come home to after a while—this house you love, and me—"

Jerry raised his head, met my eyes and held them for long minutes. Slowly the pain, the doubt faded from his face, while I prayed that everything would be all right, that he would believe in me again.

"Darling," I told him, "darling, if



There's fun on Mutual's "Affairs of Tom, Dick and Harry," heard in the late afternoons. They're, left to right, Bud Vandover (Tom), Gordon Vandover (Harry), Edna O'Dell and Marlin Hurt (Dick).

you only knew how very much I love you, how terribly I've missed you, how much—"

And then he spoke, at last. "Maybe," he said slowly, "I'm a fool. But it's awful being so far away from you and not knowing what you're doing. And then coming home and finding—"

"I know," I said. "I know, Jerry—coming home and finding that I've been lying to you. But Jerry, I did it because I was sure it would be worse to know when you were away from me, than to wait until you came home so that I could make you understand that you still can trust me."

He caught me into his arms and kissed me, and the troubled look faded from his face, and his love was left free of doubt.

Jerry and I had dinner in front of the fireplace, and pretended that this was the old days again, and Jerry didn't have to go away any more.

WHEN it was time for me to leave, Jerry held me for a moment and kissed me. "Do you have to go out there tonight, dear?"

I nodded. "I don't want to—but it's my job, Jerry."

"Then I'll go with you," he whispered. "We can't afford a single moment apart."

Jerry went upstairs while I hurried back to the kitchen to put away the butter and milk. When I returned to the living room, Jerry had come down and was standing at the foot of the staircase.

"We ought to celebrate my homecoming tonight, don't you think?"

I looked at him quickly. If I hadn't known better I would have thought that he was drunk. His voice had a funny, high, false gaiety, and the smile he wore was twisted a little at one corner.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, too surprised for anything but sharpness.

He raised his eyebrows and flung out one hand in an expansive gesture. "Matter? Nothing's the matter. What's wrong with a little celebration to welcome the soldier home from the wars? That's what they used to do in olden days, you know—have a big celebration. So let's call up some friends to join us and kill the fatted champagne at the Crossroads tonight. What do you say?"

I simply stared at him, for there was nothing to say. What on earth had happened to him? Had he changed his mind again about my working at the Crossroads?

I tried to laugh it off. "Oh, I don't think we're champagne people, are we, Jerry?"

"We can be. We'll have a party—just leave it to me."

He turned to the telephone in the hall and began to call people. His voice was too bright as he repeated his little speech over and over—"We're going to have a party to celebrate my coming home to my wife. Join us at the Crossroads, will you?"

I couldn't make sense of it, then or in the long, unaccustomed silence as we drove to the club. Jerry suddenly glib and sardonic was as out of character as if he'd suddenly committed some sort of crime.

When we got there he shook hands and slapped backs and laughed a laughter that wasn't his, and gave a fine imitation of a man who's very jolly and witty and happy. It was all on the surface. None of it—the smiles, the laughter, the amusement—touched his eyes. They were still and grave and unsmiling.

There was nothing that I could do then, for I was due to sing in a few minutes and I had to change clothes. When I'd finished my numbers and came back to the table the party was in full swing. There was food—the best that the club had to offer—and, true to Jerry's prediction, there was champagne—magnums of champagne in coolers. There were more people, too, and tables had been pushed together to accommodate the party. Wine was flowing and tongues were loose, and Jerry—Jerry was acting as only a man can to whom this sort of thing is completely foreign.

I FELT as if I'd been dropped down into the middle of a nightmare. He drew out a chair with a flourish, and made a great ceremony of seating me beside him. He kissed my hand with exaggerated pleasure, and complimented my singing extravagantly. He laughed, and his laughter was like a cry of pain.

It must have been terror that I felt—the kind of gripping, sweeping terror that nightmares bring, the kind of fear that makes you want to run and never stop running.

"Jerry, Jerry," I whispered to him, "tell me what's the matter. What made you do this? Who's going to pay for all of this, Jerry?"

"Pay?" He shrugged. "Why, we can afford it, you know. We have plenty of money. You were right to go back to Sam Waller and the rest of your generous friends, Eileen—money's mighty important, after all. It must feel good to have some tucked away against emergencies, doesn't it?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked him.

He smiled that new, twisting smile of his and reached into his breast pocket. "You forgot this," he said. "You left it in my drawer." He showed me the envelope. And it was only then that I remembered the five hundred dollars I had hidden away among Jerry's shirts.

"Jerry!" I cried. "That's not our money. I found it on the street. I've been waiting for someone to claim it."

His eyebrows lifted. "Seems to me, Eileen, that you would have had time by now to tell me a better story than that. But forget it—let's have fun. That's what money like this is for—to have fun with!"

"Please darling," I whispered, putting my hand on his arm. "You've got to believe me. You can't use that money like this—"

There was steel in his voice now, replacing the silkiness. "Why not?"

I sat very still, feeling removed from the noise and the people and the confusion, and as if he were far away, I heard Jerry's voice calling for his check, saw him peel bills from the stack in the envelope and throw them on the little tray, saw the waiter pick it up and walk away.

It was only a moment later that Sam Waller was standing beside us. "Eileen," he said, quietly. "What is this, anyway?" He held out the sheaf of bills to me.

Jerry's belligerent voice broke in. "What's the matter, Waller? Isn't your own money good enough?"

Sam ignored him. "Eileen," he said again, "because it's you, and he's your husband, we just won't say anything more about this." He threw the money on the table. "But you'd better not try to pass it anywhere else."

Jerry got to his feet. "Why not?"

"They're counterfeit," Sam said succinctly, and turned away.

Jerry stood still a moment, and then sat down very suddenly. A wave of wonderful relief swept over me, and I looked at those counterfeit bills as if they were old friends. Now he would know. Now he'd realize that my story about finding the money was true. Obviously, if Sam had given me money, it wouldn't be counterfeit money.

JERRY looked up after a moment and his eyes turned to me. "I—I think I'll go home now."

He was gone, his long strides carrying him swiftly out of the club.

Without waiting to get my coat from the dressing room, I ran after him. Outside I caught up with him half way across the parking lot, and slipped my arm through his.

"Jerry, it's all right," I said. "Really, it's all right. I don't mind—what you thought. It's my fault, anyway. You couldn't help it, darling. You can't be blamed for thinking what you did."

"I should have trusted you," he said, dully. "I should have trusted you. I shouldn't have broken my faith in you, nor hurt your faith in my understanding."

I pulled him about to face me. "It mustn't ever be like this again, Jerry," I told him. "You've got to believe in me, and I've got to believe in you. That's the only way we can live when we must live apart."

Gently he touched my cheek, my hair, with his fingers, and then he caught me to him, burying his face against my hair. "Always, always," he whispered, "I'll always believe."



Say Hello To—

LOUISE WILCHER—talented young organist and composer heard daily on "Stories America Loves" and "Sing Along" over CBS. Louise was born in Dallas, Texas, and started to study music as soon as she had learned to talk. She began her radio career on WDAF, Kansas City, came to New York about eight years ago, and later joined the CBS staff. She is married to Jack Wilcher, who is a well-known radio writer, and they have one son, Charles. Louise loves to entertain—she's famous for her southern cooking—and their home is seldom without a guest or two. Although she is fond of bowling and riding, Louise has given up those hobbies for the present, and spends every moment she can spare from her radio duties in doing active war work, especially with the American Red Cross.

Gloria Massey in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



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I'll Always Hear Your Voice

Continued from page 31

anything up there—except the State Hospitals, of course.”

There was a sudden silence around us. I felt my throat constrict. “Why, he’s—there are some new war industries, you know—I mean, like the flying fields here and—” I was fumbling badly and she knew it.

The flyer beside me spoke suddenly. “Phil’s certainly doing well. When I was up there last week, he looked like a million dollars. Want to dance, Connie?”

Speechless, I let him lead me out on the floor. Cora stared after us. She was suspicious but she was also silenced. I wanted to laugh. I wanted to cry. And when I spoke at last it was with a mixture of both. “I bet you’ve never been to Haskell in your life.”

He grinned down at me. “I flew over it once.”

“But why did you say that?” I said curiously.

“I didn’t like the way she was pushing you around. I don’t know why she was doing it, but I just didn’t like to see it happen to you.”

I LAUGHED. I couldn’t help it. “Well, all I can say is, it was certainly quick thinking and I do thank you from the bottom of my heart. You even called me by name, like you were an old friend of the family.”

“It would be nice if I were.” I saw for the first time that his eyes were black to match his hair, and very bright; that his mouth was good-humored, and he had the most determined chin I’d ever seen. “By the way, who is Phil?” he went on. “Your brother?”

“No. My husband.”

“Oh.”

“That’s why I’m so grateful to you. You did more than you realized. It was—”

And then, in a quiet corner we found, I told him the whole story. To this day I don’t know exactly why. But it was a relief to talk to somebody—somebody I didn’t know, whom I’d never see again, and who would understand.

He understood even better than I thought. “It’s a bad break,” he said soberly. “For you, for him, for everybody. I knew a boy like that once. It was as if he had a disease and he had to—go away, too.”

“Did it cure him?” I asked eagerly.

“He—well, I haven’t seen him in a long time. Look, I’d like to see you home. Somehow I don’t feel much like any more party after this.”

That, too, was exactly, instinctively, right. After a talk like that I couldn’t have gone on dancing and laughing.

As we walked along the dark, tree-lined streets he told me about himself. His name was Douglas Mann, and he came from a small town in Massachusetts. He loved flying above anything in the world, he told me, and he was due to get his wings soon. But after the war, he wanted to own a farm. He told me about the place he’d picked out and the apples he’d raise, and he told me about all the things he liked to do.

When we reached my porch, I turned and held out my hand. “It’s been grand knowing you,” I said simply. “And I want to say thank you again—not only for what you did, but for letting me talk.”

“Don’t say that. And don’t say

good-by, either. Can’t I come see you Saturday when I get leave?”

Of course. I’d love to see you. That would have been right and natural to say. I said, “I—I guess not. I mean, parties are all right but I just wouldn’t feel right about—well, having dates, with Phil up there. You do know what I mean, don’t you?”

He didn’t answer for a minute. “You mean it’s just to be ships-that-pass-in-the-night?”

“Something like that.”

“Well,” he said, “if that’s the way you feel.” He paused. Then he said stiffly, “There’s an old friend of my father’s in town I promised to look up, so I’ll be coming in again. Maybe I’ll see you around some time. Good night.”

AS he turned and walked away, I felt lonelier than ever in my life.

Why had I said “No” so definitely? I liked Douglas better than anybody I’d met in a long time. The Humphries would like him, too. What would have been the harm in having him to supper or bridge?

So it was with a funny mixture of feelings that I faced Douglas Mann in Dr. Patton’s living-room the next Saturday. The doctor had called me earlier in the day. “Come on over to dinner and meet the son of an old friend I went to medical school with,” he said. And when I saw Douglas standing there, my heart began to thump with relief and embarrassment.

Douglas laughed and shook hands. “It’s fate!” he said, like a line out of an old melodrama. And that put me at ease. Dr. Patton got out some of his home-made elderberry wine to celebrate, and the three of us had a fine time.

That night when Douglas took me home, he said, “There’s no use in your saying ‘No’ this time, Connie. You see how I keep turning up, whether you like it or not.”

“I reckon there’s no help for it then,” I sighed mockingly. “I reckon I’ll just have to ask you to come to supper the next time you’re free.”

And so our friendship started. It was an odd friendship in many ways. We were always with other people—the Humphries, who liked Douglas on sight, or other flyers from the field and their dates. And yet we were curiously alone. It was as if all the many things we had to say to each other, and all the many other things we didn’t have to say but silently shared—like understanding each other’s thoughts, or private little jokes—put us on an island where nobody

else ever came. I found myself happier than I’d been in a long time.

I tried to put that happiness in my daily letters to Phil. I told him how much I wanted him to meet Douglas and the other boys, and how we were all just waiting for the day when he would be home again. I tried to make him feel that the one important thing was his getting well, and once he was cured our lives would go on as if he’d never been sick. And I meant it, every word.

Finally the day came for my first visit to Phil. It was a Sunday, and Douglas offered to drive me up in Dr. Patton’s old car.

I knew, much as I wanted to see Phil, the visit would be an ordeal. Having Douglas with me on the long drive, with his sympathy and wordless understanding, gave me strength. What would Phil be like?

I was trembling as I climbed the steps of the grim, forbidding building. I turned around once and looked toward the car where Douglas was waiting. He leaned out and smiled and gave me a thumbs-up sign, and that heartened me as nothing else could.

First the director reviewed Phil’s case with me, and then he had him brought in. Phil stood in the doorway a moment, looking at me, before he came in. His face looked firm and ruddy, and his eyes were clear. Outdoor work, with the other patients, and no drinking had done that. But when he came into the office, I saw his expression was sullen, and he kissed me stiffly and without warmth. The doctor suggested that Phil take me for a stroll in the hospital yard so we could talk undisturbed.

ONCE we were out of earshot of everyone, Phil stopped and grabbed my arm.

“Who’s that fellow you drove up here with?” he demanded. As I stared at him, startled, his voice rushed on. “I saw him. I was standing by the window, watching for you, waiting for you. I saw you get out and turn around and smile at him . . .”

“Why, honey, it’s only Douglas Mann—you know, the friend of Dr. Patton’s I wrote you about. The flyer. He just offered to drive me up—he—he wants to meet you when you get out—”

“I’ll bet he does! I’ll bet he feels mighty good sitting out there in his uniform, waiting for my wife while I’m stuck in prison up here!”

I tried to reason with him, to plead

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APRIL RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Friday, March 5th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the April and subsequent issues of RADIO MIRROR will appear on the newsstands slightly later than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for April will go on sale Friday, March 5th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say “A copy of RADIO MIRROR, please” and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.



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with that sneering bitterness. Suddenly Phil turned and faced me and there were tears in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Connie," he said more quietly. "I don't know what got into me. But being shut up in this place, thinking about you—it gets me almost crazy sometimes. You've got to get me out of here!" His voice rose again. "I can't stand it any more. It's like a concentration camp!"

"I know it's hard, Phil," I said steadily. "You'll be out soon, the doctor said. I know it isn't pleasant but—"

"You don't know anything about it. Look!" He pointed to a building that had bars over the windows. Out in front two or three patients lolled on the grass. But these were different from the others. These were men and boys who looked at us with the vacant eyes and witless faces of the incurable insane. I stared at them, and shuddered. Had these men once been like Phil? Had they once been normal, too, but found life too much for them? Was this the inevitable end of those who could not be cured? Phil's voice recalled me to him.

"... I have to see those people every day. It's awful, Connie. Get me out of here! I've given up drinking—you know that. You go talk to the doctor and tell him I'm cured!"

I pulled myself together as well as I could and somehow found the strength to get him quieter. I told him he'd be home soon, and then this would seem like a bad dream. When my visiting hour was up, he felt a little better. But his last words were "You've got to get me out!" And when he kissed me good-bye, it was like a stranger kissing me.

I was trembling when I walked down the steps. Douglas took one look at my face and helped me in the car, lit us each a cigarette, and drove down the long driveway and out through the gates without a word. When we got to the highway leading to Hornsby, he looked at me for the first time. "Would you like to stop and get a cup of coffee?" he said.

SOMEHOW, something in those simple words tore the last of my control to shreds. Suddenly my face was buried in my hands, and sobs shook me from head to foot. With an exclamation, Douglas pulled over into a side road and stopped the car. Then his arms went around me and he was holding me close, murmuring words of comfort as one would to a child.

"Don't, Connie. Don't, darling."

Gradually the paroxysm passed, and I lay exhausted against his shoulder. I wiped my eyes and looked up, trying to smile. "I haven't cried like that since I was a little girl," I said.

I looked up in his face and found his eyes on mine, with something in them that had always been veiled before. "Oh, God," he murmured, and it was half a prayer. And then our arms were straining against each other and we were kissing with all the fierce and desperate longing of a man and woman caught in something that will not be denied.

It might have been seconds later, or hours, that that flame-like intensity lasted. Then we sank back and looked at each other mutely. There was no need for words. There was no need to say, "I love you, I've always loved you, and I always will." With our sharing of thought, we knew. It was Douglas who spoke first.

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"What are we going to do?"

"Phil," I said brokenly. "I can't tell Phil—it would finish him. If he lost me, there'd never be any hope for him again—ever."

DOUGLAS' eyes darkened. "You can't spend the rest of your life propping up a man too weak to prop himself up. You can't sacrifice yourself forever. What about us, darling?"

"He's my husband, and he's sick. This is the crucial time in his life—the one time he can be cured if he's to be cured at all. Dr. Patton said so. If I left him now, if I told him I loved you—oh, darling, don't you see?"

"I see that you don't love him and you do love me. It isn't fair—"

I spoke then out of an anguish deeper than any I'd ever known. "That's my fault, Douglas. I should never have married him. Maybe some girls are wise when they're eighteen—wise enough to wait. I wasn't. I'd never had a home, and I longed for

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one—even then. He loved me, he was romantic to me, and I thought—I loved him. I can't do Phil irreparable harm now just because I've found out I made a mistake."

He didn't answer for a long time. "I'll be getting my wings pretty soon now. And then we'll be shoving off—for somewhere. I don't ask you to do anything now, Connie, but if I could know when I left that you'd be waiting for me, that one day you'd be my wife—"

"Don't!" I cried, out of heartbreak. "I can't. Don't you see I can't?"

Slowly, almost silently, we drove home. There didn't seem to be anything more to say. When we stopped in front of the house, lowering clouds were rolling up out of the east, and I felt they were rolling over my heart, too, shutting out the sun forever.

"You'll let me see you again, won't you?" Douglas said finally. "I promise I won't talk about it. I won't—do anything you'd rather not." He went on, desperately, "I know how you feel. I feel that way, too. But

I've got to see you once more, Connie! The night I get my wings—"

That had been a sort of milestone for us. The night after he got his wings, the most important thing in his life. We'd planned a little celebration. "Yes," I said weakly. "When you get your wings..."

We were true to that implicit promise. We didn't see each other. Douglas didn't even call me. But I could feel him near as I went about the everyday tasks that made up the pattern of my life.

Everything we'd ever done together, every word we'd ever said, was like a separate little token I could take out and pore over, and then put back in the safekeeping of memory. His face was before me even when I wrote to Phil, and I struggled as I would have to struggle in the future, to keep him in the part of my life that belonged to me alone, that would never touch Phil.

Only Dr. Patton seemed to sense that anything was wrong. One day he looked at me oddly and said, "Life's not very easy for anybody, Connie. But there's two things that will always help you meet it, even though it doesn't seem like it at the time. They're honor and courage."

I needed those words the night Douglas came. I needed everything I had, when I saw him standing on the porch in his uniform, the new wings proudly worn on his breast, and unutterable longing in his eyes.

We sat in the swing, with the summer night fragrant around us. We didn't talk about anything special. We only tried to pretend, for so pitifully brief a time, that this wasn't the end.

At last Douglas said quietly, "You haven't changed, Connie?"

I nodded. "I can't ever change, darling."

"Remember how the first night we met you said we'd have to be ships that pass—and how we laughed about it afterwards because we weren't? I've been thinking about that poem. You know—'Ships that pass in the night and, passing, speak to one another. Only a voice and a call, then darkness again and the silence.' I've been thinking that's the way it is with us. Only I want you to know that in my silence, I'll always hear your voice, and I'll always see your face and your blonde hair, and your eyes. Wherever I go, sweetheart, and whatever I do—my silence will always have you in it. All my life."

TEARS choked my throat. I was thinking of the deeper, unending silence that he might face when those wings took him far away from me, the one that isn't ever broken. I took his hand.

"And you'll always be in mine," I said steadily. "We'll be together."

We kissed good-bye then, and I went quickly into the house.

The very next day Phil came home.

He just walked in unexpectedly. We'd known the release would be soon, but not even the patients themselves know until the day it happens. The shock of surprise made it easier for me; it was natural that the three of us at home would be a little incoherent and unnatural at first. He looked healthy and he was glad to get home, but there was a kind of defiance about him as if he were daring anybody to mention why he had been away. None of us did. We told him bits of news, and talked about

a job. Once he said, looking straight at me:

"How's that Douglas Mann you were telling me about?"

"Oh, he got his wings yesterday," Mom said. "I reckon he'll be leaving soon. Such a fine boy, Phil—I wish you could have met him."

"I wish so too," Phil said. I answered his look unwaveringly. "You'd have liked him, Phil."

It was hard, the hardest thing I ever did, to be natural the next few days. As long as I'd made my decision I was determined to be a good wife to Phil, and go on as if nothing had ever happened, but I'd thought I'd have a little longer to adjust myself. I had to be on guard every minute, and I avoided being alone with him as much as possible.

But how long would it be, I wondered, before I could give of myself fully and completely? How long before each time he kissed me would stop seeming like a betrayal? Because I had to put Douglas out of my life in thought as well as deed. *Honor and courage*, Dr. Patton had said.

And then those questions were answered for me, brutally and briefly.

I'd driven Mom downtown for her afternoon at the Red Cross, and then done some errands and come home to wait till time to pick her up. Phil was supposed to be out job-hunting. I opened the front door, set my packages down in the hall, and then stopped short in the living room door.

Phil was slouched in a chair, and his face wore that strange, uncontrolled expression I'd come to know and fear. On the table beside him was a half emptied bottle of whiskey.

"Phil!" I cried in horror. "What are you doing?"

For answer, he shoved an envelope at me. It was addressed to me, and it had come special delivery. Along the top was a jagged edge where it had been torn open. Phil's eyes seemed to devour my face as I pulled out the single sheet of paper. The writing on it was very short.

My darling: We've had our "six hour notice" and I expect we'll be shoving off very soon now. Before I go, I've got one thing to tell you. No matter what happens to me, no matter what can happen to me, our love is the biggest thing in my life—bigger than myself, even bigger than you. It's brought pain but it's brought beauty, too—more than I knew there could be. Remember that, and that I'll love you forever.

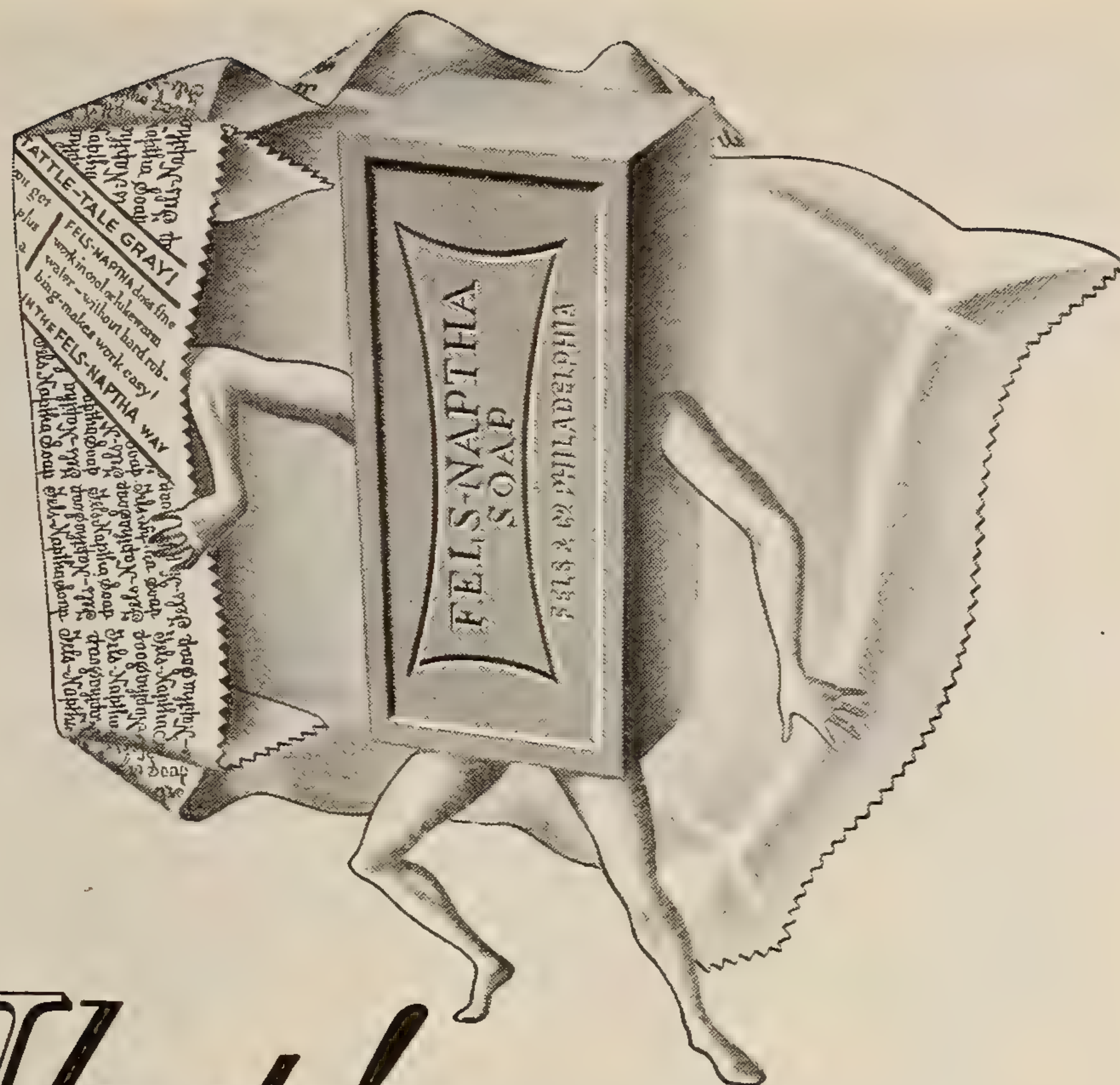
Douglas

I crumpled it to me. "You opened this! You opened this when it was addressed to me! You—"

Phil was on his feet. "Why not?" he shouted. "If that's the only way to find out my wife's been playing around on the side while I was up there in that hellhole . . . When I think of the nights I spent thinking of you, wanting you, believing in you, while all the time you were letting this guy make love to you. That's why you've been so cold since I got back . . ." The torrent of words poured out, vile, drunken words.

I grabbed at his arm. "You've got to believe me! It isn't like you think—this letter proves that! Phil, listen to me!"

"I'm sick of listening to you. I'll let your darling Douglas do a little



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talking—while he's able. And then I'll—I'll—"

He started weaving toward the door. I threw myself in front of him. "You can't go out there! Phil!"

With one vicious push he sent me reeling back, out of his way. I stumbled across the room and brought up against the wall, hard. I could hear the car starting up in front of the house. I ran to the front door. He was already pulling away from the curb. Futilely I rushed out into the street after it—and watched it speed away.

Frantically I ran back into the house and called Dr. Patton. He was the only one who could help me stop him. And I had to stop him! It was nearly half an hour before I could reach the doctor, and I spent it pacing the room, trying to still the throbbing of my heart as it beat time to the aching throb of my head.

The doctor's face tightened when he heard my story. "Come on," he said. "Maybe it's not too late yet . . ."

The next was like a nightmare, of movement and figures and voices, and even yet I seem to remember only flashes of it. The wild ride to the airfield . . . the police car at the entrance. Questions. Then an authoritative voice saying, "He's in the post infirmary . . . we had to operate in a hurry."

THEN we were in an office and another voice was explaining. "He was drunk. He came in the entrance there and began shouting that he had to see Lieutenant Mann. The guard tried to stop him and quiet him down a bit, but he got away. He ran over to Hangar Three."

The words went on, careful, precise, but sympathetic, too. They made me see it happening. Phil, out of control, behaving like a madman. "Hangar Three . . . secret training planes there and nobody is allowed in. Nobody. The sentry stopped him. He began to argue, yelling that nobody was going to stop him from seeing the Lieutenant. He seemed to get even more excited, and finally he made a grab for the sentry's gun. In the scuffle it went off . . . I'm afraid he's very badly hurt . . . Sorrier than we can say that this had to happen . . ."

Other words. Other questions. And then Dr. Patton saying, "Lieutenant Mann—is he here?"

"No. He got orders at noon today." The final irony.

Through all the confusion and shock, I kept thinking, "You're to blame for this. If you hadn't kept on seeing Douglas, if you hadn't told him you loved him, he'd have never written that letter. Phil would never have known. He was getting well, and then that letter came. You failed him at the crisis of his life."

And then the one thing that is clear—the narrow bed, and Phil's white face, whiter than the pillow, looking up at me. I dropped down beside him. They didn't have to tell me there wasn't any hope.

"I guess—I got drunk once too often," he whispered weakly. "I didn't know what I was doing—it wasn't the sentry's fault, he was only doing his job—"

I held his hand against my cheek. "It was my fault, Phil. My fault."

"No!" His fingers clutched mine and all his waning strength went into making me believe. "It wasn't him—Douglas—made me do it. It was like

a disease, Connie—wanting to drink. I could feel it coming on. I could feel it coming on—then. If it hadn't been this, it would've been something else. I wouldn't ever've been cured, Connie. You've got to believe that."

And then he smiled, the bright, boyish smile he'd had when I first knew him. "I'm sorry I said those things to you—I didn't mean 'em. It was the whiskey talking. I know—you're okay, honey . . ."

I stayed with him until he died.

YESTERDAY I wrote a letter. I sent it to the Transient Officers' address on the West Coast that had been on Douglas' note to me—a temporary address where it will be forwarded across the many miles to the base where he is piloting a bomber. It was a long letter, after many weeks of silence. And at the end of it, I wrote:

. . . and so, my darling, I want you to know as I do now, that we were not to blame. Dr. Patton says Phil was right, there at the end. He wouldn't ever have been cured—and the doctor held out hope only because there is one chance in a thousand in cases like that, and he wanted Phil to have the benefit of that one. But the one chance didn't work.

But I know, too, that I was to blame for marrying him. I should have waited. Then all this would never have happened. I've faced that these last weeks, and suffered for it—making myself be silent when everything in me longed to write to you, to hear from you, to know that you are all right. But I made myself wait until I knew it was right for me to write you like this. The Humphries know I'm writing, and they think I should. They understand, too.

It will be like you wanted: I'll be waiting for you and knowing that some day, when you come back, I will be your wife.

God bless you and keep you safe . . .
Always,
Connie



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This young ventriloquist is Seth Spalding of the Horn and Hardart show heard Sunday mornings on NBC.



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

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If I Dared

Continued from page 19

was read after his death, we found that he had left a small bequest to Matilda, a larger one to me in trust, and our big old house and some other odds and ends of real estate he owed to Tom. And he had made Tom my sole guardian.

Numbed by grief as I was, I hardly understood what the last provision meant. Certainly, if I had, I wouldn't have thought of questioning it. I loved Tom, though we'd never been very close emotionally, and now he seemed naturally to be the person I should look to for the advice and guidance my nature needed.

But Tom was never fashioned for responsibility. He simply had no conception of it. His idea of being my guardian was to take me to the movies now and then, when he thought of it, to look at my school report cards when I showed them to him, to buy an occasional dress or coat whose color and style were invariably too extreme for my pale bloneness which, Father used to say, was like winter sunshine.

ME a guardian!" Tom laughed. "It's a good thing Jess is the kind of kid she is. I'm more likely to get myself into a jam than she is!"

Yes, that was true. I would never get into a jam—not in the sense Tom meant.

That didn't mean I couldn't be unhappy.

Tom's birthday—his twenty-second—fell almost a year after Father's death, so it was all right for him to give a party in celebration—even if, from the very first, it wasn't the kind of affair Matilda approved of.

To Matilda—and to me—parties meant preparation. They meant crepe paper and cakes and ice cream and sandwiches. They meant sweeping and dusting and window-cleaning. They meant games. But to Tom—

"I'm going to have a few people in tonight," he announced that Saturday morning after he'd opened his presents at the breakfast table. "Sort of a birthday party."

Matilda's gaunt head reared back like that of an old fire-horse scenting smoke. "Tonight, Tom?" she demanded. "And it's a fine time to be tellin' me, with the spring cleanin' not done and too late to bake a cake and—"

Tom laughed and held up his hand to stop the tirade. "Calm down, sweetheart. You don't have to do a thing, unless you want to make a few sandwiches. I'll take care of all the arrangements. Nobody's coming but some of the fellows and girls from the office, and they're easily satisfied."

Matilda disapproved of such casual arrangements, but there was nothing for her to do but take out her bad temper by cleaning furiously all day long.

The prospect of a party excited me. I was half-afraid, half-eager. I wanted to meet Tom's friends, most of whom I had never seen; I wanted them to like me. Here was a break in the long road of loneliness I had traveled since Father's death.

If I had only known what a change that party would bring to my life!

It didn't start until nine o'clock or so. They began coming in then—Tom's friends, bringing with them

laughter and talk and loud voices and an excitement I couldn't understand. There were young men I dimly remembered having seen, once or twice, when they came to the house before Father's death to meet Tom. But I had never seen any of the girls before. It didn't occur to me then that they were all a little over-dressed, a little over-made-up, that their voices were too shrill and their laughter too loud. To my young timidity they seemed marvels of style.

The party seemed to show a great tendency to center in the kitchen, where Tom had arranged bottles of liquor and soda-water on the table. I had planned to make myself useful bringing people sandwiches and drinks, but there wasn't any need for my services. People drifted in and out of the big, high-ceilinged rooms, helping themselves to what they wanted and then congregating in little groups. The phonograph was going, and a few couples were dancing in the living room, where the rug had been rolled up and the chairs pushed back against the walls.

Matilda had retired to her own room, after the first half-hour, showing her disgust with such a haphazard party in every line of her face.

I felt a little out of things, but still I was having a good time. There was something infectious in the gaiety and high spirits of everyone there. I didn't take any of the liquor, of course, but its very presence may have intoxicated me. Tom's flushed face seemed handsome and merry, the other boys were laughing cavaliers, the girls were lovely things, so graceful, so beautiful . . . It was a wonderful party!

A long passage runs from our front door straight through the middle of the house to the kitchen in back. The stairs are on one side of this hall, the living room and dining room on the other, and always it is rather dark. I was coming along it—more to be moving, to give myself the illusion of busy-ness, than because I was on an errand—when someone stepped out of the dining room into my path.

I KNEW then—I know now—only that it was a man. In the dimness I could not see his features. It was easier for him; I was the only girl there in a white sprigged organdie, the only one whose hair fell down over her shoulders without curls or the sophistication of a "page-boy."

"Hello," I heard him say. I caught the pungent, acid-sweet odor of whiskey before he was holding me close, his lips sealing my mouth.

What happened to me then was like an earthquake. It was a turmoil of disgust and revulsion and anger. I had never felt such stormy emotion in my life; it gave me strength to push away this unknown man, so much bigger and stronger than I. He fell back against the wall. I heard his breath leave his body in a short, sharp sigh, and I turned and ran to the foot of the stairs and up them, pell-mell, not even hesitating to glance down at him.

In my own room there was sanctuary. I snapped the key in the lock and leaned against the door. I felt dirty, as if I could never wipe away the sensation of his lips on mine, the

feel of his body against mine. I listened fearfully, but I heard nothing except the sounds of laughter and music, muted beyond the heavy wood of the door. Then the tears came and I couldn't stop them. I threw myself across my bed and sobbed until I was exhausted. I must have slept, because the next thing I remember was raising my head and listening—to utter silence.

The party must be over, I thought dully, and in the darkness I got up and began to undress. I took the crumpled white organdie off and hung it up carefully, finding the hanger by the sense of touch alone. I don't know exactly why I didn't turn on the light—perhaps because I was already a little ashamed of myself and didn't want to bring reality that much closer by banishing the dark.

It had been foolish, I argued against my instinct, to be so frightened. The boy, whoever he was, hadn't meant any harm. I was growing up; I was old enough now to attend my brother's party. So I shouldn't have acted like a silly schoolgirl.

I GLANCED at the luminous dial of my little bedside clock and was amazed to see that the hands pointed to a few minutes past two. In slippers and bathrobe I went out into the hall, intending to go to the bathroom. But there was a light burning downstairs, and for a moment I leaned over the banister, listening. At first I heard nothing. Everyone must have left, I thought, and turned to go on down the hall.

Then, in the same instant I noticed that Tom's door stood slightly ajar, I heard it—first Tom's voice in a deep mumble, then a girl's laugh, low, husky, intimate. And after that, a throbbing silence again in the room where there was no light.

I felt the hot blood turn underneath the skin of my whole body, in embarrassment and in shame. Like a thief, I stole back into my own room, to lie wide-eyed and listening—listening so much against my will!—for the rest of the night, even after I heard Tom's car start up outside and knew he had taken the girl away.

Even Father's death had not been as terrible as this. Death was something I could understand and accept, and it was something that need not be hidden. This was furtive and ugly. Tom must never know that I knew, and yet I didn't see how I could ever face him again without having him read my knowledge in my eyes.

Oh, I'd heard of such things. There were girls in school who had told me, who had even hinted that they knew from experience. But nothing I'd heard, not even about marriage, had lessened my adolescent repugnance. And this was Tom, Tom whom I'd always thought of as fine and clean. Tom, my own brother.

Worse, I realized suddenly that this was not the first time. Now I understood something that had been a puzzle to me three years before, when Father and Tom had been mysteriously worried, spending hours together in Father's room with the door shut. Somehow I'd known even then that it was something to do with a girl—Angie Miller, who lived in the poor part of town and had suddenly left school and gone away, so that you no longer saw her with first one boy and then the other. I knew now with a strange kind of certainty that

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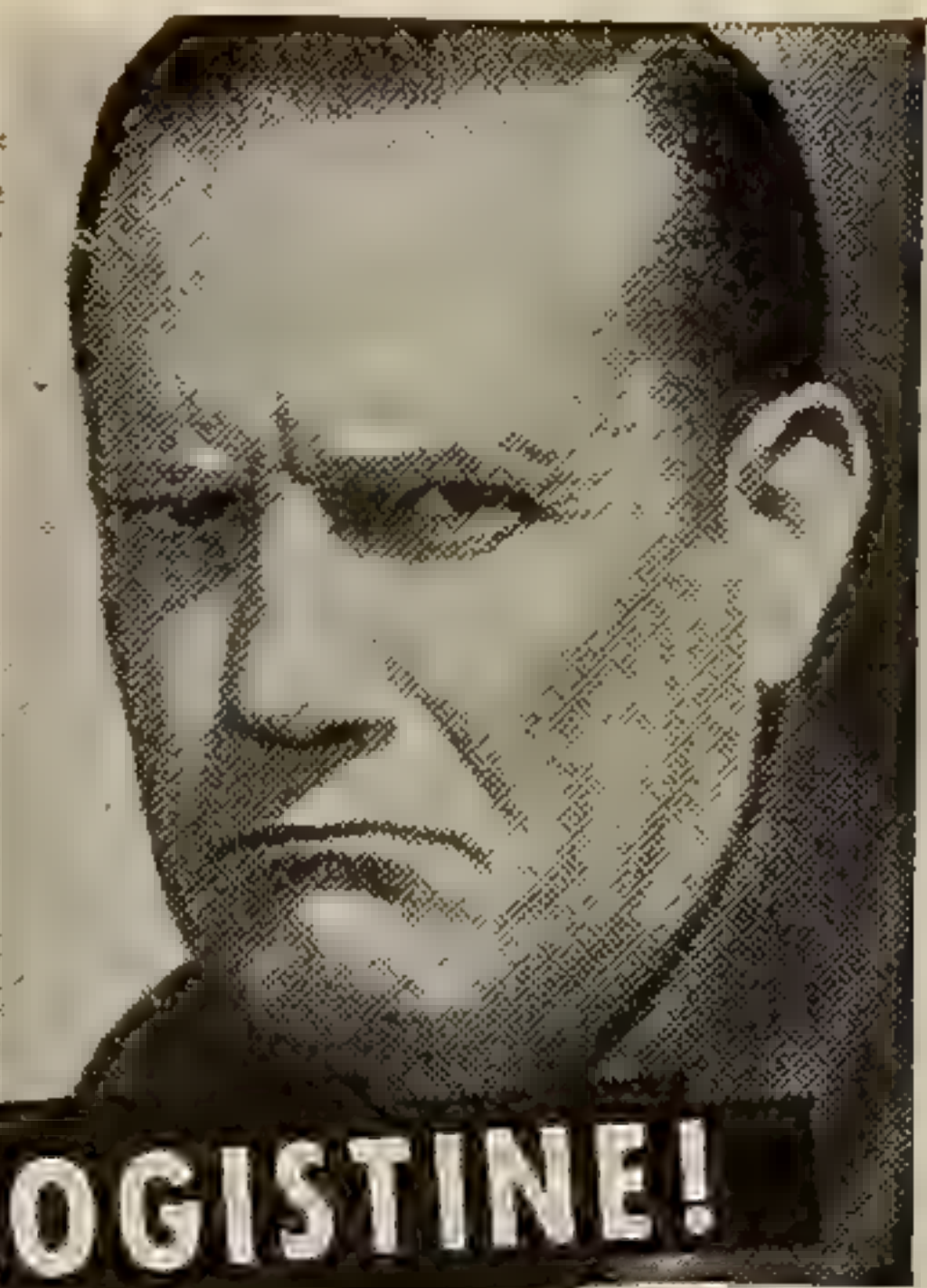
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Tom had been at least part of that sordid scandal.

If this was what people meant when they talked about "love," then love was something I would never want. Never would I let any man touch me.

The years passed. I was sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen: a serious, pale-faced nineteen, interested only in helping Matilda around the house and in reading books which I got from the public library. As the years went by, Tom and I had drawn farther and farther apart. It was impossible for him not to sense the change in my attitude toward him, although he could not understand it—I would have died rather than explain!

ONCE he exploded, "Jess, you're getting to be a regular Puritan! Anybody'd think it was a crime to go out and have a little fun."

"You can have fun at home," I said.

"It isn't easy, with you around," he asserted. "Whenever I bring any of my friends here you act as if they were lepers or something."

That may have been true, of course, and I didn't answer.

Tom tried to recover his temper. "The trouble with you, Jess," he said with heavy reasonableness, "is you don't get around enough yourself. It isn't good for you to stay here in the house so much—you're getting to be a smug, self-satisfied little prig!"

"I'm all right," I said, and left the room.

He'd called me smug and self-satisfied, but nothing could have been farther from the truth. I was bitterly unhappy. I was lonely and afraid, and Tom, the one person after Father whom I loved, had failed me—or so I thought.

It never occurred to me that I had failed myself. It never occurred to me that I had met an emotional shock and had weakly allowed it to overcome me, instead of rising above it.

And then I met Griff Adams.

He came to the house one evening when Tom was out.

When he smiled he revealed very white, slightly irregular teeth, and the skin under his gray eyes crinkled up into such deep, accustomed lines that you knew he smiled a great deal. "Isn't this where Tom Williams lives?" he asked, and when I nodded—"Is he home?"

"No, he's out," I answered.

"Oh. That's too bad. I was just going past and I thought—" He hesitated, looking at me expectantly, almost pleadingly, I thought. "I don't suppose you expect him back soon?"

"Why, I—" Ordinarily, such was my dislike of all Tom's friends, I would have said I had no idea when he'd return; but I felt oddly unwilling to lie to this young man whose face was so honest in the dim light from the hall. "I think he only went to the movies. He ought to be back any minute. Won't you come in and wait?"

"Thanks," he said with such alacrity that it was plain he'd been hoping for the invitation. "I'd like to."

I held the door open and he entered, looking around him with frank curiosity. "I suppose I didn't have any business barging over here like this," he said, "but Tom said to drop in any time and I took him at his word. You see, I haven't been in town long and I don't know anybody much and a fellow gets lonesome . . . Gee, this is a nice house! It's pretty old, isn't it?"

His instant acceptance of me as a friend and even more, his obvious certainty that I would accept him—was disarming. I could only smile and say, "My father was born in it."

"That right? You're Tom's sister, I guess?" I nodded. "You and he certainly don't look much alike. He's so dark and you're so blonde. Like—" he paused, laughing a little. "Like winter sunshine," he said.

I felt a pulse beat once, swiftly, in my throat. "Like winter sunshine"—my father's phrase. How odd that it should occur to him!

"Won't you give me your hat and coat?" I said a little unsteadily.

Following me into the living room, after I'd hung up his coat in the hall closet, he said, "You don't know how good it feels to get inside a real home again. I've been on the move ever since I got out of school, and that's four years now." He moved with athletic grace; he was medium-tall, with shoulders that were just broad enough to fit his height, and he wasn't, I saw in the light of the living room, so much handsome as friendly and nice looking, with blue eyes, sandy red hair, and a wide mouth above a determined chin.

"You've only been in town a little while?" I asked, to make conversation.

"Just a month day before yesterday. I'm a reporter, on the *Express*. That's how I got to know your brother—they sent me to his office to get a story on the new Professional Building that's going up, and Tom was the one that talked to me."

It wasn't necessary, after all, to worry about making conversation with him. He seemed to take it for granted that I'd want to know all about him, and with easy naturalness told me that his name was Griffin Adams, that he'd been born on a farm but hated farms, had gone to a small university and studied journalism, had worked on papers in Buffalo, Cincinnati, and a couple of smaller cities.

"I never found any place I liked as well as this, though," he confided. "It's just the right size, not so big it swallows you up nor so small everybody knows your business, and there's lots of country around for hunting and fishing. I think I'd like to stay here."

His eyes, as he spoke, met mine, and for a reason I couldn't quite un-

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derstand they added a message to the simple words which made me look down at my hands in embarrassment.

But an hour had passed, as if by magic, when Tom returned. I didn't know he was there until I glanced up, laughing over some story Griff had told about his newspaper experiences, and saw him standing in the doorway, grinning.

"How did you do it, Griff?" he asked after they had shaken hands.

"Do what?"

"Several things," Tom said, still grinning. "First, get Jess to let you into the house at all—second, make her laugh so much. She's a regular man-hater, you know."

"Tom!" I exclaimed. "Don't!"

Griff said with a lightness for which I was deeply grateful, "She shouldn't be—she won't find any man that will hate her in return."

NOW that Tom was back, it was all spoiled. I remembered again that Griff Adams was a man and I was a woman, and with the remembrance I could no longer be natural. As soon as I could I said good night and started out of the room. But Griff stepped quickly after me.

"Won't you take pity on a newcomer and go to a movie—or somewhere—with me?" he asked.

"Why, I don't—" I began hesitantly, intending to make some excuse, I hardly knew what. But behind Griff I caught sight of Tom, listening with amusement, and my pride stiffened. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of hearing me refuse Griff's invitation.

"I'd like to very much," I said firmly.

"Swell! How about tomorrow night?"

"All right," I said, a little taken aback because I hadn't expected him to be so definite, or to set a date so soon. "Good night."

He stood at the foot of the stairs, watching me as I went up them.

Alternately, during the next twenty hours, I looked forward to my date with Griff and wished I hadn't made it at all. But it was idiotic, I kept reminding myself, to do either. What was a trip to a movie with a young man? Nothing—no more than if I had been going with another girl. There had been nothing but respect and friendship in his attitude toward me that first evening of our meeting. Why should there be anything else when I saw him again?

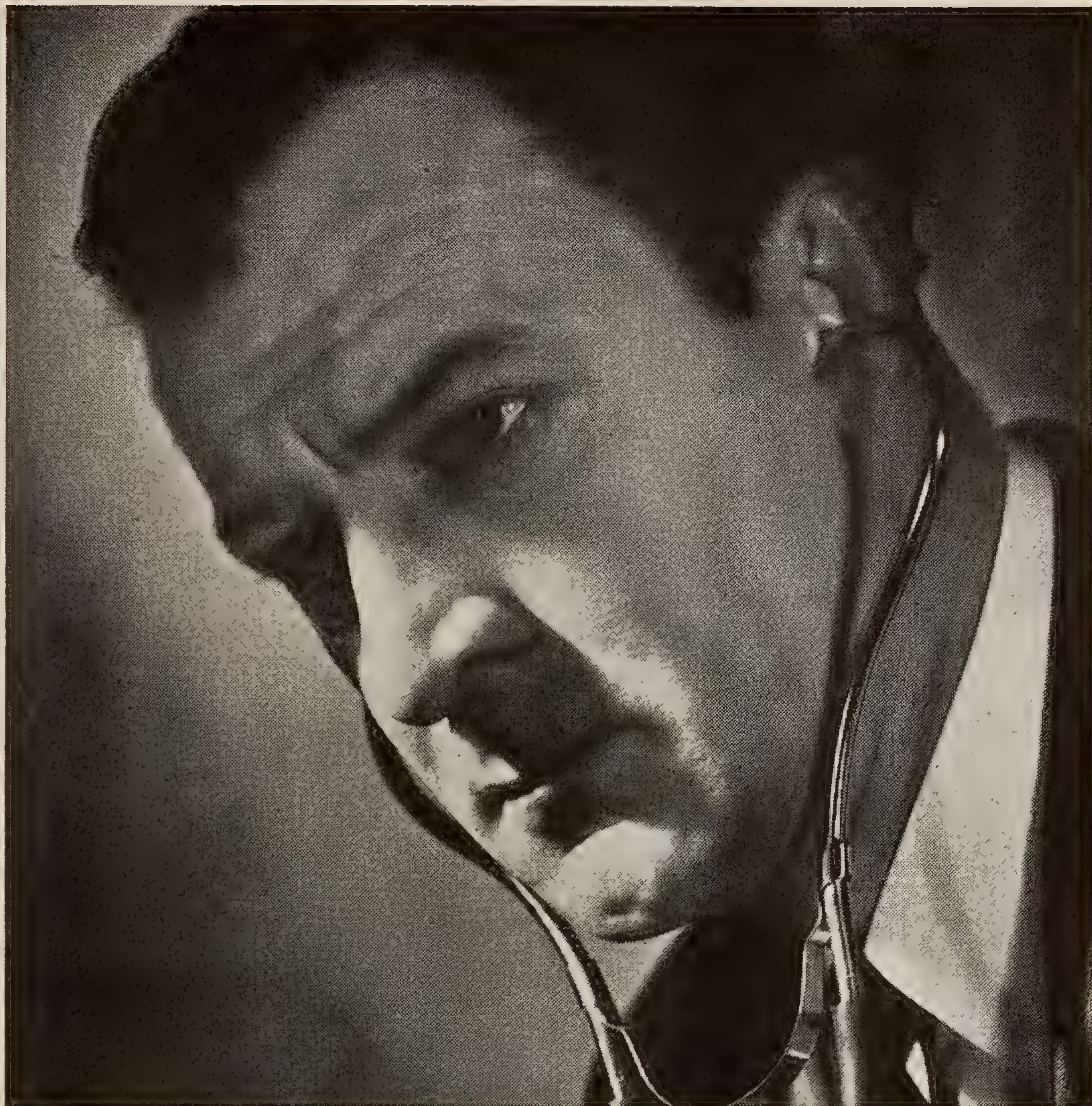
He came to the house for me about seven, we rode in a bus to the theater, talking as it seemed possible to talk only to him—easily and naturally, about anything that came to mind—and sat companionably through a not very good picture. Afterwards he took me to an ice cream parlor, and then home. It was all very pleasant, very ordinary, very unexciting.

"I have a friend," I thought happily that night as I went to sleep. It was like coming out of bitter cold into a warm, fire-lighted room.

That room stayed warm and comfortable and safe throughout the next few weeks, while I saw Griff at intervals of two or three days. I found myself losing all my old shyness, expressing opinions, saying things that made us both laugh. It was wonderful—a companionship I hadn't known since Father died.

I wondered, at first, why Tom didn't tease me about Griff. It would have been just like him. Then I decided

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that he was showing unaccustomed tact. The truth, Matilda and I discovered one night at supper, was simply that he'd had something else on his mind.

Blushing like a schoolboy, he announced abruptly, "I've got some news, folks. I'm going to get married."

"Married!" Matilda and I exclaimed together—Matilda in delight, I in something between shock and amazement. "Who in the world to?" Matilda added.

"Frances Connor," Tom said, trying to look as if he didn't know this would be a bombshell.

To Matilda the name meant nothing, but if anything could have surprised me more than the fact that Tom was going to get married, it was his fiancée's name. Frances had been two years ahead of me in high school. She was one of those people who have everything—a lovely, warm beauty, the gift of making people like her at sight, brains that had made her an honor student and valedictorian of her class, parents who were leaders of the town. To me, she had always seemed perfect.

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate me?" Tom asked. "You don't seem to be exactly overcome with joy, Jess."

I MUSTERED a smile and a show of enthusiasm, but what Tom had said was true. I wasn't pleased. I wasn't glad that Frances Connor was going to be Tom's wife.

This isn't pleasant to tell, and I tell it only because I must be absolutely honest with myself. I am ashamed now as I could never have been ashamed then.

But I did not believe that Tom was good enough for Frances. He was coming to her soiled, second-hand. He would demand of her things that, because I would have found them repugnant, I was sure would repel Frances too. He might not even be faithful to her.

Once he had told part of his news, Tom was bursting to tell it all. Matilda listened eagerly while he recounted how he'd met Frances at a friend's house two months before, how, after having known each other only casually while Frances was in high school, they found that they liked each other a lot. Frances had been away most of the time, going to college, but, Tom said, it hadn't changed her a bit.

"She's a swell girl," he said excitedly. "You'll think so, too, when you meet her."

"When will that be?" Matilda asked,

and Tom said he'd thought of bringing her over to dinner the next night.

I stood up; Griff was coming for me that night, and this gave me an excuse to leave the table. But I could find no excuse for my abstraction later, when I was with Griff. I might have told him of Tom's engagement, but the words stuck in my throat so I couldn't speak them.

Griff seemed to understand my mood, and I was glad he was at my side—a friend who asked nothing, neither conversation nor explanation.

"Feel much like a movie tonight?" he asked.

"Not particularly."

"Me either. Let's just walk."

On we went, to where the houses clustered around a park and a lake. There were benches along the path by the lake, and we sat down to rest for a while. It was blessedly peaceful.

Then I felt Griff's arm being laid along the back of the bench, across my shoulders. I stiffened, but I was too paralyzed to speak or move. He leaned closer. His lips were against my cheek.

"You're so lovely, Jess, so . . . untouched," I heard him murmur.

I WAS afraid—and yet, mingled with the fear, was a kind of exultation. My heart was throbbing against my ribs, and I felt stifled, unable to breathe. I tried to move away, but my muscles wouldn't obey my will, because something stronger than my will was at work.

As if hypnotized, I let him turn my head until I faced him. I was looking into his eyes, drowning in them.

When our lips met the world dissolved in light.

I was pushing him away, beating against him with my hands clenched into fists—fighting all the more fiercely because for an instant I had responded to him.

He could not know that my fury was directed against myself more than against him. His face went white as he heard me crying:

"I hate you! I thought you were different—I thought you were my friend—but you're just the same as everyone else. Just the same as Tom! There's only one thing you want, only one thing that interests you—"

"Jess!" he cried in horror. "You don't know what you're saying!"

"I know! I know better than I ever did before." I began to cry, and with tears running down my cheeks I stood up, fending him off with one hand. "Let me go home—please. Alone. I don't want you with me."

I began to run, but he came



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after me.

"I'm sorry, Jess—but I don't understand—I thought—"

I didn't even think how much I was hurting him. It didn't matter that he was bewildered. The only thing that mattered was my own shame. For a moment, there, I had wanted him to kiss me. I had wanted to feel his hands on my body.

I was no better than one of Tom's girls. No better than Tom.

"Please go away," I begged. "I can get home alone. Please go away."

At that he stopped and let me go on.

There was little sleep for me that night. When I did drop off it was into a troubled doze in which I was plagued by dreadful feelings of guilt—guilt because I had wanted Griff to kiss me, because I was a prey to desires I hated, because Tom was marrying Frances Connor and he wasn't good enough for her. In that nightmare, the relationship between Tom and Frances grew inextricably mixed with my own emotions. Subconsciously, I realized the truth that I would not let myself admit when I was awake—that I had repressed all my normal feelings until they had been warped into morbidity and unhealthy jealousy.

In the morning I was hot and feverish and dull. I dragged myself around the house, trying not to let Matilda's excited preparations for the festive dinner that night get on my nerves.

I would never see Griff Adams again. I couldn't trust myself with him. I wasn't mistress of my own body.

That was my resolve. But even that first day I was tempted to break it. I wanted so terribly to call Griff and say I was sorry for everything that had happened the night before! If there had been even the slightest chance that we could return to our old casual relationship, I would have given in to the temptation—but I knew that we couldn't, ever.

I tried to keep my thoughts on meeting Frances Connor. That would be a distraction, I told myself—not realizing that the sight of Tom's and Frances' happiness would make my own misery harder to bear.

THEY were madly in love. You only had to see them together to know it. Tom brought Frances into the house as if she were some precious treasure, and she watched him with eyes which made no secret of their adoration.

"Of course I remember you, Jess," she said when Tom introduced us. "And I'm so glad we're going to be sisters."

"Jess can use a sister," Tom put in. "I'm afraid she's had a pretty thin time of it around here with nobody to talk to except a no-good brother."

"That'll all be changed now," Frances smiled. "At least until Jess takes it into her head to get married."

"I'm never going to get married!" I said before I thought, and Tom raised his eyebrows.

"Don't tell me you and Griff have had a fight?" he asked teasingly.

Frances, with quick perception, said, "If they have, it's none of our business, is it, Jess?"

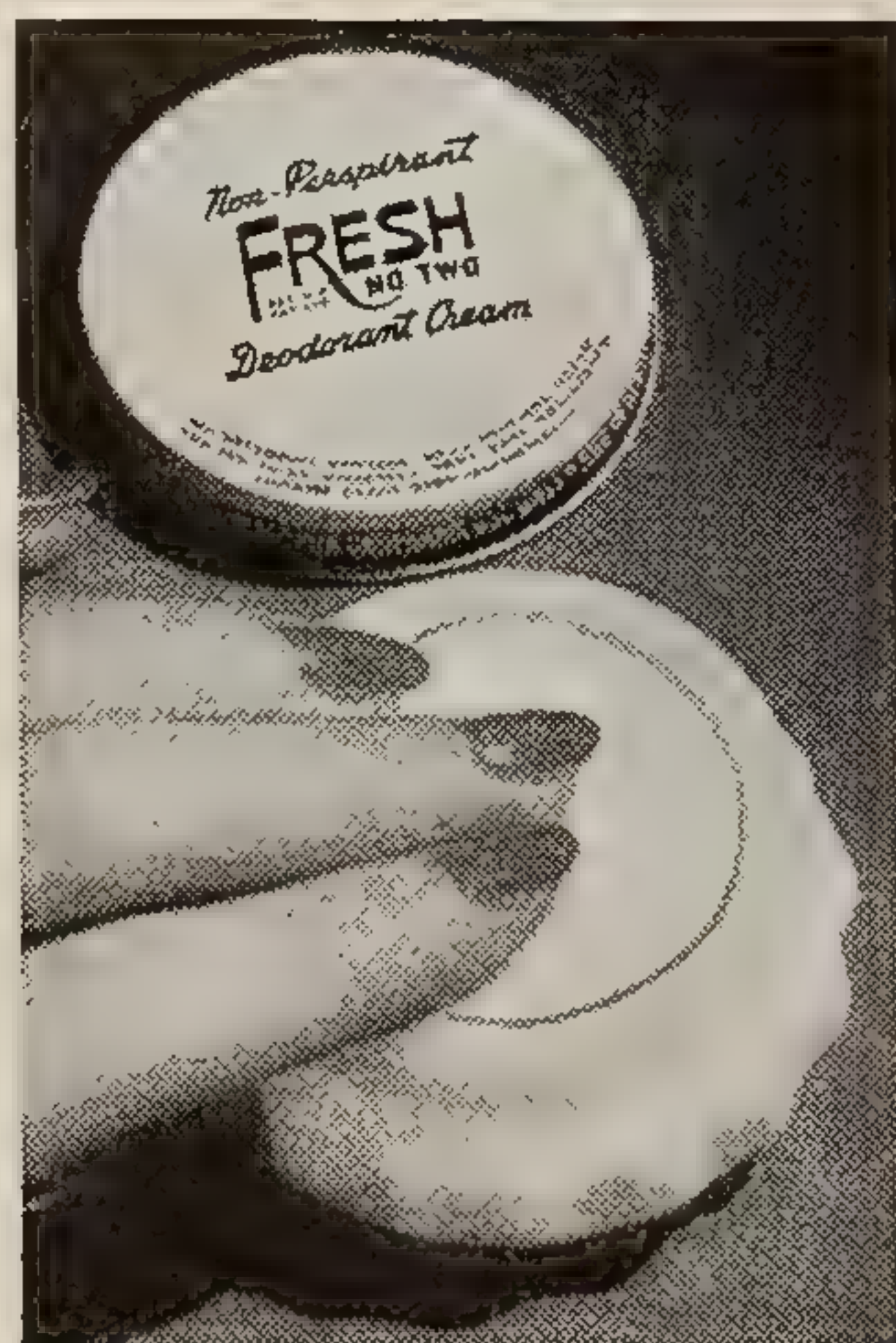
I was tongue-tied, as usual, during dinner, but Frances and Tom had so much to say to each other and to Matilda, who was serving us, that it didn't seem to make much difference. But in spite of her preoccupation with Tom, Frances never lost an oppor-

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tunity to draw me into the conversation, asking my opinion or addressing herself to me instead of my brother.

Oh, I thought, she was so much the person I wished I could be! She was so kind, and at the same time so strong and sure! Before the evening was over I was prepared to be her slave. There was nothing I wouldn't have done to make her happy—for of all the people I had ever known, she most deserved happiness.

Slowly, the knowledge grew in me of what I must do.

Frances must be told about Tom. It was a terrible thing to do to my brother. It almost certainly meant the wreck of all his plans for happiness. But his happiness was no longer as important to me as Frances', and I could at least play fair. I wouldn't talk about him to Frances behind his back. Whatever I said, I would say in front of him.

That opportunity came even sooner than I had expected. It was almost as if the fates were determined to give me no excuse for remaining silent. For after dinner, as the three of us settled down in the living room, Tom slipped his arm around Frances' waist and laughed:

"How about it, Jess?—Don't you think Fran's too good for me?"

There was a second's pause, while I looked at the happiness in their faces. Then I said:

"Yes."

Neither of them understood me at first. They went on smiling, sure that this was my way of joking.

I hurried on: "I've got to tell you, Frances—it's the only fair thing to do. It won't be pleasant—but better now than after you're married—"

Tom had stopped smiling. His face was very pale, but as he spoke the color came flooding back into it until it was a deep red. "What the devil are you talking about, Jess?" he demanded. "If this is a joke, it's a damned poor one—"

"Wait, Tom," Frances said with an authority surprising in someone so gentle and pretty. "Let Jess say what she wants to say."

"You know what I'm talking about, Tom," I said. "All the girls you've had—Angie Miller—and the one you brought to this house—and all the others since then. Francis has to know about them too, before she ties herself to you for the rest of her life." At the fury in his face, I shrank back against my chair. He had risen, and I thought he was going to strike me.

"Are you crazy?" he said thickly. "My own sister—saying things like that—God, I can't believe it!"

"It's true—you know it's true!" I almost screamed. "You can't deny it, no matter how much you want to."

"Who's denying?" Tom began—when Frances' soft voice cut him short.

"Tom," she said. "Please—don't say anything more. Just go away and leave Jess with me."

I WILL not! She's crazy—there's no telling what she'll do or say!"

"Tom—please," she said, just as softly as before. "It will be all right if you do. I promise."

Tensely, he hesitated—then turned and left the room.

I buried my face in my hands, sobs that I couldn't control shaking me like blows. I wasn't conscious of anything except that I had been afraid

and now I was safe, until I felt Frances' arms around me and heard her saying gently:

"Jess, you mustn't cry. You and I must talk."

Gradually, under her soothing influence, my hysteria ebbed away. "I'm sorry," I said. "But I—I didn't want to say anything—I just had to—and when Tom got so furious—"

"Yes, but Tom's gone now and you must tell me why you said what you did."

"Because it's true!" I insisted. "And because if you married Tom without knowing and found out later you'd hate him . . . your whole life would be ruined."

"You thought it would make that much difference?" she asked in a kind of reproachful wonderment. "But you were wrong. You see, I knew already . . . Oh, I didn't know any details," she went on when I only stared at her in amazement. "But, knowing Tom, I couldn't help knowing that he'd—been around. Anyone as full of life as he couldn't have helped tasting every experience that offered itself. But that was all before he knew me. It has nothing to do with the Tom I love."

"You—you don't care?" I gasped.

"Not in the least. Why should I? It was natural—and I don't want a saint for a husband. I want a flesh-and-blood man. So let's not think any more about it."

"Tom—" I whispered. "He's so angry—he'll hate me."

"I don't think so—not when I've talked to him and he understands. I'll tell him what I know is true—that you've been terribly unhappy."

No one had ever talked to me this way before, and suddenly it was as if a key had been turned in my heart, unlocking a door that freed all my hidden thoughts. I heard myself telling her things I had thought I could never tell a living soul—about Tom's birthday party, about my loneliness, even about Griff Adams.

When I had finished, Frances said only, "I'm so sorry, Jess. But you mustn't blame Tom. It's never possible for one human being to know how unhappy another one is. And you know most of your unhappiness you brought on yourself, by not being strong enough to accept reality."

YOU thought love—physical love—was degrading. It isn't, if it's real. Instead, it is the most beautiful thing in the world. Perhaps you're in love now, with Griff Adams. I don't know—and probably you don't either. One sure thing is that you never will if you don't give him a chance to make love to you."

"After last night," I said miserably, "he won't ever want to see me again."

Frances chuckled. "He's probably thinking the same thing about you. Why don't you call him up and see?"

"Oh, I couldn't—" I began. Then I saw Frances' quizzical, reproving look. I stood up. "I—I will," I said.

Frances left me alone in the living room with the telephone, while she went to find Tom and talk to him, but it was long minutes before I could get up courage to lift the receiver. Suppose he was furious, as he had every right to be? Suppose he wasn't even furious, but only amused and a little contemptuous? Suppose he

wasn't home, and I had to go through the agony of nerving myself to call him again. Suppose . . . ?

Then the ringing stopped and I heard his voice. And he wasn't angry or contemptuous. As soon as he knew it was I, the words tumbled out in the helter-skelter way that was so much a part of Griff Adams.

"I've been sitting here wondering if I had the nerve to call you. I thought probably you'd never want to talk to me again, but honestly, you didn't understand—I didn't mean—I didn't mean what you thought I did. I—say, won't you let me come over to see you?"

I laughed, a little shakily. "If you don't," I said, "I'm coming over to see you."

"I'll be there in two minutes flat," he promised.

It really wasn't much more than that, either, before I heard his ring at the door. I hurried to let him in, before Tom or Frances could get there ahead of me. It was strange to be meeting him there, taking his hat and coat, going through all the motions of ordinary life—while all the time I was trying to think what I might say.

But that was my first lesson in love—that words are not needed in some of life's greatest moments. For when we went into the living room Griff turned to me and smiled—so quietly, so tenderly that somehow I knew he would never want an explanation. He held out his arms, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, I walked into them.

It was as Frances had said. Love is beautiful, when it is real.

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BOB PINS

I Love You Too Much

Continued from page 23

stay on board your ship the whole way," I asked him, "or did you have to make a change or two?" It didn't sound so grim, put that way.

"We got it," he said soberly. "But one of the escort vessels picked us up pretty quick."

I tried to say something to cover the way my heart was beating at the picture his brief words had painted. But before I could answer he went on, speaking rapidly. "I guess that's what made me know I had to talk to you."

Now it was coming. He stopped under the dimmed-out street light and stood looking deeply into my face. "Maybe that sounds funny, maybe you didn't have the feeling I had, that we had to be straight with each other—"

I WOULD have spoken. I would have cried out, "Yes, Kit, yes! Oh, I did!" But he did not let me. He raised his hand and went on in this new, quick way. "We'd better skip that angle," he said. "I mean—well, I want us to be friends. All of us, because I've got a hunch that she's the kind of kid that needs friends—"

"She?" I drew a deep, tremulous breath and clenched my fists in my coat pockets, getting braced for what I began to know was coming.

"Yes. She's here now. My wife—" I didn't speak; I couldn't; and perhaps he understood that, because he hurried on. "It still seems funny, saying 'my wife,' sort of unreal. I mean, it all happened so fast, just before I sailed. The war, I guess, makes you do the things you want to do in a hurry, while there's still time. We hadn't known each other very long, but we—" He drew a deep breath as if he had to check himself before he told too much. But still, he'd told me all I needed to know. I could understand; I could see what had happened as clearly as if I'd been there. Young hands, reaching for happiness before it was snatched out of reach forever—unthinking, overeager perhaps, desperate. A few quick words: "Why not? . . . Why not now—today? Tomorrow may be too late."

"Anyway," he said in a different tone, "she's here now, got here a week ago to wait for me. She doesn't know a soul around here and she's young and—" He hesitated. "Well, you'll see when you meet her. Everything's mighty different here for her, and I thought maybe you'd sort of take her under your wing—"

He stopped with such a pleading, doubtful look in his eyes that I forgot a little of my misery. Whatever the facts were behind his halting, incoherent words, I felt somehow that he needed me, he was asking my help. "Of course, Kit," I said unsteadily. "Naturally I'll do anything I can for her."

I don't remember what we talked about, or if we talked, the rest of the way to the big hotel where they were staying. I was thinking fast, getting myself set to face Kit's wife, changing everything around in my mind—some things which did not change easily and hurt unbearably. I told myself that nothing had really happened, after all, between Kit and me. We had not even kissed. I tried to be glad of that. I tried to stifle the

traitorous longing that kept rushing up in me. If only I had something to remember! But no, that would not have been Kit. Whatever he had felt, he had been honorable. Maybe he hadn't felt anything but friendship. I must try to hope he had not. If I cared about him, I must think now only of helping to make his marriage happy. It was then I made the resolution that was so hard to keep.

Kit phoned their room but there was a message for him to meet her in the bar. Standing in the entrance I glanced quickly about the dimly lighted room. The only girl sitting alone was on a stool at the bar itself. So I had a good view of her from all sides before Kit led me between the tables.

She was a pretty girl, very pretty, with shining blonde curls piled elaborately on her head and dropping in a long bob down her back. Even without the eyeshadow and mascara that she wore, her brown eyes would have looked startlingly large and dark in her little pointed face. I forced my lips into a welcoming smile, scolding myself for the jealousy which had made me resist the idea that this could be Kit's wife. Why not? She was the kind that attracts every man. She was cute and desirable, and if her dress seemed too bright and glittering a print and cut too low, that was because I was looking for things to criticize. She was like a bright-plumed tropical bird and it wasn't her fault that I felt like a New England wren in my well-cut dull good wool dress.

I wrenched myself out of these miserable thoughts. I tried to smile at Kit's wife as he said, "Lacey, this is Barbara Nickerson."

SHE slipped off the stool and stood looking at me suspiciously, and then she suddenly smiled and seized both my hands. "Now, aren't you the sweetest thing!" she cried out. "Promisin' to trouble yourself about poor little me! But goodness knows I need it if anyone ever did. I thought I was lonesome down home after Kit left, but I declare I didn't know what being lonesome was till I got up here." She dropped my hands and grabbed his arm, clinging and looking with wide loving eyes into his face. "I just had to follow him up north and be right here when he got in!"

I bit my lip, trying to keep from turning away from the sight. She was so possessive, and she had a right to be!

Kit seemed embarrassed, too, and led us to a table. "Barbara will probably be able to help you find a place to live," he said as soon as we had ordered.

I was glad to have something practical to think about. "Why, yes, I think the next apartment to me is vacant. It's in a remodeled old house up on the Hill—"

But Lacey was looking from me to Kit in round-eyed surprise. "Why, that's mighty sweet of you," she said, "but why couldn't I just stay right on here in this hotel?"

Kit said gently, "A place like this is all right for a short stay, Lacey, but to live here regularly would cost a lot—"

She looked reproachful. "Why, Kit, after all that money you brought back

from your trip!"

I looked at him quickly, my heart stopping. "All that money." Didn't his own wife know what it meant if he brought good pay home from a voyage? Surely she must realize that every extra dollar meant peril that could not be paid for with money, risks taken that were not part of his job, voluntary acts of heroism and sacrifice. I could see Kit on an icy wave-swept deck, stepping quietly to take the place of a fallen naval gunner, giving quick efficient orders for an officer who was wounded—these were the things those extra dollars meant.

Kit was explaining patiently, "You remember, I told you how we'd be needing this money after the war—"

I wished I were miles from here. I didn't want to hear him say that word "we."

"People will be crazy to travel again, then." He turned to me, his eyes alight. "You see it, don't you? My idea was that I could run the sort of garage that could service the mid-get planes that mass production will make it possible for everybody to have—"

I had never heard him talk that way, and for a moment I felt only the thrill of his dream. "That's right," I said eagerly. "All the boys in the air service will be coming home and not wanting to give up flying—"

"That may be years from now," Lacey said and I saw that her red lips were puffed out in a pout. "And it looks like that waiter's going to wait till then to serve us, too—" She giggled suddenly at her joke like a child whose moods of storm and sunshine followed each other without leaving a trace. But I had a hard time smiling. She wasn't right for Kit! I couldn't argue the thought away. She shouldn't have been his wife!

BUT I had myself in hand by the time they came to see me the next afternoon, Sunday.

Kit looked around at my place with a pleased smile. "Say, this is nice," he said, examining a framed sampler that hung between my windows. "It's like a real home. Isn't it nice, Lacey?"

"The one next door is just the same," I said quickly. His words were upsetting my control.

"Is this all there is to it?" Lacey asked.

I opened the door to my shining red and white kitchenette. "And there's a bath, of course."

"You wouldn't need a big place, Lacey," Kit told her. "Being alone so much of the time—"

"I guess not." She shrugged and then suddenly smiled, hugging his arm. "It's just that I can't get used to things being crowded up together this way."

I saw how she felt—like a child, lost and strange in this northern city, knowing she must be alone here through the long, long weeks with no company but her worry and her fear.

"You can have fun fixing up your place." I told her about the street of second-hand shops nearby where she could pick up good things at bargains, sometimes real antiques, to supplement the routine furniture already in the apartment.

Her lips pouted in distaste. "I don't like old stuff," she said. Then, with one of her sudden changes of mood, she flashed her bright smile up at Kit. "But it doesn't matter—I can get along



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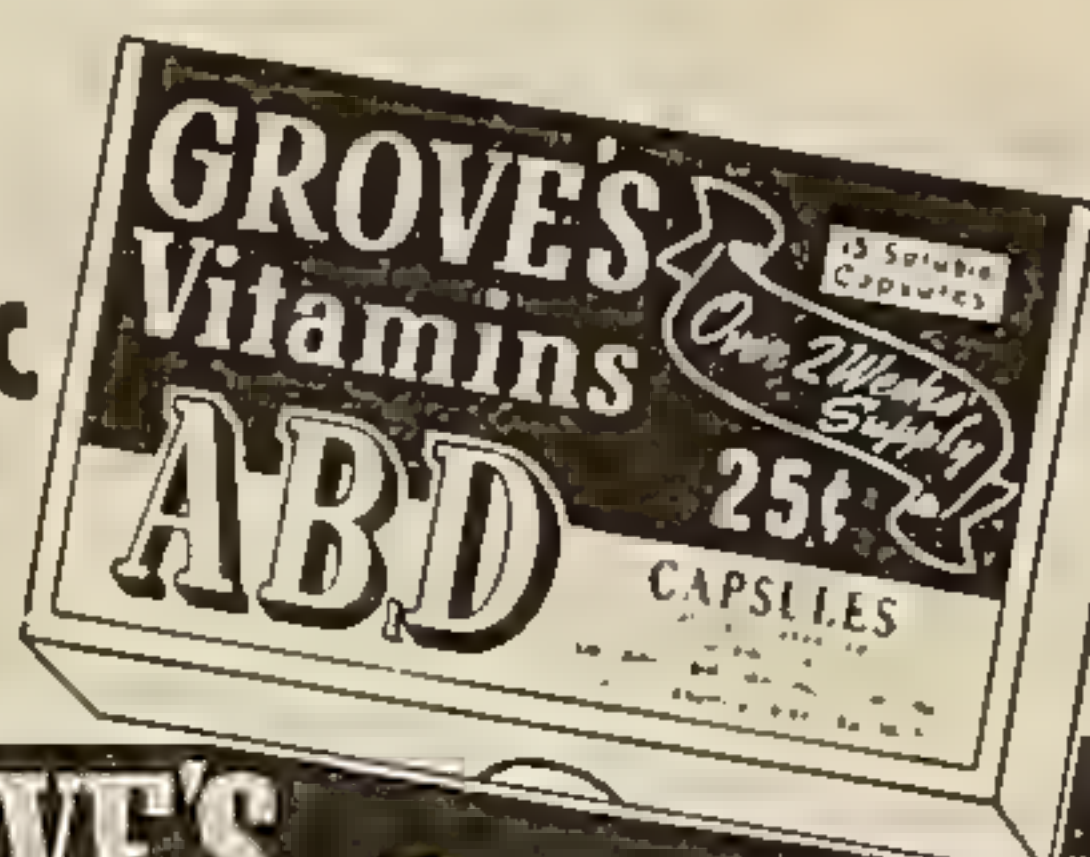
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all right. I won't—I mean we won't be here long, only until the war's over." She finished the sentence rather lamely, and I was left with the feeling that she'd started to say something else, then changed her mind just in time.

Later, after Kit had gone, I guessed what she had meant to say at first: "I won't be in the apartment much, anyway."

For she wasn't. The night after Kit shipped out again, I knocked at her door, intending to ask her out to dinner with me. There was no answer, and it was only by chance I caught her in the next night. Whatever I'd planned, when I told Kit I'd "take her under my wing," it was evident that Lacey had different ideas. As soon as she caught sight of the Priscilla Tea Shop, where I usually ate, she hung back. "Nothing but old women!" she said in horror. "Let's go where there's some life, at least."

BY the time we had found a place that suited her there was not much time for me to eat before I was due at the canteen. I hurried through my meal, but she took her time. "I thought," I said a little timidly, "you might like to come with me to the canteen."

She raised her arched eyebrows even higher. "Wash dishes and wait on tables for nothing?" she said, laughing. "No, thanks."

"But it isn't all washing dishes and waiting on tables," I urged. "We dance with the men, and talk to them, too. And I thought if you were lonely, it would be a chance to have some fun."

Her eyes narrowed, ever so slightly. "Well," she said musingly, "I suppose I could give it a try—All right. I don't mind."

Yet I knew, by the time the evening at the canteen was over, I had made a mistake. Lacey worked gamely at the chores she was given to do—and she was rather more efficient at them than I'd expected—but her manner with the men was wrong. All the hostesses were expected to be friendly, of course, for we were there to offer the men a cordial, lively kind of companionship. But the way Lacey treated them was different: too personal, too provocative. Her popularity was the kind that would make the men excitable and quarrelsome.

Or was I being over-critical? Did I want to find faults in Lacey Ericson?

I didn't know. Or, rather, I knew too well.

Others noticed her too, though, and after a week the gentle, sweet woman in charge of the hostesses asked me to speak to Lacey about her attitude.

It was no fun for me, but I tried to be diplomatic.

"The idea is that these men have been through so much at sea that they're all keyed up when they get ashore," I explained carefully. "We're supposed to ease them through it, help them relax. And you—" I smiled at her—"You're not exactly a relaxing influence."

She looked at me. "You wouldn't be a teentsy bit jealous, now, would you?" she asked sweetly. "You wouldn't maybe go a little green-eyed when you see the fellows piled up six deep around me instead of Barbara?"

I felt the blood hot under my skin. Yes, it was true I was jealous of her, and the knowledge was bitter to me. But not about these men! With an effort of will I controlled myself.

"Lacey," I said gently, "the idea is not to compete for the men's attention. It's just the opposite, to try to see that we have enough girls to go around. Don't you see?"

"I see, all right," she said angrily. "I see they're trying to run the place like an old ladies' home." Then she shrugged sullenly, indifferently. "But I don't care. I only started going there because you wanted me to, in the first place."

She never went back.

It was only by an effort, after that, that I saw her at all. I was busy four nights a week and all day long except Sundays. In the mornings she was still asleep when I left the apartment. At night, nearly always, her apartment was dark and empty when I came home to go wearily to bed. Where she went, how she spent her time, I didn't know.

But was I doing what I had promised Kit? Wasn't I slacking on the responsibility I had taken so thoughtlessly? "If you'd only help her," he'd said. "She's young and—"

So significantly, he hadn't completed that sentence. His loyalty had kept him from saying that she was thoughtless, spoiled, too fond of the easy admiration of men. On the other hand, I reminded myself sternly, he might not have said any such thing. Again, I might be letting the bitter, cankerous jealousy within me have too free a rein.

NEEDING companionship, someone to talk to, I turned back to Paul, as I had always turned to him before. I went with him to a party given by one of his fellow officers-in-training. It was good to be with him again, I found—good to see his familiar, friendly face, good even to know what he would say before he said it. I



Say Hello To—

ROBERT ALLEN—no relation to the Bob Allen who leads an orchestra, but a radio actor you're likely to hear on almost any dramatic show, daytime or night. Tall, brown and handsome, Bob was born thirty-three years ago in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and entered the theater professionally after graduating from Dartmouth. In films, he's appeared opposite Grace Moore, Jean Arthur, Loretta Young and Ann Sheridan, and was also starred as Bob "Tex" Allen in a long series of western pictures having to do with horses and cowboys and bad men. He really likes to ride horseback, too—and also likes to collect old phonograph records. He's married and the proud father of one child, and recently was the leading man in a Broadway play, "I Killed the Count."

wished, I really did wish, that I could love him. It would have been so easy, knowing I could never have Kit, to accept second-best Paul—so easy, and so complete a betrayal of Paul, who deserved better.

All evening, we both carefully avoided mentioning the canteen, my work there, or anything at all which would have reminded us of our last meeting when I had admitted I had fallen in love with someone else.

One thing that evening with Paul did for me—it stiffened my resolution to keep seeing Lacey whether she wanted me to or not. I went back to stopping in at her apartment, whether she was there or not—and sometimes, about half the time, she was. I went to the movies with her, once or twice even taking nights off from the canteen to do so. I made myself ignore the fact that often she was listless and bored, showing plainly that she considered another girl dull company.

"I'm not going home yet," she said one evening when we came out of the theater. Her little, pretty face looked into mine defiantly. "I'd go nuts in that place all by myself one more night."

"All right," I heard myself saying brightly. "Where shall we go?"

"We?" She stared at me suspiciously.

"Why not? Say where and I'll call a boy friend of mine to meet us." It wasn't, perhaps, entirely fair to Paul—yet I knew he would be pleased.

"No kidding?" She smiled with the sudden childlike delight that was so disarming. "We can make it a four-some?"

"We certainly can." But my heart sank. It was clear that she had already made a date. And she mentioned the Golden Gate Cafe with matter-of-fact familiarity.

Paul, when I telephoned and told him where we'd meet him, was stunned. I could almost hear his shock over the wire before he said, "The Golden Gate! You don't mean you want to go there!"

"Why?" I said. "Is it so terrible?"

"It certainly is," he said in cold disapproval.

If I had ever seen the Golden Gate, I might have realized that his tone was justified. As it was, I was a little nettled. "Well, that's where we're going," I said, "whether you want to come along or not."

"All right," he said curtly after a baffled pause. "I'll meet you there."

He was as good as his word, waiting on the sidewalk in front of the cafe when our cab drew up. And of course he was well-bred enough—you could always trust Paul for that—to keep his face inscrutable when I introduced Lacey.

The Golden Gate was a long room with a crowded bar running down the full length of one side. The rest of it, except for a tiny spotlighted alcove on the opposite wall, was packed with tables so close together that every time I moved my back touched the back of the man at the table behind me. People passing along the narrow aisles could not have avoided brushing against us if they had been cold sober, which none of them were. The atmosphere was dense with smoke and the fumes of beer and whiskey made me feel a little ill.

"We're early," Lacey said. "My date's not due for a while yet." She eyed Paul while he gave our order to a large waitress in soiled pink. It was easy to see she didn't quite know

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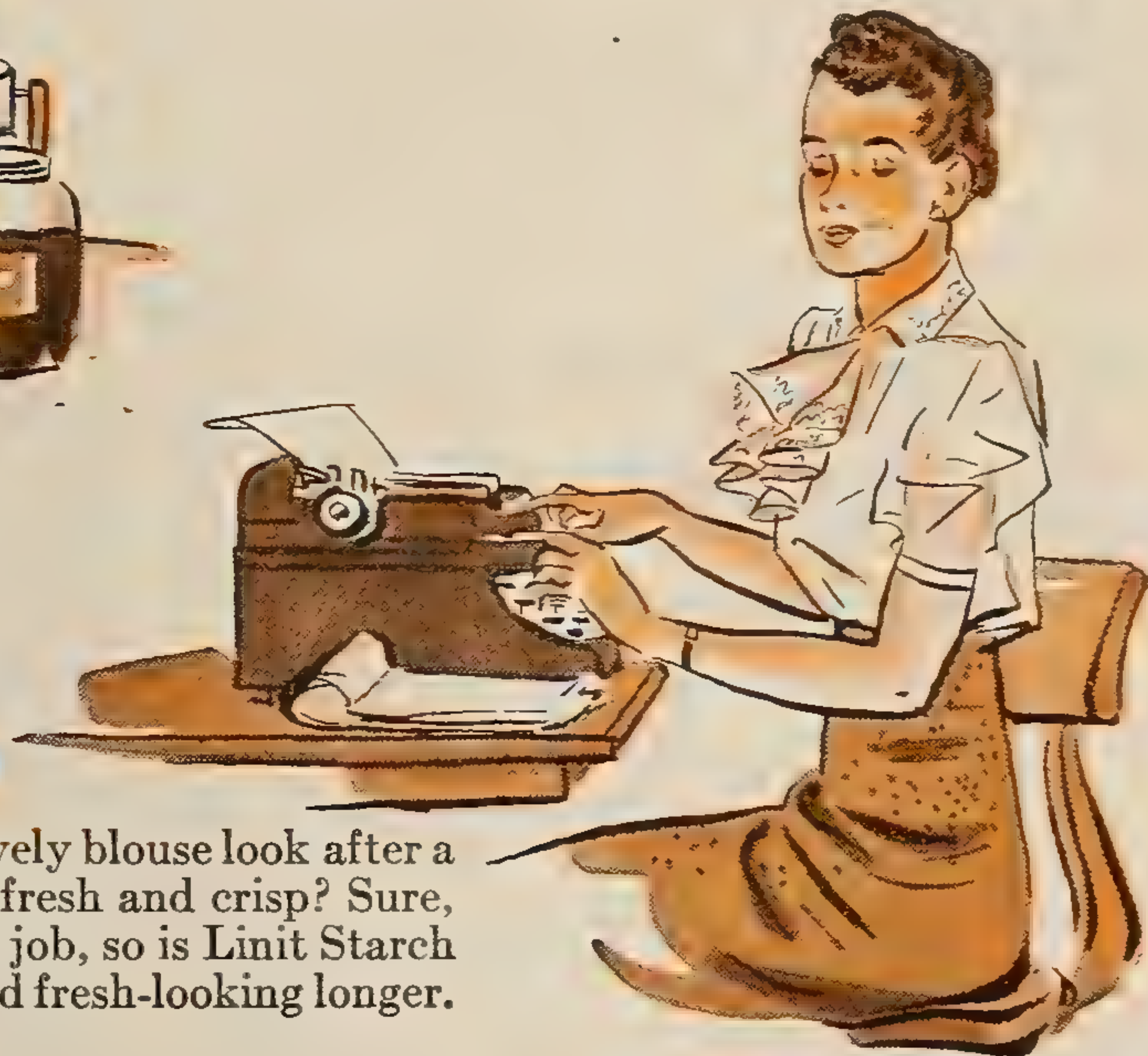


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what to make of him. She liked his dark good looks, but his disapproving air worried and repelled her. A few sips of the drink the waitress brought and slammed down on the sticky table top, however, loosened her tongue.

"Barbara didn't tell me she had a soldier for a boy friend," she announced. "I thought sure it'd be a sailor, she spends so much time down at that canteen place."

Paul smiled. "Maybe it is," he said. "Barby doesn't tell me everything, either."

It wasn't very funny, but Lacey giggled; and when she laughed she looked so young and pleased and pretty that I couldn't help being touched. She was just like a child, with a child's taste for taking her fun with plenty of noise and excitement. What harm was there in that?

IT was rather sweet of her, in a way, to be so uncritical in her enjoyment. When a middle-aged singer in garish make-up and little else squeezed herself between the orchestra and the patrons and groaned a deafening torch song into a microphone, Lacey hummed almost reverently with her, and she watched the rest of the cheap, vulgar entertainment with shining eyes. Between numbers she stared with wide-eyed expectancy around her, waving and screaming greetings above the din. I tried not to look apprehensive at every man who lurched down the aisle, afraid that this at last might turn out to be Lacey's date.

He arrived around midnight—a big red-faced man whom Lacey introduced defiantly as Bill McGeehan. He nodded briefly at Paul and me and sat down close to Lacey, saying something I couldn't hear but which made her crinkle up her nose and laugh delightedly.

"Look," Paul said to me, "I've got a stiff calculus quiz due tomorrow morning. How about us leaving—I don't think we're wanted much anyhow."

"Don't," I told him urgently. I grasped his hand, tight. "Don't go, Paul."

He looked down at me, surprised and pleased, and his hand answered mine. "Well, if that's the way you feel..." he said.

I felt guilty, and wanted to explain. But I knew if I did he'd insist upon leaving, and I couldn't leave Lacey now. She had had a good many drinks and they were beginning to show. She was leaning almost on Bill McGeehan's shoulder, looking up into his face with a frank invitation that he could hardly be expected to resist. I thought of Kit, and nearly choked with disgust and revulsion.

"Miss me, honey?" Bill shouted at her over the noise around us. "Think I was going to stand you up for once?"

She shook her head, her eyes languorous, not even caring now about my hearing what they said.

And I wouldn't. I would not try to listen for things that would incriminate her. I smiled brightly at Paul and asked him about his mother. He answered eagerly, giving me all the news of his family and of people we both knew. But I couldn't keep my mind on what he was saying. I wanted so terribly to look over at Lacey and Bill McGeehan. But when at last I did, they were gone.

"Where are they?" I interrupted Paul, sharply.

"To dance, I suppose," he said, "or what passes for dancing on that floor." His hand took mine again. I peered out at the crowded dancers and shook my head. "They're not there, Paul."

"Well, suppose they're not?" he asked with sudden impatience. "Personally, I hope we've lost them."

"Lacey's such a kid," I told him. "And in a place like this anything might happen to her."

"Nothing she wouldn't want to happen," Paul said with uncharacteristic frankness.

"Paul, don't!"

"Why not?" His brows lifted in amazement. "Is she sacred? What is she to you?"

I could have told him that in some strange way she *was* sacred. She was Kit's wife. I said, "I—I've got to find her, Paul."

I got up and he followed, unwillingly, up and down the crowded bar. I left him finally to search the Ladies' Room. Maybe Lacey was sick. But she was not there. She was not anywhere in the Golden Gate.

"It's late, Barby," Paul told me impatiently. "Let's go."

There was nothing else to do. At home I knocked at Lacey's door without much hope. "Oh, Paul—" I turned to him desperately. "What shall I do?"

"Go to bed and get some sleep."

"But—"

PAUL compressed his lips. He was totally without sympathy. "If you'd tell me *why* you care so much what happens to a girl who's obviously able to take care of herself—"

"It's because she's married," I said. I wished wildly that he would understand the rest—yet, somehow, I was also afraid he would. "She'll wreck her marriage this way."

But he stared uncomprehendingly. "No doubt. Still, it couldn't have been much of a marriage to begin with. Why should it make any difference to you?"

"It does, though."

I think that then, although Paul was never very sensitive, he did guess the truth. A shadow of anger crossed his eyes. He was not going to be kind—I could see that. Perhaps, I've thought since, that moment was his chance to change what I felt for him from friendship into love. I would have been so passionately grateful, just then, for sympathy, for help! And I was looking for a miracle that would help me to love him instead of Kit. But Paul could never have understood that.

"I give up," he said gruffly. "Call me when you're sane, if that time ever comes." And I watched his broad, straight back retreating down the stairs.

I had never felt so alone—and yet I had company enough. I had a kind of exultation that now Lacey had been proved, beyond any shadow of doubt, unworthy of Kit. I had the knowledge that I could tell him, and watch while he cast Lacey aside. And I had my shame that I could even think of such things. Oh, yes, I had all the companionship I needed through the hours until dawn while I waited, straining my ears for the sound of Lacey's return to the apartment next door.

Just as the first gray light was creeping in at the windows, I heard her come up the stairs—unsteadily, waveringly; heard the click of the

key in the latch, and the slam of the door behind her.

I got up then. There was no use trying to sleep any more this night. I could only struggle with the problem that was squarely before me. What should I do?

Lacey was in my power. Kit would believe me, no matter what she said. I could put a stop to this marriage that should never have taken place in the beginning. I could return to Kit his self-respect, his freedom . . . But he didn't know he'd lost the first, and perhaps he didn't want the second. And yet I couldn't tell him—I knew that. I loved him too much to hurt him, even for his own good.

AT eight o'clock I was knocking at her door. At first there was no answer, but I kept on. Presently I heard the clack of her slipper heels and the door opened. Lacey was standing there staring at me resentfully.

But what a different Lacey! Her hair, usually so elaborately dressed, was a tangle of pins and combs. In the morning light, with lipstick and rouge left mostly on her pillow, she looked pale and sallow. Smudges of mascara and blue-green eyeshadow gave her a grotesque look heightened by the background of the untidy room, the tumbled studio couch.

She said, "Now you've got me all waked up you might as well come in." She disappeared into the bathroom and came back swallowing a couple of aspirin tablets. Then she smiled with her sudden infectious gaiety, that could almost make me forget the night before. "Boy, have I got a head," she said, easing herself onto the couch warily. "Pardon me if I seem to go back to bed, but it looks like little Lacey took one too many last night . . . And speaking of last night," she added too carelessly, "what became of you and the boy friend? We looked around and all of a sudden you were gone."

I didn't want to fence. "You know that isn't true, Lacey," I said. "You were the ones that were suddenly gone. We looked all over for you. I finally came home when we couldn't find you. And I heard you come in about dawn."

"Don't you get a little tired of spying on me?" she demanded furiously.

"Lacey, no!" I was genuinely hurt. "Lacey, honestly, all I thought was that I could help keep you from being too lonely—"

She smiled scornfully, reached for a crumpled pack of cigarettes, drew one out and jabbed a match viciously against its folder. "Lonely! What else could I be around here? I'm used to being among folks that know how to live, have a good time! But I don't suppose you can understand that!"

"Yes, I can," I said, looking at her miserable little face. She was like a sick, cross child. "Lacey, I can understand what it must be like for you, coming up here where it's all so different—"

"I'd go crazy if I didn't find a few friends for myself!"

That was a mistake, and she knew it when I said, "A few?" Then McGeehan wasn't the only one! She glanced away from me, leaned over with a groan to snub out her cigarette.

"All right," she said sulkily after a moment. "Now you know. You've got a swell chance to make me look like poison to Kit. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

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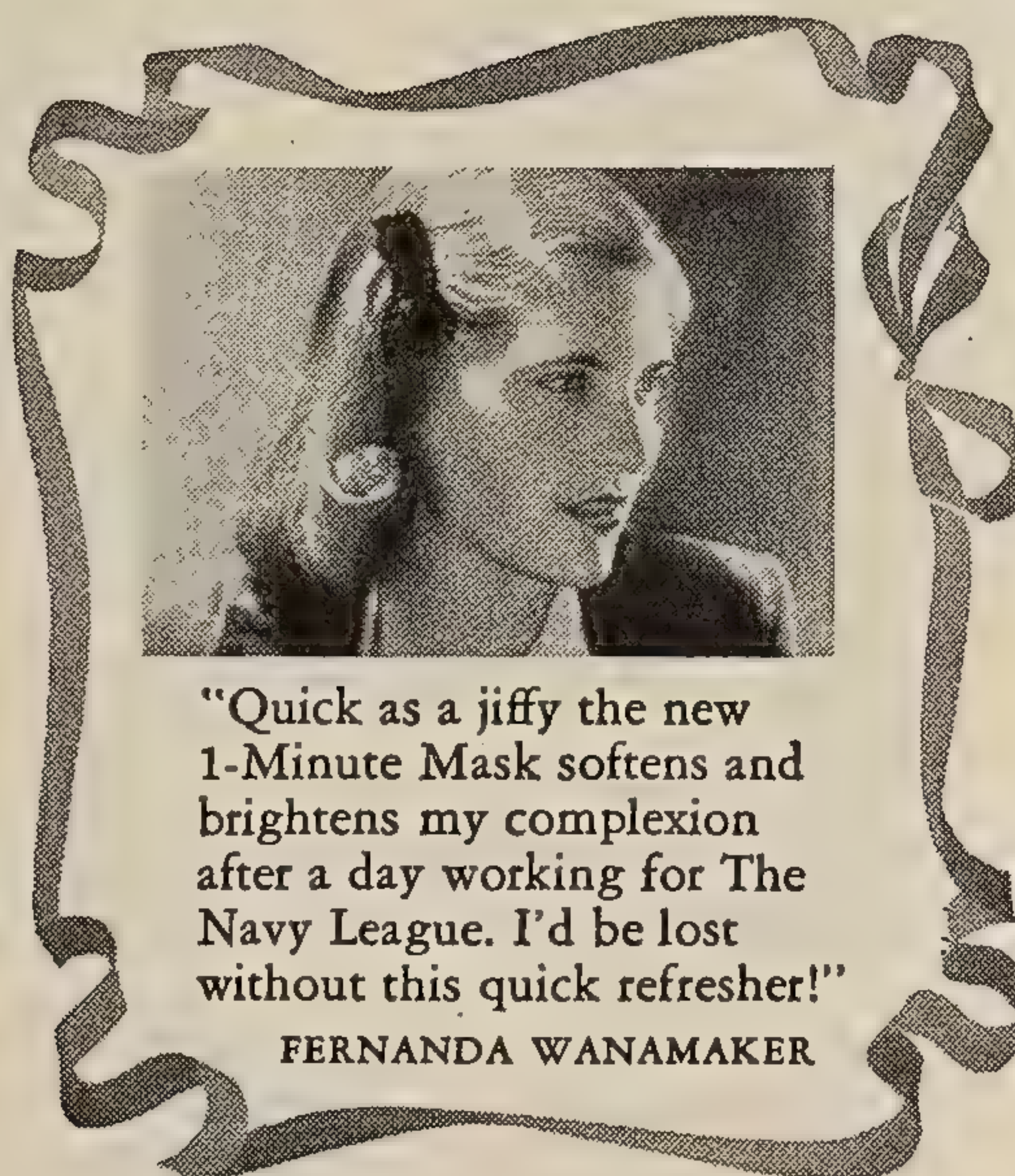
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"No," I said slowly. And I hoped it was true!

She eyed me. "But you're going to use it, now you've got it. You're going to tell Kit, aren't you?"

"I—I don't know—" I faltered.

She seized me by my shoulders. "Barbara, I swear there wasn't any harm in what I did last night. I couldn't bear it for Kit to think there was. You know it would be a mighty sad thing for him to have to go away on his next trip thinking things like that about his wife. I'll do anything you want, if you won't tell. Anything!"

"I don't want you to do anything," I said, "except what you wouldn't mind Kit knowing about."

"I promise, Barbara!"

She didn't keep her promise, but I knew by then that I couldn't tell Kit. If I had wanted him myself, it would have been easy and right to tell; but because I loved him it would be all wrong.

ONCE that was decided, I felt a strange relief. I could not be happy, I could never be happy without Kit, but I felt a sort of peace that is hard to describe. At the office I worked like an automaton, able again to type out my long complicated forms without a mistake. The men's careless talk at the canteen no longer bothered me. I could hear them talk about "pea shooters" and know they meant machine guns, yet not shiver with fear for Kit. Somewhere a voice inside me was calmly reassuring: "What's going to happen will happen, and there's nothing you can do about it."

That serenity was shattered, though, when Kit returned and I had to watch him with Lacey—watch the amused affection in his eyes at her cute, child-like high spirits. She was a different girl when he was there, all gaiety and sweetness. Perhaps she really does love him, I thought dully.

Then, shatteringly, would come the realization that I could still take him away from her. I could change that expression in his eyes to one of hatred when he looked at her.

When I was alone—at night, knowing that they were together next door—I clenched my hands and pressed them against my mouth to stifle the words that were clamoring to be uttered. But each time I saw them I arranged a smile on my face and was silent. I might lose my love, my happiness, my whole life—but I would keep one thing: the right to look into my own eyes in the mirror without flinching away in self-disgust.

Until the night Kit came, unexpectedly, in to the canteen. It was still early, and the place was only a quarter full. He came straight over to my counter and said unceremoniously, "Can you come home with me?"

I looked at the strange cold look of his face with wonder and I said, "Of course."

"I'd like to have you with me when I see Lacey. There's something—" He broke off.

I went to get permission and joined him on the street. We walked silently to the apartment house.

When he opened the door, Lacey whirled from the mirror where she had been rouging her lips. "Kit, you're so late! I thought you'd be home an hour ago and—" she began petulantly, and stopped when she saw me.

Kit paid no attention. He looked at her without emotion. "Lacey, tell me the truth," he said quietly. "Lacey, what's the truth of what I've been hearing about you?"

Lacey's stare went from him to me, and her face lost all its color so that the rouge stood out starkly on her lips. "I might have known you'd cross me up!" she said tightly, shrilly. "Promising you wouldn't—"

"Lacey, stop!" I put my hands on her shoulder. "I haven't told him!"

But anger had flooded her brain with fury and she was no longer able to hear or think. "All right!" she cried out wildly. "Now he's got your story he might as well have the rest." She whirled on Kit. "Do you think I'd ever have married you if I'd known what I was getting? A guy that couldn't be pried loose from his cash without a crow-bar!" She drew up her small body and fairly spat her words at him. "You listen here, Kit Ericson! If you ever thought I was planning to sit by the fire and watch your little business grow an inch a year till we were old, I'm telling you right now that you were mighty wrong!"

Kit said, "Yes. I was wrong." That was all. But something about the very quietness of the way he said it made Lacey hear him, see him, suddenly. She looked bewildered as if she listened to the echoes of her own voice saying the things that she had said, and she was afraid.

Kit went on. "Barbara didn't tell me anything. A fellow at the union hall told me. I wouldn't believe him—but I believed him enough to want Barbara here with me when I asked you about it. I guess—that was a good idea."

Some of Lacey's defiance came back. She laughed. "Yes, I guess it was. What you didn't know before, you know now." She shrugged. "Oh, well. I can't say I'm too sorry. It was bound to happen, sooner or later."

"Good bye, Lacey," Kit said.

GOOD BYE, Kit. It was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?"

Kit didn't answer that pitiful attempt at gallantry. He turned toward the door, and I followed him. I'll always remember my last sight of Lacey—a flamboyant figure in a scarlet jersey, slender and graceful, extravagant against the drab background—of a furnished apartment in a New England town.

Kit and I went into my apartment and I made some coffee. We didn't talk; we were both too exhausted with the tension we had been through. But we were at peace. I think he felt as I did, that the future was straight and clear ahead of us, with no happiness very near, but shining far off in the future. We could hope, we could get through the present with its waiting and danger and hard work, and while we did our job we could plan and build and dream. It was as settled and sure in the very air around us as if we had talked about it.

As settled, in fact, as it is today. For as I write, word has just come that Lacey's divorce has been made final. Kit doesn't know—he's at sea, and it will be weeks, perhaps, before he is back. But he will come back, safely. Of that I am sure, just as I am sure that these days of war will at last bring triumph to men of good will, everywhere.

Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 47

whom I could talk, someone to help me clarify my mind. Someone really, I suppose, although I didn't admit it in so many words, to pat me on the back and tell me that all my fears were foolish. And so I went back to the boarding house. Good old Gracie was there, God bless her, and she knew, the minute she looked at my face, that something had happened. But she was smart enough to keep quiet about it, to let me get around to telling her in my own way.

We went out and had some chile together at our favorite little cafe, where even at nine in the evening it's difficult to get a table. And after I'd eaten, hardly tasting the hot food, I told her everything, swearing her to secrecy about my marriage because of my promise to Dean.

To her, that marriage seemed about the most glamorous thing that had ever happened to anyone—you remember how impressed she'd been with Dean when first I introduced them!—and she at once began to find a thousand excuses for Dean's sudden departure. I gave her the little note to read, and she interpreted it so generously that I began to catch her mood, too, began to feel that maybe everything was going to turn out all right after all.

THEN I told her, too, about Tom's confession before he had left on the train. She made a deprecating gesture with her hand, and said, "Oh, Jackie—how can you mention him in the same breath with Dean?"

Somehow, that stung. I resented her words about Tom. I felt—well, sort of *motherly* about Tom Trumble. And anyway, troubled as I was about everything, one fact was clear—Dean Hunter was perfectly able to take care of himself, but Tom Trumble was the kind who needed someone to stand up for him.

I stood up. "Let's go, Gracie," I said, and suddenly I was in a panic to get away, for I felt the backwash of that strong tide of emotion which had carried me on its crest for a while. I felt tears rising stinging, unrepresibly, to my eyes. I stumbled over, leaving Gracie to pay the bill. In a moment, she caught up to me, slipped her arm through mine, guiding me. I tried to stop crying, but it was beyond my control now. I even tried to make myself laugh by picturing how ridiculous I must look, walking along the street crying, just as a child, unashamed of tears, does. But I couldn't help it; the past hours bore down on me and I was tormented by a sense of disaster and the fear that I had taken false, irretraceably false, steps.

Gracie put her arms about me, and her voice was amazingly gentle. "I'm a fiend, Jackie. Was it what I said about Tom? Who am I to decide how you feel about whom and when? Maybe this Tom Trumble is your boy—and Dean Hunter just your suppressed desire—or, rather, not so very suppressed, but—"

"Oh, Gracie," I cried, half sobbing, half laughing at her tangled up way of trying to make things clear. "Let's get home in a hurry. I guess I'm just tired."

I was afraid, when I went to bed, that I wouldn't be able to sleep, that the night would be a thousand years

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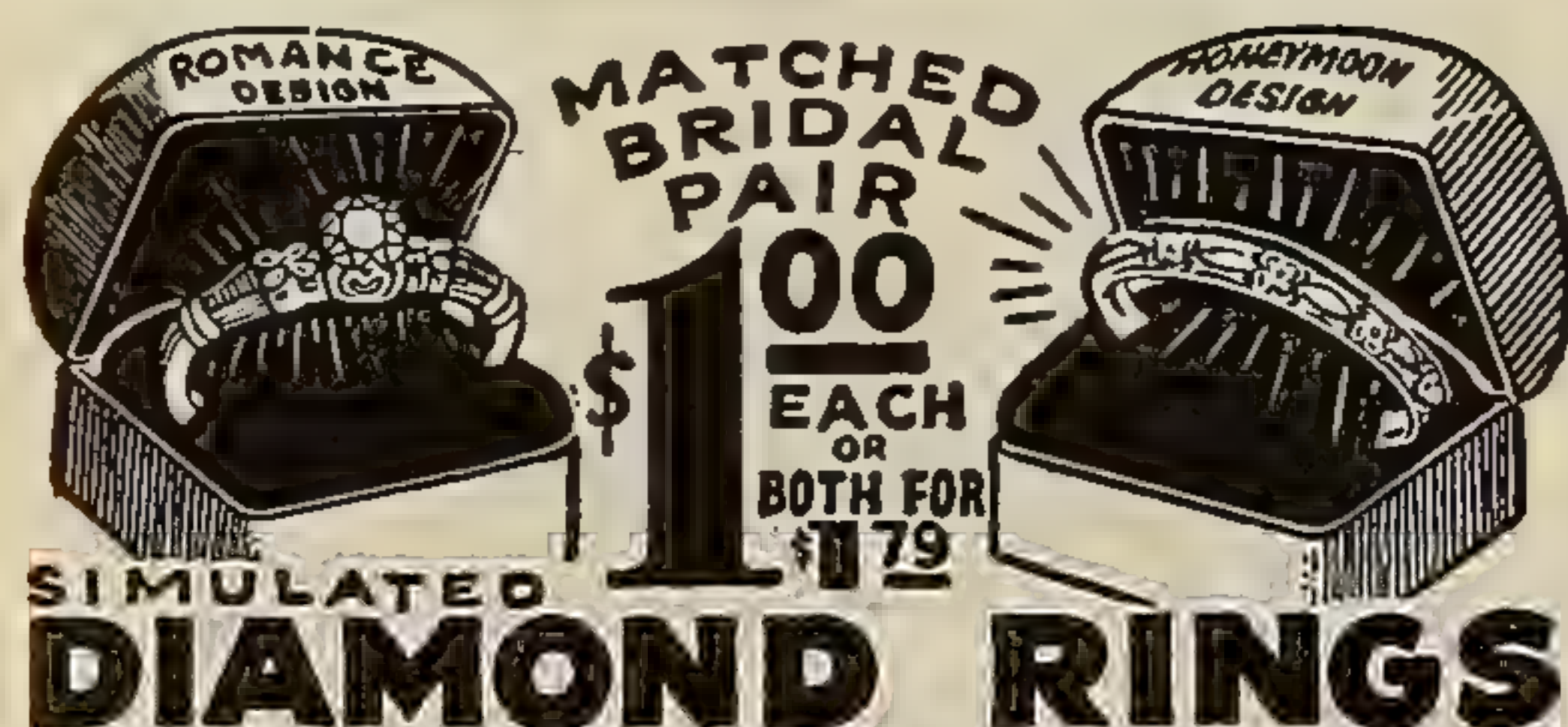
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long, as lonely, fear-ridden nights always are. But I fell asleep almost at once. I must have been completely exhausted, physically, mentally and emotionally.

Next day was better, easier to get through, for I awoke with the strange, sort of suspended-in-air feeling that the whole thing was only something I'd dreamed. I sat down, before I went to work, to try to write a note to Dean, but I had to tear up three before I finally got down on paper one that made sense, one that didn't make me seem like a silly fool.

Oh, I don't mean that I didn't care. There was a funny, hurt spot, like a sharp stone pressing into my breast. But sleep had somehow put a protective covering around it—the hurt was dull now, not swift pain. And the image of Dean had been strangely dulled, too. The sight of him, the sound of him, the touch of his hands was a memory and not a reality as I moved about in my dream-like state that morning. Strangely, I could remember Tom Trumble better. I could see his face sharply, recall his funny, half-awkward puppy-dog lovable-ness. I could remember what he had said to me before he left, and how he had gone, finally, with hope still in his heart.

THE office was buzzing when I got there. Anyone who's ever been in the radio business knows what a variable, uncertain, but fascinating profession it can be. Of course, I'd only been on the fringe, watching the stars, listening to the conferences, taking down the letters of negotiation and agreement, putting in my little two cents' worth at rehearsals, but even so, I always felt that radio was my job, that I was, in a small but still important way, a part of it.

That morning, the buzzing in the office concerned that now-famous program of Hiya Soldier. Word had got around that the show at which the soldier "broke up" in a sentimental song and the popular Dean Hunter pulled the continuity together, was their best performance to date—that the show had really hit a new stride. And I felt—well, sort of possessive about the whole thing. I don't know how to explain it, but the office gossip, the talk that something new and important was brewing, in a way made up for the hurt Dean had caused me yesterday, for the loneliness, the sense of being at loose ends, which I felt.

I was in Colonel Wilson's office that morning when one of the toughest radio men in Washington came in, to say, "We've got mail and calls and wires on that show that'd make your head swim. They loved it. It made people believe that it was the real goods. A soldier begins to cry while singing a song about his home. Then their favorite singer steps up and finishes the song for him while the audience chimes in. It's a winner! Boy, I've seen 'em try for an effect like that in rehearsal, but it never quite comes off. Believe me, it only goes over when it's the real thing."

I suppose it was feminine vanity that came to my rescue to help me through that day. The idea that my husband and a boy who said he loved me were the center of a lot of talk like that gave me a warm little glow of pleasure, thawed away some of the ache.

That afternoon came the telegram from Dean. It was short, and it was

unsatisfactory—saying only that we'd see each other very soon—but it was something. It suggested no plan, gave me nothing to dream about, but it helped. So I was feeling a lot better when Colonel Wilson sent for me, just about closing time.

And when I heard the Colonel's plan, my heart began to beat almost unpleasantly fast. He wanted a repeat show. Since everyone was in agreement—public and officials and critics alike—that it had been such a hit, why not bring the two men back on the program?

I turned my face away, for I knew what that repeat performance would mean to me must show there. My heart raced, imagining it. That first program had had my destiny wrapped up in it. And now there was to be another one, one which would surely untangle, inevitably, dramatically, the twisted threads that fate had spun for me in the first one.

The Colonel was waiting for me to say something, and finally I managed, "Do you think the Army will let Trumble come east again?"

He shook his head. "That's the least of my worries. The real question is—can we get Dean Hunter to make another trip?"

Could we? "Oh—I—I think so," I said, quickly.

The Colonel smiled, and his eyes were twinkling.

"Oh, we could, could we?" he chuckled. "What is this strange power you have over big radio stars?"

I turned away from him, looking out the window at the scurrying traffic below, wondering myself—not *what* power, but if I really had it. Suppose I just sent for Dean, I mused. Just sent for him, without a reason, but urged him to come to me. Would he come? A husband would. Well, Dean was my husband—oh, but he wasn't *like* a husband!

The Colonel's voice brought me back with a start. "You don't have to answer, young lady. I know how things are."

I swung around to face him. "You mean you—?" I began.

HE smiled and put up his hand to stop me. "Now calm down, missy. I don't know any details. All I know is that I had a phone call from Dean Hunter before he went back to New York, and—"

"He phoned you?"

"Yes—he was trying to reach you and thought I might know where you were. When I told him that I didn't, he said he had to go back to New York, and he added, 'Take extra special care of her, will you, Bill?'"

I felt as if I had walked into a bracing wind from a hot, stuffy room. Dean had tried to find me. Dean had told the Colonel to keep his eye on me. "He said that?"

Colonel Wilson nodded. "Does that surprise you?" His eyes were twinkling again, pleasure crinkling the corners of his mouth.

"No." Then I laughed a little, a laugh that sounded high and relieved. "No."

"So listen to this, young lady. 'We've decided on a repeat show, as I told you. And I've decided that you're just the person to go up to New York and arrange for a return appearance of Dean Hunter on Hiya Soldier!'"

"Me?" It was going to be all right. I could see Dean—

"Yes, you."

"When?"

"Bright and early tomorrow morning. Is that all right with you?"

Was it all right with me? Oh, nothing could have been righter. Everything was working out to banish my fears, to put my topsy-turvy world back on its feet. I don't know to this day whether Dean and Colonel Wilson had talked it over on the phone, arranged this as a surprise for me. But I knew that things seemed to be straightening out, that the sharp stone in my breast had gone away. I was going to see my husband. Husband—somehow, it was a funny word to think of in connection with Dean. I said it over and over to myself as I walked home—trying to reconcile it with my curious relationship with Dean Hunter. But it didn't matter. All that mattered was tomorrow...

WHEN Dean met me at Pennsylvania Station his arms were filled with the most beautiful roses you ever saw. "I wanted the mayor to come to meet you," he laughed, "but he had to go to a fire."

I laughed, too—and I could really laugh, now. "You look wonderful, Dean. I—I'm so glad to see you!"

He tucked his arm through mine and began to steer me out of the station. He did look well—but somehow he seemed a little more nervous than usual.

"I couldn't be gladder to see anybody," he was saying, and then we were on our way, laughing and joking as we headed for a taxi.

For the next few days I was once again in seventh heaven. Dean, no matter what you might think of him, is a most companionable, amiable and amusing person to be with. It was one round of enjoyment from morning till night. And I must admit I was carried away by the excitement. Of course, I soon gave him Colonel Wilson's message about the repeat show and he agreed at once to be there. As for myself—and what was to become of the two of us—I found it impossible to spoil the wonderful, thrilling hours by raising practical considerations. I remembered my father's warning: never belong to a man until you're sure he belongs to you. But it was too late to think of that. I responded to Dean's love-making because I found him attractive and because he was my husband, but when I let myself think of it I knew that I was living on the edge of a precipice and that there was no assurance of what the next day would bring.

Then came the night of Margaret Shelley's party.

At last, I met Diana Stuart.

Margaret Shelley is probably one of the greatest hostesses in the world; when she gives a party everybody, even the hostess, has a good time. She had become a great success writing dramatic radio scripts, Dean explained, partially because she dashed them off so blithely, and partially because she understood people so well that they had a great naturalness about them. Margaretta—that was everybody's nickname for her—had a very wealthy husband (in the steel business, as I remember it) and they lived in a beautiful home out on the North Shore of Long Island.

All those days of careless rapture, of extravagance and unconcern about tomorrow seem pretty flat now that we're in the thick of war, but remember how blind so many of us were in



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those weeks and months before Pearl Harbor. The fact is, it's difficult to remember and believe how gay and unconcerned the people were that night.

Margaret Shelley had a great knack of gathering together all the most amusing and attractive people in the radio industry. Her home was one of those big frame houses set on a little hill with sloping lawns, with one huge maple tree and shrubs and hedges that gave you the feeling there was no form or plan to the landscaping but that there wasn't a corner of the estate that wasn't picturesque.

The house, by the time we got there that fall evening, was simply jammed with guests. Margaret knew everybody, and nobody who was invited to one of her parties ever failed to show up. Margaret was witty and warm—a warmth I felt the moment Dean introduced us.

"This is my favorite person, Margaretta," he said and she took my hand warmly and said, "I'm really glad to know you."

THERE was glamour in the place and everybody felt it. There was tension, too, and I soon found out why. It centered around Dean Hunter—and me.

A lot of us were crammed into the little room beside the huge dining room. Here Margaretta was accustomed to hold court behind the tiny bar and mix each guest's favorite drink. There were more of us in this cubicle than in all the other rooms of the huge house put together. But it was very gay and the air was filled with pleasant banter. Then Margaretta said in her forthright way, "Oh, Dean, I must tell you. Diana is coming."

I saw that his face went suddenly pale, but he said, "Margaretta, you demon. You know she shouldn't—"

"Now I know just what you're going to say, Dean," she told him, "but don't be silly enough to think that I'd invite her. Not me. She just wrote me a note which said—well, here it is right here—so listen: 'Dear Margaretta. Of course you can't invite me to your soiree since Dean will have to bring his little visiting firewoman. But I wouldn't miss it for the world, darling, so I'll be there with bells on. Love, Diana.' Think of it—a thing like that happening right in these four walls! How does it feel, child," she went on, smiling at me warmly, "to be in the middle of a drama? Just you, and Dean, and this fantastic demon of a woman . . ."

Then Margaretta Shelley was suddenly starting a new sentence, directed at the tall, striking blonde who had come into the room, and whom I instantly recognized as the girl I'd seen in the lobby of the Washington hotel that fateful morning-after.

Margaretta was saying, "Why, Diana. Fancy meeting you here. Don't you really think you should knock before entering a private apartment?"

Diana Stuart's voice was calm, dangerously so. "Now, Margaretta, don't you start being clever. I came here to look at the little Washington heartbreaker and I intend to . . ." She faced me squarely but went on talking to the crowd. "Well," she said, "she's not half bad, is she, in a certain repulsive sort of way?"

There was a gasp, like a hiss from an engine, in that little room. People began to turn away and Margaretta

was busy with mixing a drink. Dean was incredibly pale, glaring with unrelenting fury at this woman. It was easy to see that she had had too many drinks and that she was determined to cause trouble. Some sixth sense told me that this was one time in my life when I had to call on all my self control to keep from showing the white fury that burned inside of me. I said very quietly to Margaret Shelley, "Perhaps I should have a drink, please. I'd like to try to catch up."

Margaretta laughed out loud, and Dean gasped. Diana Stuart turned on her heel and unluckily for her staggered a little as she went into the other room. Then Margaretta said with emphasis, "We'll drink to you, Washington heartbreaker. You're all right, God love you," and the crowd's nervousness dissolved in laughter as they all joined in the drink.

Supper passed uneventfully—Margaretta managed to keep Diana and me conveniently apart. It was a superb buffet, spread across the long dining room table with every manner of meat, fish, and hors d'oeuvre. All of us ate eagerly, because it was so excellently planned and prepared, and because the wine we were served was a rare experience even in those days.

After dinner, Margaretta found a chance to take me aside and tell me what apparently had been on her mind all evening.

"Tell me something," she said when we were sitting alone in a little window cove in her bedroom, "hasn't Dean ever told you about this Diana Stuart?"

"He gave me a letter to mail to her once. A good-by letter."

"Isn't that just like Dean! Well, I thought he wouldn't tell you directly. So I will. They have been very close for almost six years."

"I see."

"She's married to somebody else."

"I see."

"She never has wanted to get a divorce because her husband takes very good care of her and she was never sure that Dean would."

"I see."

"Stop saying I see."

"I'm sorry," I turned away from her

One-Minute Prayer

God of love and kindness, forgive our humanity for all its cruelty and hardness. Sustain those who labor to alleviate pain. Strengthen the hearts of those who give food to the starving millions. Grant Thy Spirit in full measure to all those who speak words of comfort and hope to the bereaved. Strengthen the faith of those who pray and labor toward the day of peace and good will. In Jesus' Name.

Submitted by:

The Rev. Dr. D. B. Titus, Minister of the First Christian Church in Woodland, California

Broadcast over Mutual

because my voice had trembled as I said that.

"You're really sweet," she said. "I like you."

"I like you," I told her honestly.

"I want to tell you something," she said then.

"Please do."

"You've got to be strong with Dean. You know that, don't you?"

"I know it now. Thanks."

"Don't thank me. Do something."

"What'll I do?"

"Well, you might just marry him, for instance."

"That's an idea," I said darkly, "I'll think about it."

Then we went out into the hall and ran smack into Diana Stuart.

"I've been telling this child," Margaretta said, "that she ought to marry Dean."

"Please," I said, "let's go downstairs."

"Wait," Diana said, glaring down at me. "Didn't she tell you that she's already married to Dean Hunter?"

"No," said Margaretta giving me a curious look, "she did not. Well, good for you, child."

"It's a great secret," Diana Stuart went on. "Only a few people know it—a very exclusive few."

I PLAYED into her hands, inadvertently. It was her moment, and she knew it.

"A—a few people?" I echoed.

"Yes," Diana Stuart said, with mocking emphasis. "Besides myself—his draft board!"

"What does that crack mean?" Margaretta asked in an odd whisper.

"It means," Diana Stuart replied, "that Dean Hunter couldn't marry me because—well, you know why not—so he had to find himself a wife—any wife—and find one fast. He found one all right, didn't he, Washington heartbreaker?"

"Yes," I said. And there wasn't anything more to say. I turned away.

Margaretta hesitated. Finally she hurried down the steps beside me, her hand on my arm, throwing back over her shoulder, "I'll have a few choice things to say to you later, Diana."

At the foot of the stairs I turned to her, seeing her through glazed eyes. "Dean found a wife," I repeated, dully, and then—"Oh, Margaretta—find me someone to take me to the station?"

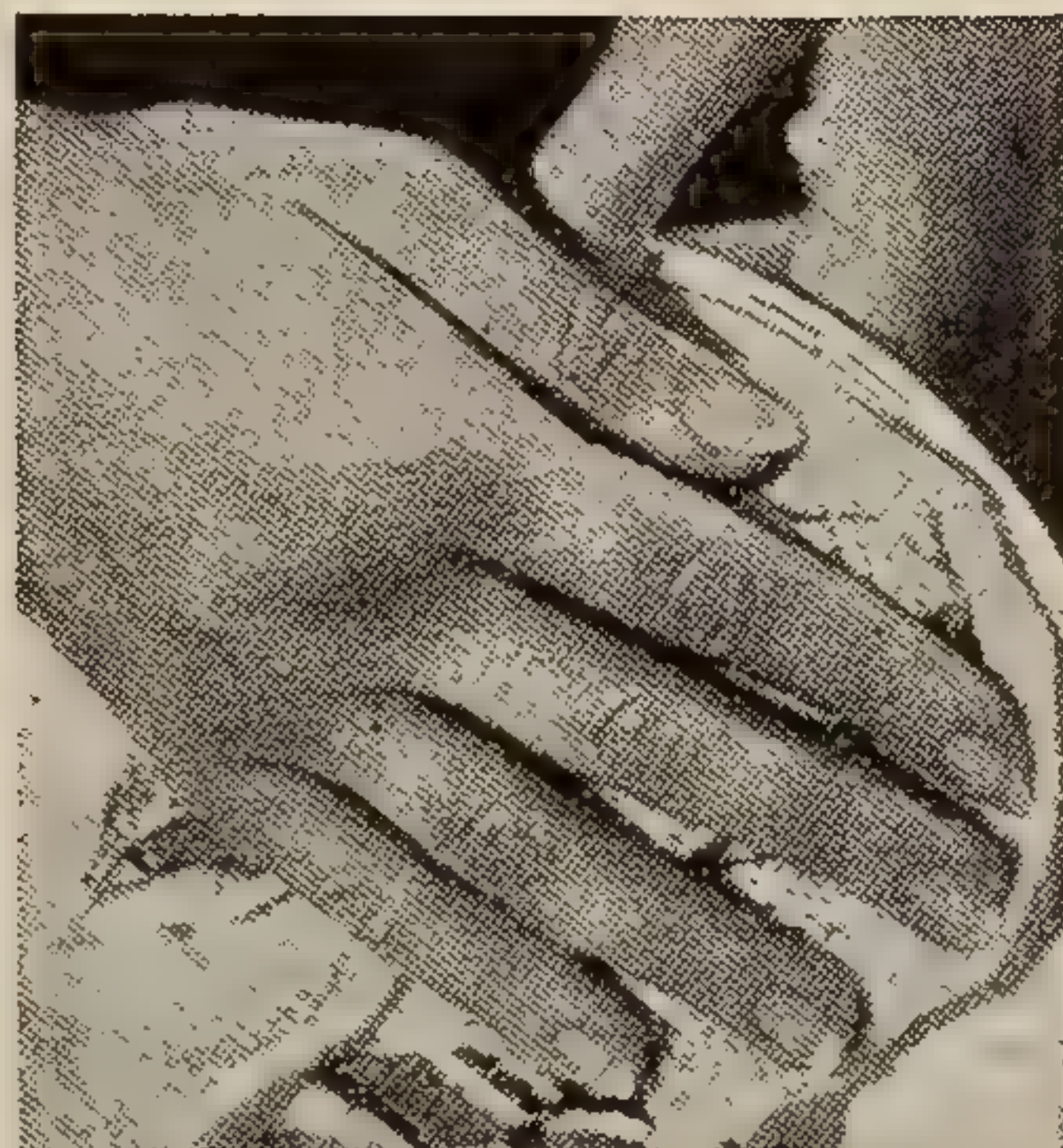
She nodded. "If you're sure you want to go. You're sure you don't want to ask Dean—?"

I shook my head. My whole world had crumbled about me. All I wanted to do was to get away, away from everything and everyone.

I knew, by the time I got back to the hotel, that I must return to Washington right away. I couldn't talk now, couldn't argue. It just isn't in me to say why did you do this, why didn't you do that, when I've been hurt. I still had to find out just why Dean Hunter had left me the day after our wedding. I still had to decide whether he had asked me to marry him that mad night just because he thought, in those pre-Pearl Harbor days, that a married man was in less danger of being drafted. That was a terrible thing to be asked to believe of your husband. And I wouldn't have believed it, except that Dean had behaved so strangely. So, even though I knew that Diana Stuart had what she thought was ample reason to lie to me, something told me that there was truth in what she had revealed in

HANDS CHAPPED?

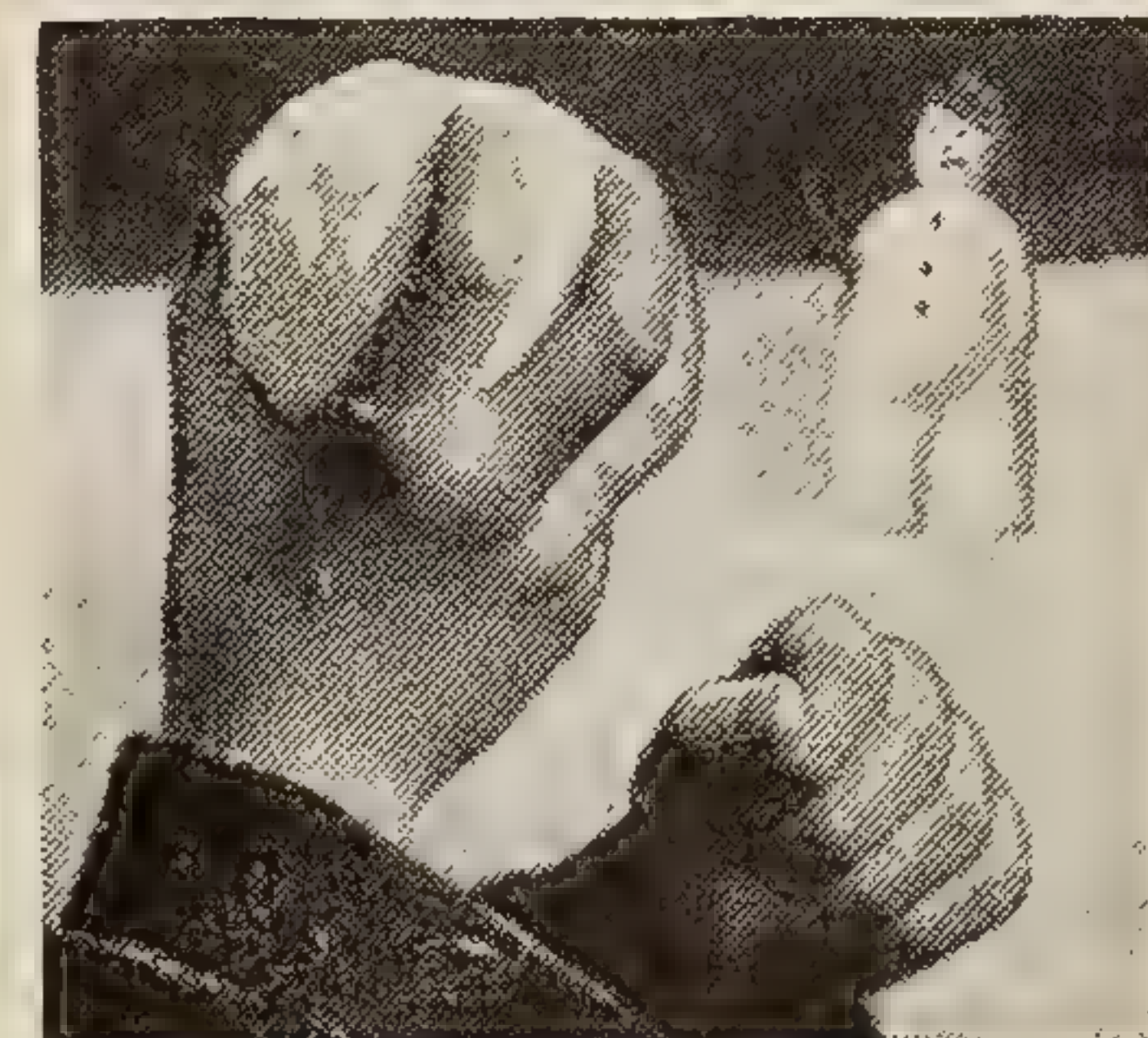
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her moment of anger.

But it would all have to wait. It would have to wait until I could think clearly, until I could plan, until I could stiffen myself to meet the blow if my terrible suspicions were confirmed. It would all have to wait. Dean would be coming to Washington. By then, my mind would be clearer. I would know what to say, what to do.

I threw things into my bag any which way, realizing that my only hope was to get away and get away quickly, and I took the next train for Washington.

WHEN I got home next morning, I needed a chance to get myself settled and calmed down a bit. What I did was to fall, still dressed, across the bed, and take a long nap.

I woke up in the middle of the afternoon and went down to see what the ice box had to offer, trying to manage a laugh at myself for being hungry in the midst of all my troubles. And still I was putting off thinking about Dean.

Upstairs again I began listlessly to comb my hair, to fix my face. There wasn't any reason to fix up, but I had to be doing something, anything, to keep from thinking. I just didn't dare let myself think of Diana Stuart and what she had said, quite yet.

The downstairs bell rang, and I pulled myself together to face Gracie. But in a moment there was a knock on my door. Not Gracie after all, then—she never knocked.

I opened the door—and there he stood, grinning broadly, with a huge florist's box under his arm, out of which the long stems of roses protruded. He looked down at me, waiting for me to speak, but I was too amazed to say anything for a long moment.

At last I managed, "Why, Tom Trumble!"

His grin broadened. "That's right!"

"Why look at you," I cried. "How did you get to Washington? You look wonderful—that's the handsomest uniform I ever saw. And you've brought me flowers—oh, it's so good to see you, Tom!"

It's in unexpected moments like that when you really find out how you feel about a person—how glad you are to be with him, how much he means to you. Tom Trumble was like a tonic to me, feeling as I did, and I made no effort to hide my pleasure at seeing him. For the next few minutes we chattered to each other like a couple of lonely magpies.

The officials at his camp hadn't wanted him to come all the way back to New York. They pointed out that

they were getting ready for a war, and didn't have time to think of radio programs. But Tom had leave coming to him, and when he asked permission to come to Washington on his own time, it was granted—and here he was. And since the return engagement on Hiya Soldier was still several days off he was full of all kinds of plans about what he was going to do meanwhile.

He sat beside me on the cot which was my bed and parlor sofa all in one, and so intent was he on his plans that he didn't even notice how closely I was watching him. He looked like a different man—as if he'd grown up a little even in the short time since last I'd seen him. He was—well, he was suddenly a man, speaking like a man, quietly but intently.

HE was saying, "The real reason I had to come to Washington, Jackie, is this: in the next years I'll be in this war—don't let anyone tell you different, because we've got to fight those Nazi murderers sooner or later, and I don't think the Japs feel as friendly toward us as they're pretending. While I have the chance I want to settle something that's mighty important to me, darling. I want to get married. I came to Washington for that—to hear you say that we can be married!"

Then I had to tell him.

"I can't," I said, and the voice I managed was a hoarse little whisper.

But that wasn't answer enough. He moved closer to me, and there was pain and pleading in his eyes. Passionately he cried, "You're going to love me one of these days. I know it, Jackie! You've got to!"

"I—" What could I tell him, but the truth? "Tom, you don't understand. I can't. I'm married."

A moment hung between us tangible and heavy.

"You're—you're what?"

"I married Dean Hunter that night—that night you were so worried about me."

"I knew it," he said, flatly. "I guess I knew it was something like that." He jumped up from the cot and went to the window, standing there, his back like a wall against me, against the hurt I represented. Then he turned and said, again, "I guess I knew it all along, really. Not the exact facts, of course, but the general idea. It doesn't change anything, Jackie. You're mine, and I won't be happy till you tell me so!"

"But Tom—there's Dean—and—"

"Yes. That makes it a little more difficult. But if I know you, that isn't right for you, and it'll have

to be remedied. Somehow, I'm going to make it happen. You're going to be my wife!"

I DIDN'T know when, but somehow, sometime since Tom had come into the room, I had lost the heavy, oppressive weight of my fears. I looked at this tall, lean, strong young man, so positive, so possessive. That pleased me. He pleased me, there was no doubt of that. And there was more than pleasure in what I felt for him—woman-fashion, touched by his adoration and understanding, I had to imagine myself in his arms, how hard, how tightly, he would hold me. Would I ever be there? Would his face ever be close to mine, his breath warm on my cheek? I had never even kissed him. The chances of our belonging to each other were pitifully remote. But suddenly I felt a terrible yearning for him.

Then the phone rang. It was Dean.

He had arrived in Washington and was at "our hotel" as he called it. Could I come right over?

It was too soon. All the plans I had made for thinking things over—all my resolves to be calm, to straighten out everything in my mind! No, I couldn't see him now—not yet. I put him off, told him that I'd see him next day.

When I turned away from the phone, Tom was there beside me. "Jackie—we've got to do something. I love you. Can't you say something—anything—to give me some hope?"

And suddenly I found that I could. I found that I could give him hope because the same hope was rising in me, like a strong tide, sweeping away all my fears ahead of it. There had to be a way. It was as if I were seeing him for the first time, really.

"Tom, Tom," I whispered. "How did this ever happen? Oh, I'm so terribly mixed up!"

"I know it," he said. "That's why we've got to go over there right now."

"Over there?" I gasped. "Over where?"

"To wherever Dean Hunter is. You've got to talk to him—now."

"Oh, but I can't," I told him.

"Don't you see," he said quietly, "there's no hope for us until you settle things between you. And there's got to be hope for us, Jackie. You know that, don't you?"

I raised my eyes to his for reassurance. "Yes—"

Then, at last, the strength of his young arms was about me, crushing me until I couldn't breathe, didn't want to breathe, didn't want to ever be anywhere else but with him. His eager young body was close to me, his mouth near to my ear as he whispered hoarsely, "Jackie, will you do as I say?"

My heart was filled with joy, but my mind was leaden with fear that this new and wonderful dream would never come true, that the promise this strange young man held for me would never be fulfilled. But in answer to his question I said, softly, "Yes, Tommy—tell me what to do and I'll do it."

And then he told me what I must do!

What is Tom's plan for Jackie? Will he be able to break the tie between her and Dean Hunter? Be sure to read the dramatic conclusion of "Tell Me You're Mine" in the April issue of Radio Mirror, on all newsstands March 5.

My Life to Live

Continued from page 26

I must tell Bill right away about the new job that I was to have—tell him and have it talked out and over with, and the air cleared for perfect happiness for the rest of his shore leave.

Tucking my arm through his, I drew him into the living room. "I've got something I want to talk about," I told him, "and I want to talk about it right away."

He smiled that funny, endearing, nose-crinkling smile of his.

"Anything you have to say, lady, it will be a pleasure to hear. But I'd better not look at you, or I'll forget to listen."

I shook my head. "This is serious, Bill. It's about—" and suddenly there didn't seem to be words to begin—"about the future."

"The future? I thought we'd hashed the future out until we practically had an hour-by-hour schedule for it, funnyface. When this show is over, I'm going back to medical school. You'll be a full-fledged nurse by then. And when I've finished, you'll help me in my practice, and we'll live happily ever after. Right?"

And then I realized, for the first time, how dreadfully this was going to complicate our plans for the future—realized it when I knew that this time I couldn't echo that question with a firm, "Right!" And the silence where that reassuring, affirmative little word should have been, grew and hung between us.

Bill's tone had lost its banter. "Judy—honey, is something wrong?" Wrong? No—I was still sure that

it was the *rightest* thing that had ever happened to me. Why should I hesitate to tell him? Why should I feel suddenly a little ashamed?

I attempted to smile, as I blurted it out. "Bill, I've got some news. Wonderful news, for me. But—well, maybe it'll be a shock to you. I—I'm not going to be a nurse."

He stared at me without speaking for an instant. "What did you say?" he asked, finally, and his voice was level, neither calm nor angry, neither warm nor cold, so its very dullness frightened me. "You're not going to be a nurse?"

I SHOOK my head, and I sat up a little straighter. This was my happiness, the best thing that had happened to me since Bill told me he loved me. I wasn't going to spoil it for myself by apologizing, by being afraid. "Yes, Bill. I've had the most marvelous offer—or, rather, Don Winters managed to get it for me. I'm going to sing with Bob Halsey's band. The audition's tomorrow, and Don says it's really all set. And that's just a start, of course—it won't be long before—" My words tumbled on, putting off the time when Bill must answer me.

"So Don Winters has talked you out of being a nurse?"

I didn't like that. Don Winters was my friend. He'd helped me. I wouldn't have his name spoken in the tone Bill had used. "Don didn't talk me out of anything," I told him, stiffly. "It was my voice that counted

—I can sing. You've never seemed to take that into account, any of you. I can sing—and I'm going to sing!" And then the anger which had risen swiftly in me was washed away by the defeated look in Bill's eyes. "Bill—I thought you'd be pleased. I thought that anything which would make me really happy would please you."

He didn't understand—Bill, on whose understanding I had so counted! He didn't understand that my singing was to be my life work, just as his medicine was his. He had chosen his life—I had a right to choose mine, instead of having it chosen for me. I knew I had to decide right now—decide whether I would live my own life, in my own way, or the life he wanted me to live.

"I am serious about it, Bill. I'm going ahead with it—nothing can stop me."

His lips tightened and his eyes grew hard. "It isn't that you want to sing," he said angrily. "It's—it's the glamour and excitement. That's all it is, Judy."

It was as if we were building a wall between us—a wall we could never break down again. Our marriage, our love, couldn't work out through this barrier. Now, in the moment when I needed him most, Bill hadn't understood!

"I don't want you singing in an orchestra," he went on grimly. "I don't like it. I—"

My words cut sharply across his. "I—I—I—is that all you can say? What about me? Don't you con-

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sider for one moment how I may feel about it? Well, let me tell you this, Bill, it's my life. You can't live it for me."

His voice quieted a little, then. "Judy, don't you see how much it means to us? Everything I've built in my mind, destroyed! Don't you see that you'll be running around the country with some fly-by-night band, your whole life wrapped up in—"

But I broke in once more. "It's my career, Bill," I told him. "Won't you try to understand that?"

"This isn't the time to think of yourself, Judy," he said then. "It's a time to think of serving others. The way your Aunt Myra has done all these years."

"Maybe, Bill. But this is my chance, and I'm going to take it."

The anger that blazed out then must have been seething, in check, in him all evening. I don't remember what words formed the angry phrases we threw between us. I don't want to remember them. But I know that he got to his feet, that he cried, at last, "Then we'd better call it off!" And that he went out, and closed the door behind him.

I COULD hear his footsteps retreating through the darkness. Tears came suddenly, scalding my eyes, and I hid my face in my hands.

Aunt Myra came in soon afterwards. She looked at me with a smile in her gray eyes, and then the smile clouded. "What's the matter, Judy dear? Where's Bill?" And then, "You've been crying. Has something happened?"

I turned a little away from her, looking down into the flickering flames of the fireplace. "Something did happen, Aunt Myra. We—we quarrelled. I—I didn't think we could ever say things like that—I didn't know—"

Aunt Myra threw off her cape, sat down in her favorite chair. "Tell me about it, Judy." She held out her slim, capable hands to me.

Then I couldn't hide the truth from her. Sobs choked my throat once more and I flung myself down on the floor beside her, grateful for the shelter of her arms about my shoulders.

"Aunt Judy, I'm so miserable, so terribly miserable!" I poured out the whole story then, in a rush of words. About the wonderful singing job I had ahead of me, of how much it would mean to me. And about Bill, and what he had said, and how he hadn't understood. And as I told it, I had forgotten her own feelings, how much it would mean to her, too.

Aunt Myra listened without interrupting, but she was sitting stiffly in her chair when I had finished, and her face was very still and disciplined.

"Yes," she said, finally, "I understand, Judy. I know how you feel."

She hid the disappointment, the hurt, well. "I'm so sorry about Bill," she went on, after a moment, "Those things—sometimes happen. We can't have everything we want from life—we get some things and we lose others."

For a long time she was silent then. When at last she spoke it was almost as if she were talking to herself. "I'd counted on your being a nurse, you know. I saw you—my Judy—taking my place. But it doesn't matter, if this other thing is what you really want—you wouldn't be a good nurse, dear, if you don't want to be one."

"I did want to be a nurse, Aunt Myra," I told her. "Only now it

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seems that I can't pass up this opportunity—I—well, it seems almost like a crime to have a voice and not to use it—"

"Of course. If it's what's in your heart, Judy, it must be right."

It was good to have it over. To tell her all the things Don had told me about my voice, about my future.

She smiled down at me, a slow, tender smile, that was sad, too. "He said all that? I hope, I hope with all my heart, dearest, that it turns out the way you want it." She got to her feet and held out her hand to me. "If you've an audition tomorrow, Judy, you'll need sleep. And I've got plenty of work ahead of me—"

I kissed her and ran upstairs.

The audition was one of the most exciting moments I have ever known. It was held in the old opera house, long empty, and all of Bob Halsey's band was there—there to hear me. Don Winters came along, too, to present me to Bob Halsey in person.

Don was as proud of me as if I'd been something he'd created with his own hands. "Voice like a bird, Bob," he said. "As for looks—well, you can see for yourself. She's got everything you need."

STANDING in the aisle of the musty auditorium, Bob Halsey smiled. "Run up on the stage, Miss Crane. Let's have a look and a listen right away."

I was paralyzed with fear for just a moment. The man at the upright piano was improvising idly. Then he looked up and grinned a cheery, encouraging, comradely sort of smile, and my fear melted away. He swung into the introduction of the song I considered particularly mine—and Bill's—"It's Heaven With You."

Once I'd sung that song for Bill, and he had listened and smiled and then—then I was in his arms, and he was telling me, for the first time, that he loved me. So how could I be afraid? I sang that song, not for Bob Halsey, but for Bill—with all my heart in it. I forgot everything except singing. And I was good. I knew I was good.

As I finished, there was a burst of applause from the men scattered through the auditorium. Then they came up and crowded around me. And why did I have to think: if only Bill could see me, if only he could share this . . . ?

Why did I have to think about Bill at all? What difference could he make any more? I had told him that I had my own life to live, that he couldn't live it for me. Well, I was living my own life. I was on my own. I was hearing praise from men who knew what they were talking about when it came to music and singing. And that praise was like a song itself in my ears.

"That was wonderful!" . . . "You're headed for the top, all right!" . . . How thrilling it sounded! And then Don, saying casually, "I suppose you'll want her to start right off, Bob?"

The band leader shook his head. "Not for about a month. We're taking a layoff—the boys need a rest. They're getting stale. But we'll be somewhere nearby, and I'll send Miss Crane a wire so she can join us—"

I'd made good. I was part of the band. Judy Crane was on her way!

So it was strange that, when I reached home, I had to manufacture enthusiasm as I gave Aunt Myra details of the musty theater, the men listening, the applause when I was

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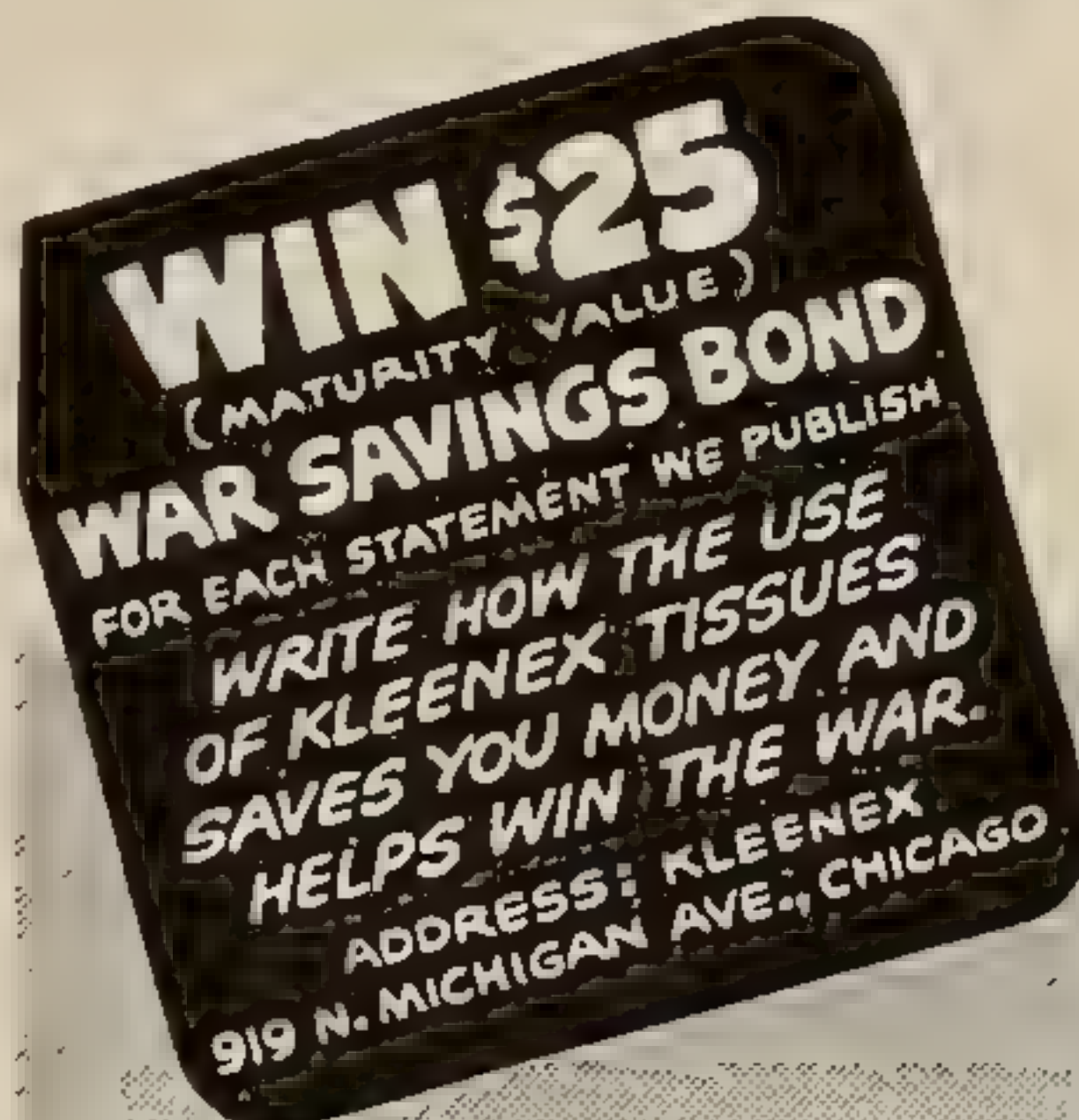


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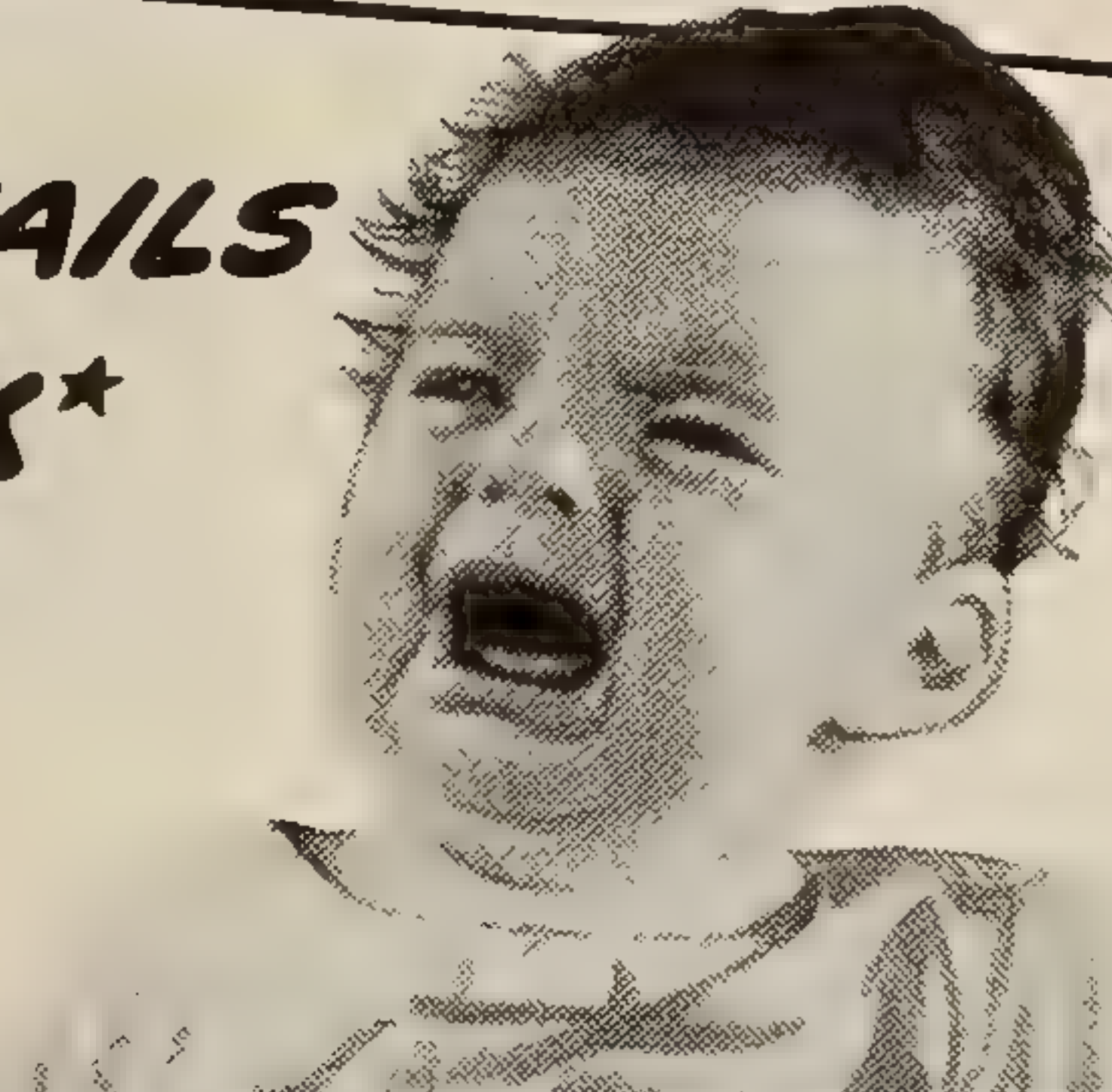


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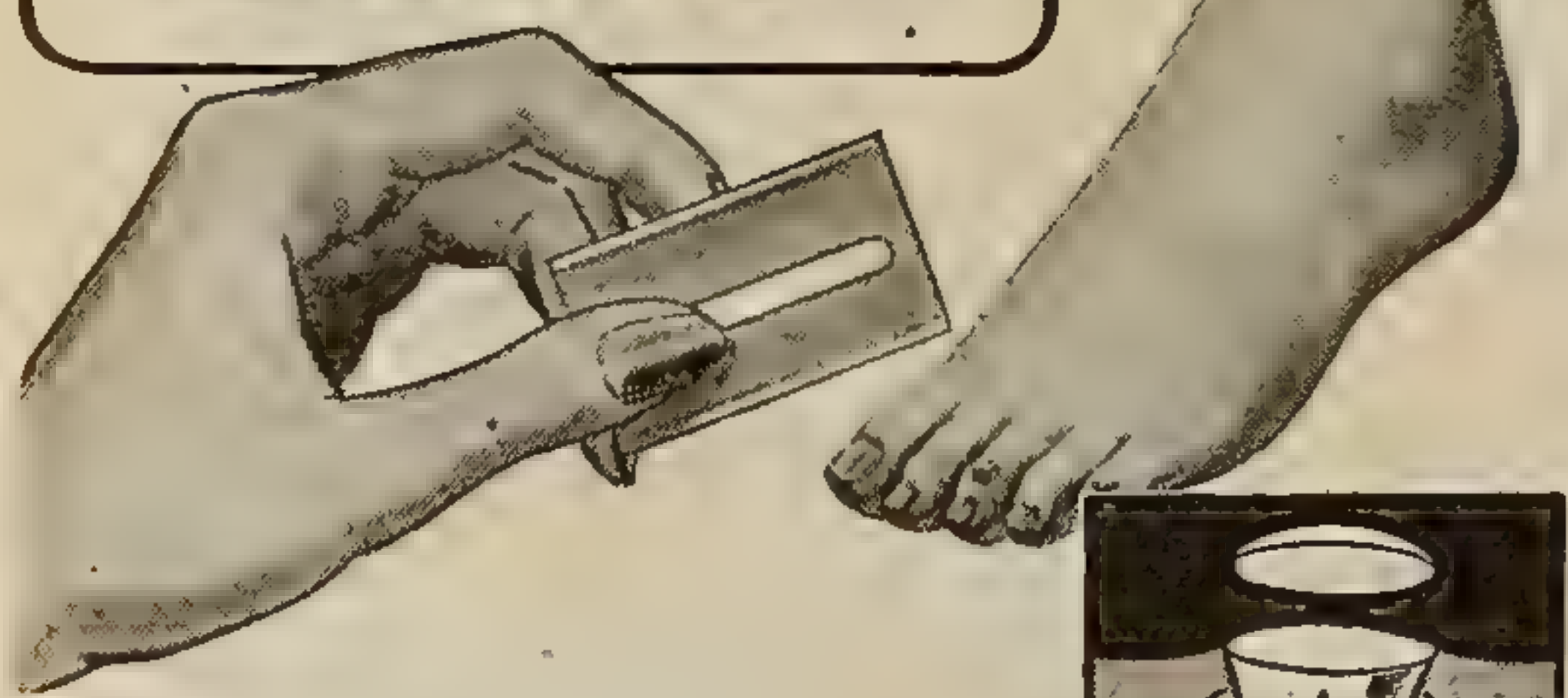
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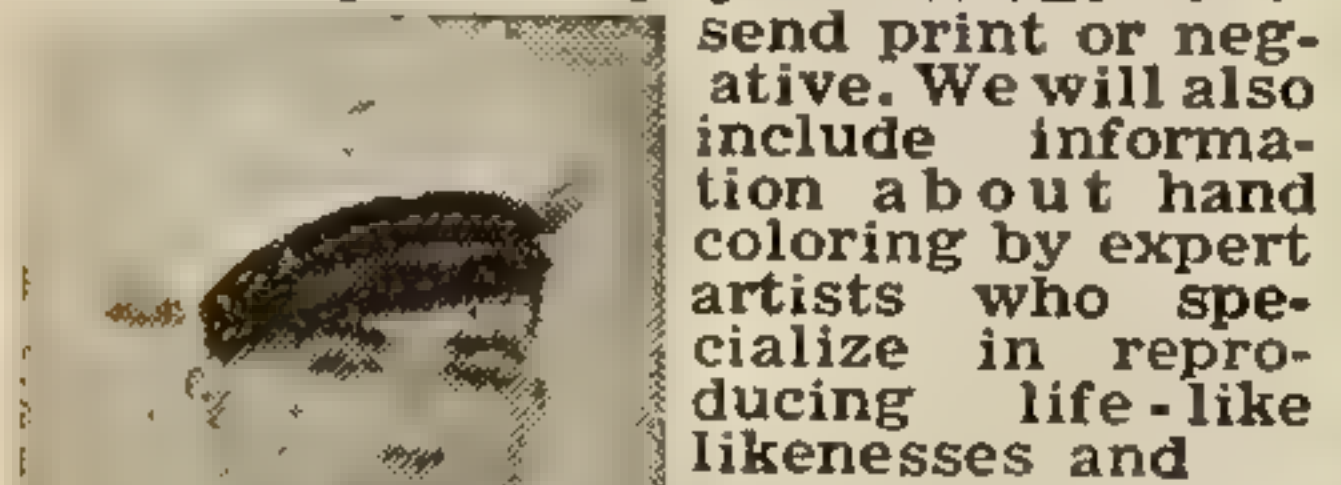
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finished. Somehow, it had all gone a little bit flat. Oh, I was happy, excited, of course—but it wasn't quite the way it should have been. I shouldn't have been able to think of anything else—but I could. I could think of Bill.

I could see that Aunt Myra was forcing herself to smile, to share my enthusiasm. "It sounds thrilling, Judy." And then, after a moment, "I know what that wonderful sense of accomplishment is like—it's like the thrill I had the first time I knew I'd helped to save a human life."

That month while I waited for the wire from Bob Halsey was a lonely one. Bill, of course, was with his patrol boat, and even if he came to port I wouldn't hear from him. That was over and done with. Aunt Myra was busy, working out plans for the new nursing class at the hospital—the class I was supposed to join.

Most of the time during that long month I was alone. It seemed almost as if I were living in my own universe, a world without any connection with the one in which I had lived until a short time ago. Even the several times Don Winters took me out, dancing or to the movies, it wasn't really fun. Don was pleasant and amusing—but I wanted Bill. I knew that. I knew that he meant more to me than anyone else in the world.

THE wire arrived on a Monday morning. I was to join the orchestra in Norwick, a hundred miles way, the next afternoon. That sent me into a great rush of last-minute planning and shopping and I was so excited I forgot how lonely I had been.

Aunt Myra was very kind. She said she'd go down to the station with me when I left in the morning. All that evening she helped me pack, gave me bits of advice, trying to seem happy about it, trying not to throw cold water on my happiness. But I knew that she wasn't glad at all, and for that I was terribly, terribly sorry.

I hardly slept at all that night. Somehow, everything had stopped being a dream, had become a reality. The future wasn't the future any more—the future would be the present, tomorrow, and I would be launched on the glorious road to adventure, to a new life. I pictured the gowns I would wear—the kind I'd looked at in shop windows but never owned—and I imagined circles of admiring faces, heard waves of applause breaking around me. I thought of saving up little things about the new life to tell Bill, to share with him, just as I'd done all my life—and then I remembered that all that was over, and the taste of tomorrow became bittersweet.

I was downstairs in the living room the next morning when I heard the phone ring and Aunt Myra answer it.

First her crisp, "Hello?" and then, after a moment, a quick, sharp intake of breath that made me stop still to listen. And then, "Yes—all right. Be there as soon as I can. Oh . . . oh, I'm sorry to hear that! Do everything you can—yes, I'll hurry."

I heard the metallic click of the receiver, and her swift steps on the stairs. It wasn't like her to be disturbed or shocked, and I knew that something had happened. I hurried after her, up to her room where she was slipping studs into a fresh uniform.

Her flying fingers paused, and she looked me levelly in the eye. "Coast

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guard boat sunk," she said. "They've brought in survivors. I must hurry."

Her tone was quiet. It took an instant for the meaning to come through to me. A coast guard boat sunk. But Bill was on one of—Bill!

Then I knew what terror was—stark, incredible, icy. I looked at her, my lips moving to form the question without voice behind them.

She nodded. "Yes, Judy. Bill."

"Bill!" My voice, when it finally came, was a hoarse, shaken whisper. "Is he—do they—"

"They don't know. He—he isn't conscious yet."

I could feel the little muscles around my mouth begin to twitch and jerk. My hands were wet and cold, and automatically I smoothed them down my thighs. He wasn't conscious yet. That might mean—anything!

I HADN'T ever thought that anything could happen to Bill. It wasn't that I'd tried not to think of it—it just simply had never occurred to me. To other people, yes—but not to Bill. Bill was strong and sure of himself. He was so alive . . . so warm . . . it couldn't happen.

But it had happened. I could see him, lying white and broken in an antiseptic-smelling, impersonal hospital room. Suddenly I wanted more than anything in the world to give him my hand to hold.

And he didn't want to see me. He never wanted to see me again. I was part of his past. The dead past, the past he must want to forget.

Aunt Myra slipped past me in the doorway and started downstairs. "Good luck to you," she called back over her shoulder. "I—I can't see you off, Judy, dear. Is there anything—?"

Swiftly I turned, ran down the stairs. The telegram from Bob Halsey was on the hall table. In a short time, less than an hour, my train would be leaving. I stood still for a second, staring at that yellow slip of paper which was my future.

And suddenly I knew that there was no future for me, no world at all worth living in if—if anything happened to Bill. I knew I couldn't go.

Aunt Myra flung her cape over her shoulders, crossed the little hall to kiss me. "Goodbye, dear. I—"

"Wait," I cried. "Wait, Aunt Myra—I'm going with you!"

Pleasure and pain battled in her eyes. "But your job? You—"

"I don't care about that," I told her. "Oh, I know Bill doesn't want to see me—doesn't care if he never sees me again. But it doesn't matter. I can't leave—I can't go away—not with him lying there, not until I know—"

Aunt Myra had snatched my coat out of the closet. There was no time to waste words. "Come on, then," she said, briefly.

We didn't talk in the taxi. Aunt Myra's face was anxious. She had a job to do—injuries to care for, suffering to alleviate. She wanted to be there, to do her part. When we reached the hospital she hurried to her office, leaving me to wait in the visitor's room for whatever news she might be able to send me.

I tried to be calm, to hold my nerves in check. Outside the room, nurses were hurrying about their tasks. Young women in starched white, efficient, certain. The words of the oath they took, the oath I had heard so many classes take at graduation, marched through my mind. "I solemnly pledge myself before God and

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■ On behalf of the millions of persons who in 1943 will, for the first time, be called upon to fill out income tax forms and pay income taxes TRUE STORY is publishing a tremendously helpful feature.

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in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in—"

In service and helping others. In trying to make people well. And I was no part of this, no part of healing and helping. My hands were useless and idle in my lap while inside, in one of those rooms, was the man I loved, the man I loved in spite of all that had happened, the man I would love until the end of my life. He was injured, and I couldn't help him. He was hurt, and I had no knowledge to ease his pain.

I knew how to sing songs. I would be famous. I'd have my name in lights. And it would be the name of a girl who had made a travesty of life, who had brought only heartbreak to those she loved.

The cold, inanimate loneliness of the room was dreadful. It wasn't just this room—it was the loneliness I had known ever since I had cut myself off from the people who mattered to me. From Bill, who had loved me. From Aunt Myra, who had trusted me to follow in her steps. I had tossed them and their love aside—for a taste of adventure, for a try at a new kind of world, for fame when I already had love, for tinsel when I already had diamonds.

WHAT seemed like an eternity later I heard footsteps, looked up to see Aunt Myra standing in the door. There was weariness on her face, but there was a smile in her gray eyes.

"Is he—? Is he—?" My mind wouldn't let me speak the rest of the forlorn little question.

"He—he's going to have a hard pull, but he'll be all right, Judy."

So great was the wave of relief that flooded over me that it almost made me sick. Light headed, I got somehow to my feet, my mind singing over and over again, he's going to be all right, he's not going to die, he's going to be all right, he's not going—

I sat down suddenly, weak with the relief that the knowledge of his safety had brought me. Bill would be all right. That much I could count on, and that counted most of all. Whatever else happened, I would have that. But there was nothing else to happen. There was no reason to stay longer.

I looked up at Aunt Myra. She was watching me closely, and I turned my eyes down after a moment. "Aunt Myra," I said, slowly, and my voice was very small, "I've been such a fool!"

She smiled a little, then. "Yes, Judy—I think you have. But no one goes through life without being foolish—"

I hardly heard her. I had to say the rest, to say the rest and get away. I began to button my coat. "It's too late to fix now. There's no reason to wait any longer. I can catch the next train, I guess—"

"If you still want to catch it."

I shook my head. "Why not? What is there left to do?"

"I thought—well, perhaps you'd like to see Bill."

I looked up at her quickly. "He wouldn't want to see me. We—we called it off, for good. There's no use trying—"

"He wants to see you, Judy," she said. "He's conscious—and he's calling your name."

I hardly dared believe her. Bill wanted to see me. Oh, Bill!

"You see," she went on, "I told him you were here, so you'd better go up."

I walked unsteadily toward the door. "I want to see him so badly. But I want to tell you something first, Aunt Myra. I want to make you understand. I know now. I threw away the important things for something shabby. For fame—whatever that word means. Is it—is it too late, now? I mean, if I wanted to be a nurse—?"

Sudden brightness was in her eyes. "It's never too late, Judy. Besides, I didn't take your name off the list."

"You mean—you knew what I'd do?"

She shook her head. "No, Judy—I just hoped. Maybe the same way your Bill hoped something would bring you back to him."

We walked up the hall together toward the room where he was waiting, calling for me. Once more I could see the future, hold tomorrow in the hollow of my hand—a newer, brighter tomorrow than a song would ever bring me.

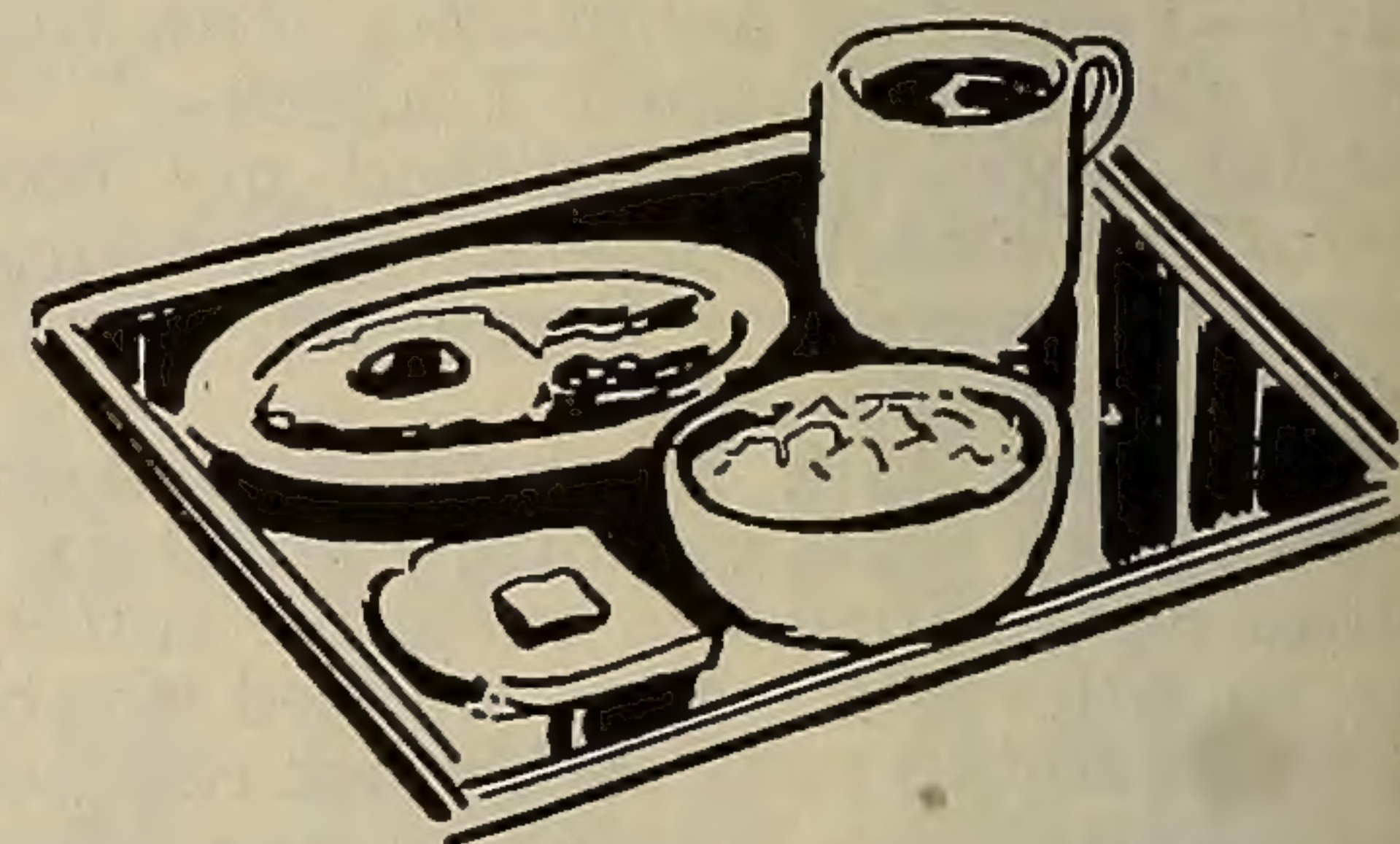
Aunt Myra opened the door. I stood for a moment, fighting back tears. Bill's face was white against the white pillow, but somehow a bandage, set at a rakish angle over one eye, gave me courage to find a smile. And on his lips there was the ghost of his old grin, that wonderful grin of his.

"Judy." A little word, whispered into the silence, breaking the strangeness, bridging the distance, wiping out the memory of loneliness and bitterness and anger. "My Judy."

There would be so much to tell him. There would be so many things to say. But all that would have to wait. I couldn't talk now. Now, all I could do was to stumble forward, to sink to my knees by his bed, to lay my cheek against his hand.

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